THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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TISH'S SPY—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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TISH'S SPY

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

The Adventure of the Red-Headed Detective, the Lady Chauffeur, and the Man Who Could Not Tell the Truth

"It is a Fish, Isn't It? I—I Thought for a Moment it Was Painted on Something"

IT IS easy enough, of course, to look back and see where we went wrong. What I particularly resent is the attitude of Charlie Sands, Tish's nephew.

I am writing this for his benefit. It seems to me that a clean statement of the case is due to Tish, and, in less degree, to Aggie and myself.

It goes back long before the mysterious cipher. Even the incident of our abducting the girl in the pink tam-o'-shanter was, after all, the inevitable result of the series of occurrences that preceded it.

It is my intention to give this series of occurrences in their proper order and without bias. Herbert Spencer says that every act of one's life is the unavoidable result of every act that has preceded it.

Naturally, therefore, I begin with the engagement by Tish of a girl as chauffeur; but even before that there were contributing causes. There was the faulty rearing of the McDonald youth, for instance, and Tish's æsthetic dancing. And afterward there was Aggie's hay fever, which made her sneeze and let go of a rope at a critical moment. Indeed, Aggie's hay fever may be said to be one of the fundamental causes, being the reason we went to Canada.

Well, it was like this: Along in June Aggie suddenly announced that she was going to spend the summer in Canada.

"It's the best thing in the world for hay fever," she said, avoiding Tish's eye. "Mrs. Ostermaier says she never sneezed once last year. The Northern Lights fill the air with ozone, or something like that."

Mrs. Ostermaier is the minister's wife. "Fill the air with ozone!" Tish scoffed. "Fill Mrs. Ostermaier's skull with ozone, instead of brains, more likely!"

Tish is a good woman—a sweet woman, indeed; but she has a vein of gentle irony, which she inherited from her maternal grandfather, who was on the Supreme Bench of his country. However, that spring she was inclined to be irritable. She could not drive her car, and that was where the trouble really started.

Tish had taken up æsthetic dancing in March, wearing no stays and a middy blouse and short skirt; and during a fairy dance, where she was to twirl on her right toes, keeping the three other limbs horizontal, she twisted her right lower limb severely. Though not incapacitated, she could not use it properly; and, endeavoring one day to put on the brake quickly, she put her foot on the gas throttle instead, and drove into an open-front butter-and-egg shop.

[This was the time one of the newspapers headed the article: Even the Eggs Scrambled.]

When Tish decided to have a chauffeur for a time she advertised. There were plenty of replies, but all of the applicants smoked cigarettes—a habit Tish very properly deplores. The idea of securing a young woman was, I must confess, mine.

"Plenty of young women drive cars," I said, "and drive well. And, at least, they don't light a cigarette every time one stops to let a train go by."

"Huh!" Tish commented. "And have a raft of men about all the time!"

Nevertheless, she acted on the suggestion, advertising for a young woman who could drive a car and had no followers. Hutchins answered.

She was very pretty and not over twenty; but, asked about men, her face underwent a change, almost a hardening.

"You'll not be bothered with men," she said briefly. "I detest them!"

And this seemed to be the truth. Charlie Sands, for instance, for whose benefit this is being written, absolutely failed to make any impression on her. She met his overtures with cold disdain. She was also adamant to the men at the garage, succeeding in having the gasoline filtered through a chamois skin to take out the water, where Tish had for years begged for the same thing without success.

Though a dashing driver, Hutchins was careful. She sat on the small of her back and hurled us past the traffic policemen with a smile.

[Her name was really Hutchinson; but it took so long to say it at the rate she ran the car that Tish changed it to Hutchins.]

Really the whole experiment seemed to be an undoubted success, when Aggie put the notion of Canada into her head. Now, as it happened, owing to Tish's disapproval, Aggie gave up the Canada idea in favor of Nantucket, some time in June; but she had not reckoned with Tish's subconscious self.

Tish was interested that spring in the subconscious self. You may remember that, only a year or so before, it had been the fourth dimension.

[She became convinced that if one were sufficiently earnest one could go through closed doors and see into solids. In the former ambition she was unsuccessful, obtaining only bruises and disappointment; but she did develop the latter to a certain extent, for she met the laundress going out one day and, without a conscious effort, she knew that she had the best table napkins pinned to her petticoat. She accused the woman sternly—and she had six!]

"Nantucket!" said Tish. "Why Nantucket?"

"I have a niece there, and you said you hated Canada."

"On the contrary," Tish replied with her eyes partly shut, "I find that my subconscious self has adopted and been working on the Canadian suggestion. What a wonderful thing is this buried and greater ego! Worms, rifles, fishing rods, The Complete Angler, mosquito netting, canned goods and sleeping bags, all in my mind and in orderly array!"

"Worms!" I said with, I confess, a touch of scorn in my voice. "If you will tell me, Tish Carberry ——"

"Life preservers," chanted Tish's subconscious self, "rubber blankets, small tent, folding camp beds, a camp stove, a meat saw, a wood saw, and some beads and gewgaws for placating the Indians." Then she opened her eyes and took up her knitting. "There are no worms in Canada, Lizzie, just as there are no snakes in Ireland. They were all destroyed during the glacial period."

"There are plenty of worms in the United States," I said with spirit. "I dare say they could crawl over the border—unless, of course, they object to being British subjects."

She ignored me, however, and, getting up, went to one of her bureau drawers. We saw then that her subconscious self had written down lists of various things for the

From That Time On He Was a Part of the Landscape Every Day From Ten A. M. to Four P. M.

Canadian excursion. There was one headed Foodstuffs. Others were: Necessary Clothing; Camp Outfit; Fishing Tackle; Weapons of Defense; and Diversions. Under this last heading it had placed binoculars, yarn and needles, life preservers, a prayer book and a cribbage board.

"Boats," she said, "we can secure from the Indians, who make them, I believe, of hollow logs. And I shall rent a motor boat. Hutchins says she can manage one. When she's not doing that she can wash dishes."

[We had been rather chary of motor boats, you may remember, since the time on Lake Penzance, when something jammed on our engine, and we had gone madly round the lake a number of times, with people on various docks trying to lasso us with ropes.]

Considering that it was she who had started the whole thing, and got Tish's subconscious mind to working, Aggie was rather pettish.

"Huh!" she said. "I can't swim, and you know it, Tish. Those canoe things turn over if you so much as sneeze in them."

"You'll not sneeze," said Tish. "The Northern Lights fill the air with ozone."

Aggie looked at me helplessly; but I could do nothing. Only the year before, Tish, as you may recall, had taken us out into the Maine woods without any outfit at all, and we had lived on snared rabbits, and things that no Christian woman ought to put into her stomach. This time we were at least to go provisioned and equipped.

"Where are we going?" Aggie asked.

"Far from a white man," said Tish. "Away from milk wagons and children on velocipedes and the grocer calling up every morning for an order. We'll go to the Far North, Aggie, where the red man still treads his native forests; we'll make our camp by some lake, where the deer come at early morning to drink and fish leap to see the sunset."

Well, it sounded rather refreshing, though I confess that, until Tish mentioned it, I had always thought that fish leaped in the evening to catch mosquitoes.

We sent for Hutchins at once. She was always respectful, but never subservient. She stood in the doorway while Tish explained.

"How far north?" she said crisply.

Tish told her.

"We'll have no cut-and-dried destination," she said. "There's a little steamer goes up the river I have in mind. We'll get off when we see a likely place."

"Are you going for trout or bass?"

Tish was rather uncertain, but she said bass on a chance, and Hutchins nodded her approval.

"If it's bass I'll go," she said. "I'm not fond of trout fishing."

"We shall have a motor boat. Of course I shall not take the car."

Hutchins agreed indifferently.

"Don't you worry about the motor boat," she said. "Sometimes they go and sometimes they don't. And I'll help round the camp; but I'll not wash dishes."

"Why not?" Tish demanded.

"The reason doesn't really matter, does it? What really concerns you is the fact."

Tish stared at her; but instead of quailing before Tish's majestic eye she laughed a little.

"I've camped before," she said. "I'm very useful about a camp. I like to cook; but I won't wash dishes. I'd like, if you don't mind, to see the grocery order before it goes."

Well, Aggie likes to wash dishes if there is plenty of hot water; and Hannah, Tish's maid, refusing to go with us on account of Indians, it seemed wisest to accept Hutchins' services.

Hannah's defection was most unexpected. As soon as we reached our decision Tish ordered beads for the Indians; and in the evenings we strung necklaces, and so on, while one of us read aloud from the works of Cooper. On the second evening thus occupied, Hannah, who is allowed to come into Tish's sitting room in the evening and knit, suddenly burst into tears and refused to go.

"My scalp's as good to me as it is to anybody, Miss Tish," she said hysterically; and nothing would move her. She said she would run no risk of being cooked over her own camp fire; and from that time on she would gaze at Tish for long periods mournfully, as though she wanted to remember how she looked when she was gone forever.

Except for Hannah, everything moved smoothly. Tish told Charlie Sands about the plan, and he was quite enthusiastic.

"Great scheme!" he said. "Eat a broiled black bass for me. And take the advice of one who knows: don't skimp on your fishing tackle. Get the best. Go light on the canned goods, if necessary; but get the best reels and lines on the market. Nothing in life hurts so much," he said impressively, "as to get a three-pound bass to the top of the water and have your line break. I've had a big fellow get away like that and chase me a mile with its thumb to its nose." This last, of course, was purely figurative.

He went away whistling. I wish he had been less optimistic. When we came back and told him the whole story, and he sat with his mouth open and his hair, as he said, crackling at the roots, I reminded him with some bitterness that he had encouraged us. His only retort was to say that the excursion itself had been harmless enough; but that if three elderly ladies, church members in good standing, chose to become freebooters and pirates the moment they got away from a corner policeman, they need not blame him.

The last thing he said that day in June was about fishing worms.

"Take 'em with you," he said. "They charge a cent apiece for them up there, assorted colors, and there's something stolid and British about a Canadian worm. The fish aren't crazy about 'em. On the other hand, our worms here are—er—vivacious, animated. I've seen a really brisk and on-to-its-job United States worm reach out and clutch a bass by the gills."

I believe it was the next day that Tish went to the library and read about worms. Aggie and I had spent the day buying tackle, according to Charlie Sands' advice. We got some very good rods with nickel-plated reels for two dollars and a quarter, a dozen assorted hooks for each person, and a dozen sinkers. The man wanted to sell us what he called a landing net, but I took a good look at it and pinched Aggie.

"I can make one out of a barrel hoop and mosquito netting," I whispered; so we did not buy it.

Perhaps he thought we were novices, for he insisted on showing us all sorts of absurd things—trolling hooks, he called them; gaff hooks for landing big fish; and a spoon that was certainly no spoon and did not fool us for a minute, being only a few hooks and a red feather. He asked a dollar and a quarter for it!

[I made one that night at home, using a bit of red feather from a duster. It cost me just three cents. Of that, as of Hutchins, more later.]

Aggie, whose idea of Canada had been the Hotel Frontenac, had grown rather depressed as our preparations proceeded. She insisted that night on recalling the fact that a Mr. Wiggins, a roofer to whom she had once been engaged and who had fallen over the edge of a wet roof through forgetting to put on his overshoes, had been almost drowned in Canada.

"He went with the Roof and Gutter Club, Lizzie," she said, "and he was a beautiful swimmer; but the water comes from the North Pole, freezing cold, and the first thing he knew ——"

The telephone bell rang just then. It was Tish.

"I've just come from the library, Lizzie," she said. "We'd better raise the worms. We've got a month to do it in. Hutchins and I will be round with the car at eight o'clock to-night. Night is the time to get them."

She refused to go into details, but asked us to have an electric flash or two ready and a couple of wooden pails. Also she said to wear mackintoshes and rubbers. Just before she rang off she asked me to see that there was a package of oatmeal on hand, but did not explain. When I told Aggie she eyed me miserably.

"I wish she'd be either more explicit or less," she said. "We'll be arrested again. I know it!"

[Now and then Tish's enthusiasms have brought us into collision with the law—not that Tish has not every respect for law and order, but that she is apt to be hasty and at times almost unconventional.]

"You remember," said Aggie, "that time she tried to shoot the sheriff, thinking he was a train robber? She started just like this—reading up about walking tours, and all that. I—I'm nervous, Lizzie."

I was staying with Aggie for a few days while my apartment was being papered. To soothe Aggie's nerves I read aloud from Gibbon's Rome until dinner time, and she grew gradually calmer.

"After all, Lizzie," she said, "she can't get us into mischief with two wooden pails and a package of oatmeal."

Tish Did Not Sleep Well That Night, and We All Sat Up in Bed for an Hour or So

Tish and Hutchins came promptly at eight and we got into the car. Tish wore the intent and dreamy look that always precedes her enterprises. There was a tin sprinkling can, quite new, in the tonneau, and we placed our wooden pails beside it and the oatmeal in it. I confess I was curious, but to my inquiries Tish made only one reply:

"Worms!"

Now I do not like worms. I do not like to touch them. I do not even like to look at them. As the machine went along I began to have a creepy loathing of them. Aggie must have been feeling the same way, for when my hand touched hers she squealed.

Over her shoulder Tish told her plan. She said it was easy to get fishing worms at night and that Hutchins knew of a place a few miles out of town where the family was away and where there would be plenty.

"We'll put them in boxes of earth," she said, "and feed them coffee or tea grounds one day and oatmeal water the next. They propagate rapidly. We'll have a million to take with us. If we only have a hundred thousand at a cent apiece that's a clear saving of a thousand dollars."

"We could sell some," I suggested sarcastically; for Tish's enthusiasms have a way of going wrong. But she took me seriously.

"If there are any fishing clubs about," she said, "I dare say they'll buy them; and we can turn the money over to Mr. Ostermaier for the new organ."

Tish had bought the organ and had an evening concert with it before we turned off the main road into a private drive.

"This is the place," Hutchins said laconically.

Tish got out and took a survey. There was shrubbery all round and a very large house, quite dark, in the foreground.

"Drive on to the lawn, Hutchins," she said. "When the worms come up the lamps will dazzle them and they'll be easy to capture."

We bumped over a gutter and came to a stop in the middle of the lawn.

"It would be better if it was raining," Tish said. "You know, yourself, Lizzie, how they come up during a gentle rain. Give me the sprinkling can."

I do not wish to lay undue blame on Hutchins, who was young; but it was she who suggested that there would probably be a garden hose somewhere and that it would save time. I know she went with Tish round the corner of the house, and that they returned in ten minutes or so, dragging a hose.

"I broke a tool-house window," Tish observed, "but I left fifty cents on the sill to replace it. It's attached at the other end. Run back, Hutchins, and turn on the water; but not too much. We needn't drown the little creatures."

Well, I have never seen anything work better. Aggie, who had refused to put a foot out of the car, stood up in it and held the hose. As fast as she wet a bit of lawn we followed with the pails. I spread my mackintosh out and knelt on it.

The thing took skill. The worms had a way of snapping back into their holes like lightning.

Tish got about three to my one, and talked about packing them in moss and ice, and feeding them every other day. Hutchins, however, stood on the lawn, with her hands in her pockets, and watched the house.

Suddenly, without warning, Aggie turned the hose directly on my left ear and held it there.

"There's somebody coming!" she cried. "Merciful heavens, what'll I do with the hose?"

"You can turn it away from me!" I snapped; so she did, and at that instant a young man emerged from the shrubbery.

He did not speak at once. Probably he could not. I happened to look at Hutchins, and, for all her usual *savoir faire*, as Charlie Sands called it, she was clearly uncomfortable.

Tish, engaged in a struggle at that moment and, sitting back like a robin, did not see him at once.

"Well!" said the young man; and again: "Well, upon my word!"

He seemed out of breath with surprise; and he took off his hat and mopped his head with a handkerchief. And, of course, as though things were not already bad enough, Aggie sneezed at that instant, as she always does when she is excited; and for just a second the hose was on him.

It was unexpected and he almost staggered. He looked at all of us, including Hutchins, and ran his handkerchief round inside his collar. Then he found his voice.

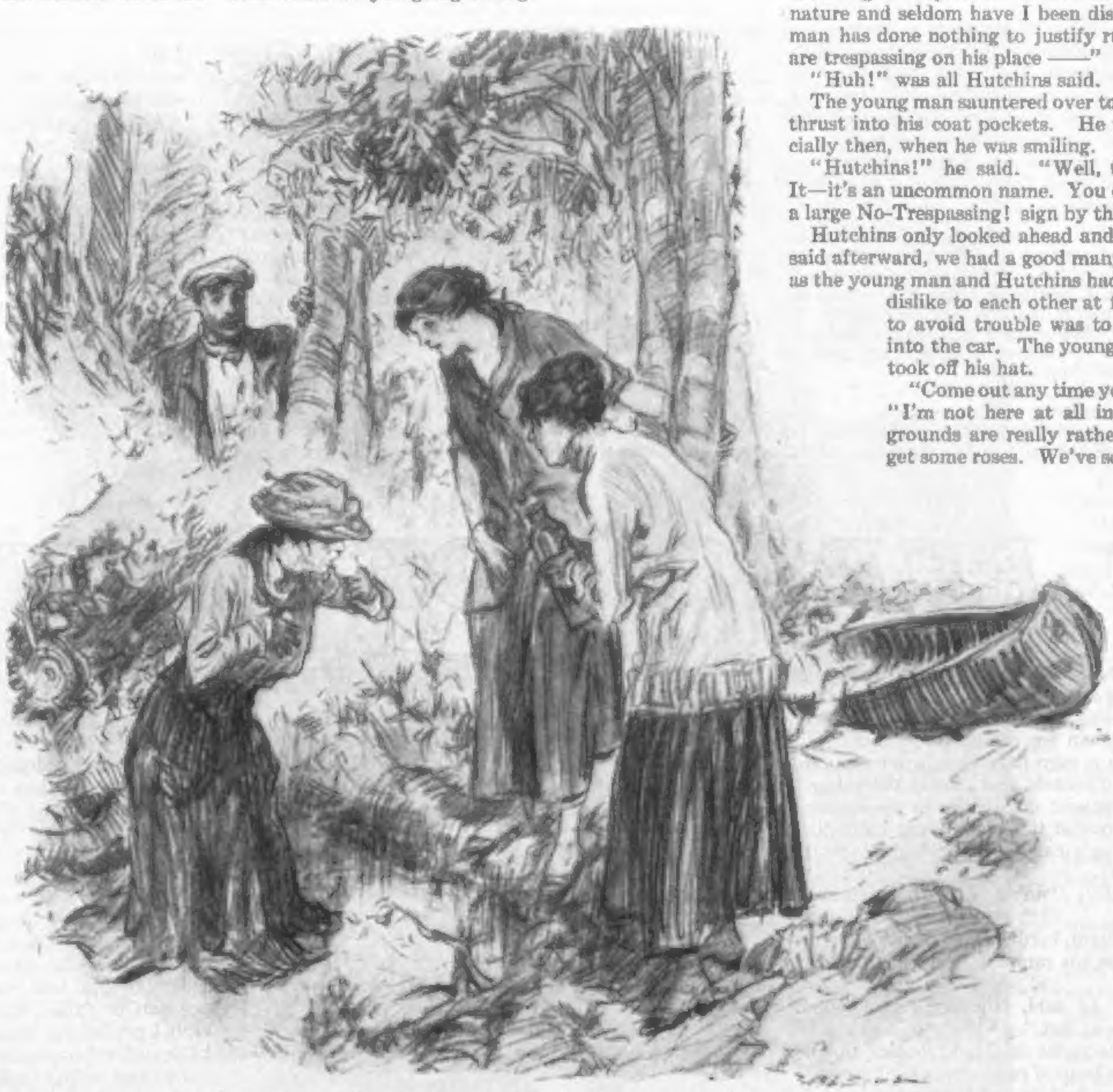
"Really," he said, "this is awfully good of you. We do need rain—don't we?"

Tish was on her feet by that time, but she could not think of anything to say.

"I'm sorry if I startled you," said the young man. "I—I'm a bit startled myself."

"There is nothing to make a fuss about!" said Hutchins crisply. "We are getting worms to go fishing."

"I see," said the young man. "Quite natural, I'm sure. And where are you going fishing?"



Aggie Went Quite White; and, Almost Beside Myself, I Poured Her a Cup of Hot Tea, Which She Drank

Hutchins surprised us all by rudely turning her back on him. Considering we were on his property and had turned his own hose on him, a little tact would have been better.

Tish had found her voice by that time.

"We broke a window in the tool house," she said; "but I put fifty cents on the sill."

"Thank you," said the young man. Hutchins wheeled at that and stared at him in the most disagreeable fashion; but he ignored her.

"We are trespassing," said Tish; "but I hope you understand. We thought the family was away."

"I just happened to be passing through," he explained. "I'm awfully attached to the place—for various reasons. Whenever I'm in town I spend my evenings wandering through the shrubbery and remembering—er—happier days."

"I think the lamps are going out," said Hutchins sharply. "If we're to get back to town ——"

"Ah!" he broke in. "So you have come out from the city?"

"Surely," said Hutchins to Tish, "it is unnecessary to give this gentleman any information about ourselves! We have done no damage ——"

"Except the window," he said.

"We've paid for that," she said in a nasty tone; and to Tish:

"How do we know this place is his? He's probably some newspaper man, and if you tell him who you are this whole thing will be in the morning paper, like the eggs."

"I give you my word of honor," he said, "that I am nothing of the sort; in fact, if you will give me a little time I'd—I'd like to tell all about myself. I've got a lot to say that's highly interesting, if you'll only listen."

Hutchins, however, only gave him a cold glance of suspicion and put the pails in the car. Then she got in and sat down.

"I take it," he said to her, "that you decline either to give or to receive any information."

"Absolutely!"

He sighed then, Aggie declares.

"Of course," he said, "though I haven't really the slightest curiosity, I could easily find out, you know. Your license plates ——"

"Are under the cushion I'm sitting on," said Hutchins, and started the engine.

"Really, Hutchins," said Tish, "I don't see any reason for being so suspicious. I have always believed in human nature and seldom have I been disappointed. The young man has done nothing to justify rudeness. And since we are trespassing on his place ——"

"Huh!" was all Hutchins said.

The young man sauntered over to the car, with his hands thrust into his coat pockets. He was nice-looking, especially then, when he was smiling.

"Hutchins!" he said. "Well, that's a clew anyhow. It—it's an uncommon name. You didn't happen to notice a large No-Trespassing! sign by the gate, did you?"

Hutchins only looked ahead and ignored him. As Tish said afterward, we had a good many worms anyhow; and, as the young man and Hutchins had clearly taken an awful dislike to each other at first sight, the best way to avoid trouble was to go home. So she got into the car. The young man helped her in and took off his hat.

"Come out any time you like," he said affably. "I'm not here at all in the daytime, and the grounds are really rather nice. Come out and get some roses. We've some pretty good ones—English importations. If you care to bring some children from the tenements out for a picnic please feel free to do it. We're not selfish."

Hutchins rudely started the car before he had finished; but he ignored her and waved a cordial farewell to the rest of us.

"Bring as many as you like," he called. "Sunday is a good day. Ask Miss—Miss Hutchins to come out and bring some friends along."

We drove back at the most furious rate. Tish was at last compelled to remonstrate with Hutchins.

"Not only are we going too fast," she said, "but you were really rude to that nice young man."

"I wish I had turned the hose on him and drowned him!" said Hutchins between her teeth.

II

HUTCHINS brought a newspaper to Tish the next morning at breakfast, and Tish afterwards said her expression was positively malevolent in such a young and pretty woman.

The newspaper said that an attempt had been made to rob the Newcomb place the night before, but that the thieves had apparently secured nothing but a package of oatmeal and a tin sprinkling can, which they had abandoned on the lawn. Some color, however, was lent to the fear that they had secured an amount of money, from the fact that a silver half dollar had been found on the window sill of a tool house. The Newcomb family was at its summer home on the Maine coast.

"You see," Hutchins said to Tish, "that man didn't belong there at all. He was just impertinent and—laughing in his sleeve."

Tish was really awfully put out, having planned to take the Sunday-school there for a picnic. She was much pleased, however, at Hutchins' astuteness.

"I shall take her along to Canada," she said to me. "The girl has instinct, which is better than reason. Her subconsciousness is unusually active."

Looking back, as I must, and knowing now all that was in her small head while she whistled about the car, or all that was behind her smile, one wonders if women really

should have the vote. So many of them are creatures of sex and guile. A word from her would have cleared up so much, and she never spoke it!

Well, we spent most of July in getting ready to go. Charlie Sands said the mosquitoes and black flies would be gone by August, and we were in no hurry.

We bought a good tent, with a diagram of how to put it up, some folding camp beds, and a stove. The day we bought the tent we had rather a shock, for as we left the shop the suburban youth passed us. We ignored him completely, but he lifted his hat. Hutchins, who was waiting in Tish's car, saw him, too, and went quite white with fury.

Shortly after that Hannah came in one night and said that a man was watching Tish's windows. We thought it was imagination, and Tish gave her a dose of sulphur and molasses—her liver being sluggish.

"Probably an Indian, I dare say" was Tish's caustic comment.

In view of later developments, however, it is a pity we did not investigate Hannah's story; for Aggie, going home from Tish's late one night in Tish's car, had a similar experience, declaring that a small machine had followed them, driven by a heavy-set man with a mustache. She said, too, that Hutchins, swerving sharply, had struck the smaller machine a glancing blow and almost upset it.

It was about the middle of July, I believe, that Tish received the following letter:

Madam: Learning that you have decided to take a fishing trip in Canada I venture to offer my services as guide, philosopher and friend. I know Canada thoroughly; can locate bass, as nearly as it lies in a mortal so to do; can manage a motor launch; am thoroughly at home in a canoe; can shoot, swim and cook—the last indifferently well; know the Indian mind and my own—and will carry water and chop wood.

I do not drink, and such smoking as I do will, if I am engaged, be done in the solitude of the woods.

I am young and of a cheerful disposition. My object is not money, but only expenses paid and a chance to forget a recent and still poignant grief. I hope you will see the necessity for such an addition to your party, and allow me to subscribe myself, madam,

Your most obedient servant,
J. UPDIKE.

Tish was much impressed; but Hutchins, in whose judgment she began to have the greatest confidence, opposed the idea.

"I wouldn't think of it," she said briefly.

"Why? It's a frank, straightforward letter."

"He likes himself too much. And you should always be suspicious of anything that's offered too cheap."

So the Updike application was refused. I have often wondered since what would have been the result had we accepted it!

The worms were doing well, though Tish found that Hannah neglected them, and was compelled to feed them herself. On the day before we started we packed them carefully in ice and moss, and fed them. That was the day the European war was declared.

"Canada is at war," Tish telephoned. "The papers say the whole country is full of spies, blowing up bridges and railroads."

"We can still go to the seashore," I said. "The bead things will do for the missionary box to Africa."

"Seashore nothing!" Tish retorted. "We're going, of course—just as we planned. We'll keep our eyes open; that's all. I'm not for one side or the other, but a spy's a spy."

Later that evening she called again to say there were rumors that the Canadian forests were bristling with German wireless outfits.

"I've a notion to write J. Updike, Lizzie, and find out whether he knows anything about wireless telegraphy," she said, "only there's so little time. Perhaps I can find a book that gives the code."

[This is only pertinent as showing Tish's state of mind. As a matter of fact, she did not write to Updike at all.]

Well, we started at last, and I must say they let us over the border with a glance; but they asked us whether we had any firearms. Tish's trunk contained a shotgun and a revolver; but she had packed over the top her most intimate personal belongings, and they were not disturbed.

"Have you any weapons?" asked the inspector.

"Do we look like persons carrying weapons?" Tish demanded haughtily. And of course we did not. Still, there was an untruth of the spirit and none of us felt any too comfortable. Indeed, what followed may have been a punishment on us for deceit and conspiracy.

Aggie had taken her cat along—because it was so fond of fish, she said. And, between Tish buying ice for the worms and Aggie getting milk for the cat, the journey was not monotonous; but on returning from one of her excursions to the baggage car Tish put a heavy hand on my shoulder.

"That boy's on the train, Lizzie!" she said. "He had the impudence to ask me whether I still drive with the license plates under a cushion. English roses—importations!" said Tish, and sniffed. "You don't suppose he went into that tent shop and asked about us?"

"He might," I retorted; "but, on the other hand, there's no reason why our going to Canada should keep the rest of the United States at home!"

However, the thing did seem queer, somehow. Why had he told us things that were not so? Why had he been so anxious to know who we were? Why had he asked us to take the Sunday-school picnic to a place that did not belong to him?

"He may be going away to forget some trouble. You remember what he said about happier days," said Tish.

"That was Updike's reason too," I replied. "Poignant grief!"

For just a moment our eyes met. The same suspicion had occurred to us both. Well, we agreed to say nothing to Aggie or Hutchins, for fear of upsetting them, and the next hour or so was peaceful.

Hutchins read and Aggie slept. Tish and I strung beads for the Indians, and watched the door into the next car.

(Continued on Page 28)

THE PARSON OF PANAMINT

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

I HAD been prospecting with Chuckwalla Bill in the Coso Range, working eastward out of Darwin into the desolate region stretching away toward Death Valley. Along in the late afternoon we passed through a rocky defile and emerged into a sage flat about a mile square hemmed in by naked red buttes; and shortly thereafter I commenced to make frequent discoveries in the stunted sage of ancient, rust-corroded tin cans. These indicating that we were approaching a camp I mentioned my suspicions to Chuckwalla Bill.

"Yes," he replied dully; "we're gettin' right close to Panamint."

We pressed slowly onward, herding the burros before us, and at sunset we came on the camp. Chuckwalla Bill saw it first.

"There's Panamint," he said, pointing; and added: "Philip's church is gone at last."

I gazed ahead into the violet shadows trooping up the valley and beheld a huge heap of rusty tin cans of assorted sizes, similar to those we had passed earlier in the day. They were scattered over nearly an acre of ground and piled to a depth of several feet; wherefore, in the absence of other sign of human habitation, past or present, I was not long in fixing the exact geographical locus of Panamint. It lay in the heart of old Chuckwalla Bill, as his next remark fully convinced me.

"I was mayor o' that city oncet," he said wistfully, and recited an extemporaneous paraphrase of an old poem:

"Her picks is rust;
Her bones is dust.
It's thirty year since she went bust.

Son, let's crack along over to the foot o' Amethyst Avenoo an' bed down for the night at Jake Russell's well."

After supper he told me this tale of the Parson of Panamint.

Yes, sir—began Chuckwalla Bill—I make the first strike in these parts, an' when I pack back to Darwin for more grub an' dynamite, an' show my samples, I start a stampede. In six months we have a city three thousand strong, not countin' Injuns an' Greasers, of which we have our share in them days. Panamint's a silver camp, an' all this I'm goin' to tell you is pulled off before silver gets demonetized an' silver mines so far from everywhere as Panamint can't be worked no more at a profit, which is why Panamint goes bust. An' when a minin' camp goes bust oncet she's got a black eye forever an' don't revive nohow. Besides, we don't have much water in Panamint; an' that's a drawback. Teamin' water in from Darwin runs up the cost o' livin' too high, with silver down to sixty-seven.

I Seen They Didn't Have the Nerve of a Lot o' Field Mice; So I Shoots the Padlocks Offen the Doors

Son, my tomato cans is the first on that dump—an' the last. I stake out the Panamint Lily, an' a dozen good claims besides, before ever I tip off the news o' my strike; an' then I sell the Lily for two hundred thousand cash an' lease my other claims on a good royalty. I cal'late mebbe I'm worth at the time a coupler million dollars; so nachelly I can't see my way clear to labor none, an' I look round for a hobby. I find her in Panamint.

Son, Panamint's my sweetheart. I'm risin' thirty years at the time, full o' ginger an' conceit, like a barber's cat; an' folks takes to callin' me the Father o' Panamint. Nachelly, me bein' responsible for the camp, as the feller says, I'm prouder'n a roadrunner of it. I get to dreamin' big dreams o' the future o' Panamint, an' I sink a deal o' money in local real estate, start a bank, import a printin' press an' an editor, an' a rig to drill for water; an', in general, I get behind Panamint with my personality an' my bank roll, an' boost the municipality.

I reckon we're about eight months old, an' growin' like a stall-fed calf, when Hank Bartlett—Hank's a scholar an' a gentleman, an' I stake him to a daily paper called the Panamint Nugget, an' subsidize him till he's on a payin' basis—writes an editorial advocatin' the incorporation o' the camp as a regular city.

The idee's a hummer an' I get back of it right off; so we incorporate Panamint an' I run for mayor agin a party by the name o' Jedge Tarbox.

The jedge 'lows as how his record in the Civil War's bound to help him; but I'm the daddy o' Panamint, an' I'm swept into office—me an' my ticket—by such a majority the jedge comes out with a signed article in the Nugget apologizin' for livin', an' moves to make it unanimous. I'm so proud o' that ol' warrior I give the city-attorney-elect a thousand dollars to resign his office so's I can app'int Jedge Tarbox in his place.

As I remarks previous, I'm all wrapped up in Panamint. I'm plannin' to make her the biggest silver camp in the West an' advancin' her interests every way I know how, so, right after I'm sworn in as mayor, me an' Hank Bartlett puts our heads together an' holds a potlatch.

As a result Hank writes an editorial callin' for a mass meetin' to advocate the three things the camp's got to have if she's goin' to press for'd to her destiny. Them three things is a town hall, a schoolhouse an' a church; for, though Panamint's a camp with the hair on her—an' I wouldn't give a durn to be mayor o' no other kind—still, there's plenty o' women an' children, an' good, solid citizens with us already, an' more willin' to come if we give 'em the things they're used to in more cultivated sections that lies closer to water an' railroads.

Well, son, we hold that mass meetin', an' Hank Bartlett makes a speech that shore gets the money. Me, I ain't never what the feller calls silver-tongued, but I make a brief talk, nevertheless, to sorter back up Hank's play an' give it official sanction. Then I call for subscriptions to the buildin' fund, an' as mayor I start the ball rollin' with ten thousand dollars an' pledge the camp treasury for five more if the citizens at large'll make up the rest. We're asking for fifty thousand dollars until Panamint's on a self-supportin' basis; an' in half an hour I have it and the committees are app'inted.

It's sixty days before we get the lumber freighted in from Mojave, an' the church an' the schoolhouse up. Meantime Hank Bartlett, whose handwritin' is somethin' to admire, has wrote to the state superintendent o' schools askin' him to send us a bang-up schoolmarm, which the super done; an' as I remember she was right satisfactory. Also, the Committee on Religion—which I'm the committee—has pulled out for San Francisco to round up a preacher, aimin' to come back with him about the time the parsonage is up.

Now this question of a preacher's been worryin' me no little. We got a coupler Jews in commercial lines, an' some Irish Catholics; but, by an' large, the bulk o' the population o' Panamint is Protestant. We got Methodists an' Baptists an' Congregationalists an' Mormons an' Unitarians an' Episcopals, an' what-all; but I figured it out as how all these here sects nachelly comes under the same general head, an' one good, bang-up parson that don't stir up no secular strife is shore bound to please all hands.

Pers'nally I don't have no more ree-ligious convictions than a tarantula, but, all the same, I don't lose sight o' the fact that ree-ligion is a heap o' comfort to a lot o' people; so nachelly I'm careful in makin' my selection. I'm the butt end of a month sortin' over parsons an' conferrin' with bishops, lookin' for a big, broad-gauge young feller that don't take his ree-ligion too hard; for I realize that a parson with the ingrowin' brand o' faith ain't goin' to be popular in Panamint. As I say, she's a camp with the hair on her, but her heart's right an' she means well; an' all a feller has to do is overlook a few things that are peculiar to boom camps and can't be helped nohow.

Son, that time I put in lookin' for my ideal of a preacher is about the hardest three weeks I'm ever through. My previous experience with parsons an' bishops is limited; an', havin' allers been used to a free range an' free speech, I suppose I don't make a hit with a lot of them. They're all a-wonderin' what Panamint looks like if I'm her mayor, I guess; an' none of 'em is inclined to take a chance, even if I let 'em, which I do not, because I don't see none that measures up to my standards. I'm plumb discouraged when Fate, as the feller says, bumps me up agin the Reverend Philip Pharo. We meet this way:

There's a strike on in the mee-tropolis while I'm there preacher-prospectin'. I'm leavin' the Occidental Hotel for a little pasear up Montgomery Street when I'm aware o' some excitement. A feller comes chargin' down the street to beat four of a kind, with mebbe a dozen men a-chasin' him an' yellin': "Scab! Scab! Kill the scab!"

Now, son, I'm not interested a little bit in this round-up. In Panamint it's the custom to let every man roll his own hoop; an', as this fugitive is makin' fast headway, I don't feel called on to interfere, particularly as it looks to me like there's goin' to be a heap o' yellin' an' no killin'. In consequence I'm a mite surprised when a half a brick reaches the runner in the back o' the head an' he falls almost in front o' me.

"That mob'll kick him to death," says a voice alongside o' me; an' a young feller jumps past me, grabs the victim by the collar an' drags him into a doorway, where they can't get at him. Then he faces the mob with his fists an' drops the first two men that closes in on him.

Son, I'm a fightin' tarantula in them days. There ain't nothin' I won't tackle, once the play is up to me fair; an' it gravels me to see a dozen men pickin' on one. Also it pleases me to see the businesslike way this interferin' stranger faces the music, a-knowin' they're goin' to tromp him to death an' make a rag baby out o' him in half a minute; so while they're swarmin' over him I'm gettin' out my artillery an' fixin' to help the young feller out a little.

Before they can get him down I'm wadin' into the riot, tampin' sociable left an' right with the butt o' my weapon; an' in half a minute me an' this young stranger ee-merges from the conflict, bloody but victorious, an' in the hands of a dozen policemen.

They take my gun away from me, which I'm too law-abidin' to object to, an' then we're took to a hospital an' patched up, though there ain't nothing serious wrong with either of us. We got forty fights left in us yet. From the hospital we're taken to the police station, where the young feller's booked for incitin' a riot, with his bail fixed at five hundred dollars; an' me—son, I'm charged with assault with a deadly weapon. The arrestin' officer says as how I'm a gunfighter an' a dangerous character, an' they make my bail a thousand dollars.

I can see my feller criminal is staggered at this state of affairs, but it's plumb amusin' to me. I have a money belt under my shirt next my skin, which I hauls her out an' counts out fifteen hundred dollars on the counter.

"Gimme a receipt," I says. "This young friend o' mine is John J. Jones, an' I'm Chuckwalla Bill Redfield, mayor o' Panamint, which Panamint's the biggest-feelin' camp on earth." I'm that patriotic nothin' can keep me from advertisin' Panamint.

So the officer takes us to another feller at a desk, an' he rakes in my fifteen hundred, gives me separate receipts, an' tells us to come back for trial in the mornin'.

When we're safe outside the police station the young feller thanks me kindly. He says if I'm not there with his bail money he'd shore have been disgraced.

"Which you're a fightin' bobcat, young feller," I says, "an' I'm proud to have been arrested with you." Then I interduced myself; an' I learn his name is Philip Pharo.

"Mr. Redfield, I had no call to drag you into this mess," he says, "only I can't bear to see murder done."

"Same here," I says, "only call me Chuckwalla or Bill. I been mighty lonesome in this here city an' if you call me by my Christian name I'll feel more to home. Down in Panamint we got a vacancy for a preacher, an' I'm here to round one up if I can ever find one to fit the job."

"Why, Chuckwalla," he says, "I'm a minister o' the Gospel."

"The hell you are!" I says. "You don't fight like one."

"I'm brand-new," he says grinnin'. "I'm only ordained yesterday, an' I'm on my way to a tailor's to be measured for a parson's suit when I feel myself called on to save the life o' that unfortunate scab. Now, if I'm fined or jailed for incitin' a riot I can't get that suit, an' mebbe the bishop'll call a conference an' heave me out o' the church."

"Philip," I says, "if the bishop does that I'll shore make him hard to catch. However, don't you worry, because you ain't goin' to have to stand trial. We'll just nachelly jump our bail."

The young feller give a laugh that would have warmed the heart of a banker.

"Why, I won't hear to it, nohow," he says. "You'll lose fifteen hundred dollars."

"It won't be the first fifteen hundred I've lost," I says. "I ain't worryin' about that. I'm richer'n a fool, an' can afford it. What I ain't bankin' on is havin' a black mark unjustly chalked up agin the only red-blooded parson I've seen in three weeks. To hell with the money!"

"Chuckwalla," he says, "you're immense!"

"Let's talk about you, Philip," I says. To save my soul I can't call him parson. He's too much like a friend. "Be you lookin' for a job preachin' the Gospel?"

"I shore am," he says. "Do you reckon I could fill that vacancy you mention?"

"Well," I says, "I'm the mayor of Panamint, daddy o' the camp an' the Committee on Ree-ligion; an' what I say goes or I'll know the reason why. I've looked over a lot o' parsons, but they don't grade high enough for Panamint; an', though you look mighty good to me, still there's a chance that Panamint don't grade high enough for you. She's a minin' camp that ain't had the edges knocked off her yet, and it's only fair I should warn you before talkin' terms."

"Chuckwalla," he says, layin' his hand on my arm like he'd knowed me all his life, "I'm out to preach the Gospel, an' I don't care where I preach it. That's me!"

Son, I'm overcome.

"Philip," I says, "suppose me an' you go somewheres while we talk this thing over."

"All right," he says; an' we went over to the Palace Hotel restauraw an' sat down to discuss the matter.

The Reverend Pharo he has a glass o' buttermilk an' I have some red liquor, to which he don't offer no objections an' tell me a lot o' things about red liquor that I know already a durned sight better'n him. I chalk a white mark up to him for that, an' then I put him through his examination.

"Philip," I says, "do you believe in hell?"

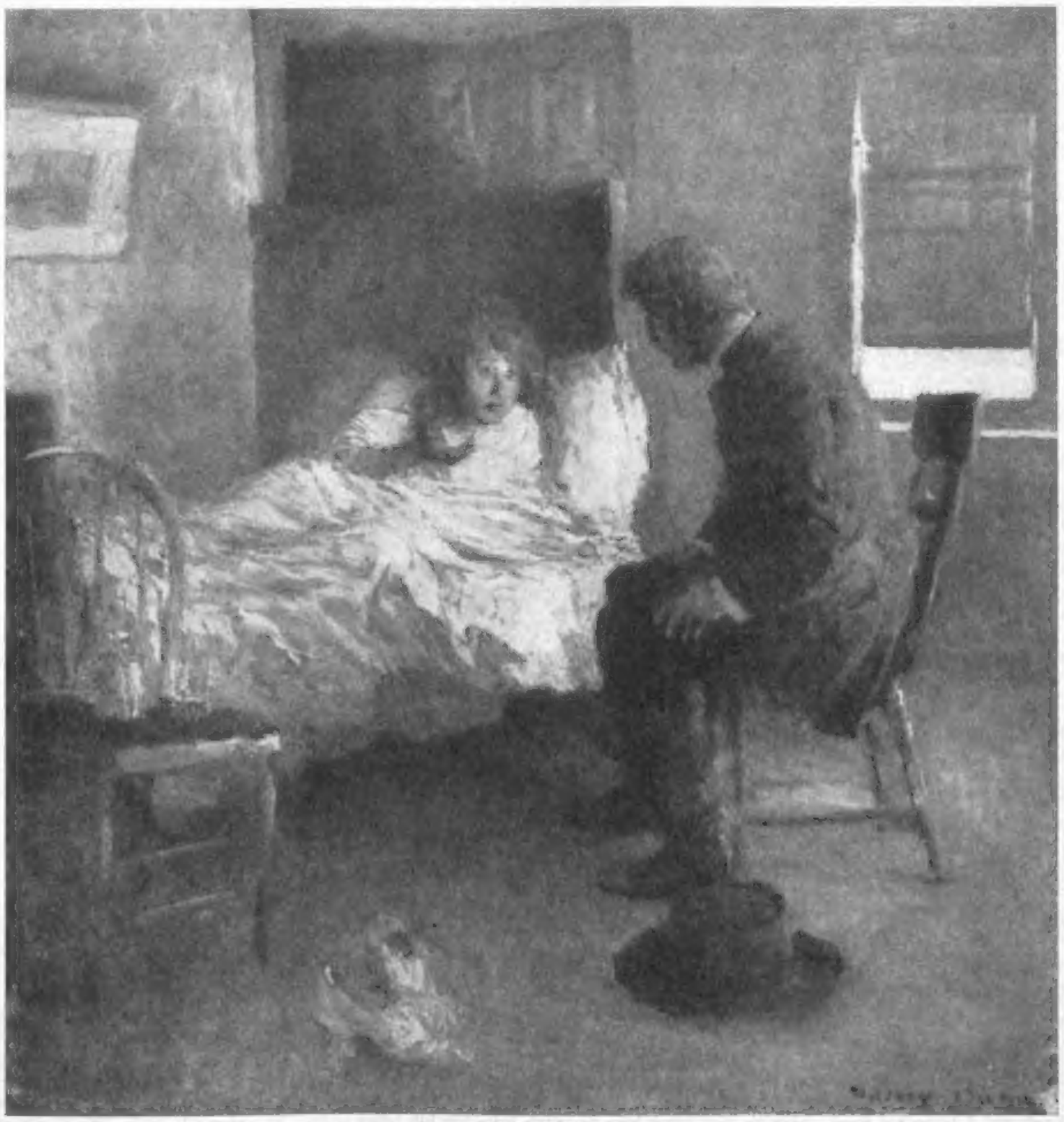
"Well, Chuckwalla, my friend," he says, "the constitution an' by-laws o' my church recognizes it; but there ain't no orthodox hell; an' the first time I get up in a pulpit I'm goin' to say so."

"On what grounds do you base them views?"

"On common sense. Our Lord can't take enjoyment in fryin' people. It's agin all the compassion He showed to human bein's while he was here on earth."

"How many roads is there to heaven?" I says.

"So blamed many, Chuckwalla, it's no wonder a lot of us get lost in transit. The Bible says: 'In my Father's house there is many mansions.' An' I guess there's enough



"Reverend, if You Don't Fire This Here Volunteer Nurse I'm A-Goin' to Leave"

Old Chuckwalla Bill Was Gazing Over the Roofs of Pine Shanty and Tenthouse in the City of His Dreams

spare rooms for all of us, Jew an' Gentile, if we play the game o' life square with ourselves."

"Philip," I says, "the job's your'n if you'll take it; an' if you don't take it I'm goin' to set right here an' get drunk an' drown my sorrer."

"I'll take it," he says, "providin' the bishop is willin'. I suppose my congregation'll approve yore choice o' parson?"

"I dunno," I says; "an' what's more, I don't give a hoot. I know what's good for Panamint, an' if they reject you I'll build another church at my own expense an' run em' out o' business. All I know is you're my parson, providin' you ain't a Baptist."

"No, Chuckwalla," he says, "I ain't. You got a grudge agin the Baptists?"

"I shore ain't no bigot," I says; "but we got to haul the water in bar'ls twelve mile to camp." He laughed himself into a fit at that.

"Chuckwalla," he says, "I repeat it—you're immense! I love you like a brother."

Then we talked salary, an' I offered him five hundred, which he says, as shy as a sheep-killin' dog, five hundred ain't quite enough, an' the very least he can get along on is seven hundred. I'm embarrassed a heap to think mebbe I've showed Panamint in the light o' bein' cheap an' small in money matters, an' I tell him, in order to be safe, I'll guarantee him a thousand; the congregation can fix the regular rate, an' I'll make up the dee-ficit personally.

Thinkin' to ease his mind on the financial question I draw a check on the Panamint Bank & Trust Company for a thousand and give it to him.

"There, Philip," I says, "is yore first month's salary in advance."

"Month!" he yells. "You frontier comedian, I'm talkin' about years!" An' he laughs so long an' hearty the head waiter comes over an' tells us we'll have to be quiet or git out. "Why, bless yore heart, Chuckwalla," Philip continues, "a hundred a month is princely as preacher's salaries goes in the country!"

"Then," I says, "the good Lord help them in the city, for nine-tenths o' the preachers I see are that grave an' solemn I got a notion they're worried over money matters; but you're different. I got a notion mebbe sometime I'll come to church and listen to you preach."

"Well, Chuckwalla," he says, "don't do nothin' that hurts you, unless it happens to be the right thing to do. An' now," he says, "I'll go an' explain my damaged appearance to the bishop an' talk it all over with him." Which he done; an' in two hours he's back an' I have his final acceptance.

We start right out shoppin'. First I buy me a new gun, because I don't feel dressed up since the police take my other gun away from me; an' then we buy a big, bang-up organ for the church. That's my gift an' it costs me close to two thousand dollars. Also, I buys the hymn books, etcetry; an' I make Philip pick out the fixin's an' furnishin's for his parsonage himself. I aim to make him comfortable, an' I have a heap o' difficulty convincin' him he's headed for Panamint, where the best ain't none too good; an' most likely, at that, it's regarded with suspicion!

While we're shoppin' I learn a heap about Philip. He's got no kin; an', as near as I can make out, his pa leaves him just about enough to educate him an' clothe him till he's twenty-one. He's been through a big Eastern college an' has a string o' letters after his name like the tail of a comet. He's probably the most wholesome, handsome young feller I ever meet, an' when it comes to sand he's got more o' that commodity in his craw than a grizzly bear. He's as good-natured as a baby an' laughin' all the time he's with me. Durned if I see what he finds to laugh at, unless it's mebbe because I treat him like he's a pinfeather boy. I'm five year older'n him in p'int o' years; but in p'int of experience with life I'm dyin' of old age compared with Philip.

Well, when everything is bought an' the shippin' instructions given, me an' Philip lights out for San José, so the police won't ketch us on a bench warrant for jumpin' our bail next day. In San José we patronize an expensive tailor, an' when our clothes are ready we head for Panamint.

We don't make no noise comin' into town, for I'm dead set agin this Wild West hip!-hip!-hurrah! business every time some sucker wins a big pot. We put up at the hotel while waitin' for the furnishin's for the parsonage an' the organ to be freighted in, an' I take Philip round an' introduce him to everybody in Panamint. He's received with favor an' I'm complimented a heap on my jedgment.

It's mebbe two weeks before the freight gets in, but durin' that time Philip organizes his congregation with a membership roll, an' the congregation gets together an' elects a governin' board, called the elders. As near as I recollect there's a dozen o' these elders. I don't favor the notion nohow, bein' dead set agin anybody bossin' Philip; but as I ain't a member o' the church an' don't intend to be, an' as it's Philip's game, I figger he knows what he's up to, an' that there ain't no call for me to horn in on the play. If I'd knowed as much about elders as I do now I'd have named a slate an' put Philip up to an opposition ticket.

The elders is all composed o' the solid citizens o' the town. The presidin' elder is an old silvertip by the name o' Absalom Randall. Absalom's been clerkin' in a country bank in Kansas about twenty year, an' when I organized the Panamint Bank & Trust Company one o' the directors recommends him for the job o' vice-president an' manager, particular since Absalom's got five thousand dollars he's willin' to invest in the stock.

I'm for him on account of his bankin' experience, which is why he gets the job. I'm president myself, but I don't take no interest in the bank's affairs. I leave that to hirelin's, as I'm never inside the bank except to draw checks agin my own account; which, lookin' back at it all now, 'pears to me I all but lived in front o' the payin' teller's winder.

The super o' the Panamint Lily, an' the druggist, an' some leadin' merchants an' family men makes up the rest o' the list; but Absalom Randall, he sticks out in my memory most. He shore was a ornery old sidewinder.

Well, son, I don't make no mistake in pickin' the Reverend Philip Pharo. The first Sunday the house is packed, an' Philip's sermon is a snorter. Also, he takes occasion to pass out a few complimentary remarks about me, which if I'm in church when he makes 'em I'd have been embarrassed.

The Almighty's just cut Philip out for a minin'-camp parson, an' filled him up with love for his feller man. It ain't no time before that boy is workin' himself sick doin' things for the unfortunates that romps into every minin' camp, where they promptly finds themselves unfit and bogs down, sick an' busted.

We've built him a nice little five-room parsonage up on Amethyst Avenoo—son, we're settin' in his back yard right now—but he never gets to enjoy it none. Right off he digs up a busted Cousin Jack miner that's been leaded, an' a tinhorn gambler dyin' o' consumption, an' houses 'em at the parsonage, after which he installs a drunken old bandit answerin' to the name o' Crabapple Thompson, an' nominates Crabapple chief cook and head nurse.

"Philip," I says, when I spot Crabapple Thompson on the premises, an' me knowin' his capacity for red liquor, "fire this here attendant o' your'n an' I'll round you up a responsible party."

"No, Chuckwalla," he says; "Crabapple needs me worse'n I need him. If he's round where I can keep my eye on him he'll stay in line. Besides, I like the old sinner. There's a heap o' character in Crabapple when you catch him sober."

Well, I seen there wasn't no use arguin' with him, particular after he says:

"Chuckwalla, did you ever notice how prone a lot o' preachers is to surround themselves with respectable people an' visit round among the congregation, an' make themselves agreeable to agreeable people?"

"No," I says; "I ain't had no experience that way. You're the first parson I ever see on the job—that is, at close range."

"Well," he says, "it's a fact. A lot o' my worthy brethren seem to have an idee that fellers like Crabappie Thompson an' that there consumptive gambler is the legitimate prey o' so-called settlement workers an' public institootions. I don't subscribe to them theories. I'm a-tryin' to foller in His steps. He went round healin' the sick an' bein' kind to sinners, an' mixin' up with the lowly o' the earth, regardless. Chuckwalla, good people don't need my services; an' so long as I'm the parson o' Panamint I don't aim to spend my time drinkin' tea with the ladies of the congregation, or walkin' round hand-shakin' myself into popularity. I ain't been here long, but I can see already I got a real he-job in this camp; an' I'm not goin' to be no kid-glove preacher. Sinners is too thick here for me to waste my time in social frivolity."

I've hardly left him before a faro dealer in the Pick an' Drill, feelin' jealous o' his ladylove, shoots the lady up somethin' scandalous. It's four days before I learn Philip has the unfortunate up at the parsonage. Me, I've got that many things to think of, I've forgot to rig up a hospital; an' as nobody seems anxious to care for this here gal, Buckskin Liz, why, the parson has her toted up to the parsonage. He gives up his own bed to the critter, while he takes a blanket an' goes over to the church nights, aimin' to roost in the organ loft. As soon as I find this out I have Buckskin Liz moved out to Darwin, where she's put in the Miners' Hospital.

Now, of course, like all lovable, good-natured boys, Philip ain't in camp a week till there's forty corn-fed girls out to rope him. They're pesterin' the boy to such an extent that it takes him two hours to get to the post office an' back. While he's got Buckskin Liz on his hands he asks one after the other o' these young women to come up an' nurse Liz. He says as how a little charity an' gentleness at this time mebbe reclaims Liz from a life o' shame. Finally he gets one out o' the lot who 'lows mebbe she'll take a chance; but she ain't on the job more'n an hour when Liz calls the parson in:

"Reverend," she says, "if you don't fire this here volunteer nurse I'm a-goin' to leave. I'm what I am, an' I know it; but it shore does gravel me to be told about it."

So Philip, he thanks the lady kindly an' says he's much obliged, but perhaps he's asked her to do somethin' he oughtn't to; an' he guesses he'll manage somehow. He don't have to give her more'n half an' openin' before she's gone.

Women don't take to Buckskin Liz worth a whoop, an' Philip he has to fall back on Crabapple Thompson, which the sot ain't half bad, accordin' to Liz. She says he understands her; an' first thing her an' Crabapple gets to arguin' religion, an' Liz, she warns the Crabapple if he ever gets drunk round the parson, an' she gets well an' finds it out, she'll shore make him hard to catch.

No; Philip's too busy to go feedin' round to a new house every night, an' he ain't the kind of a man to go peddlin' out small talk an' compliments to a lot o' women just because they stand ready to fall in love with him. Philip, he's a regular man, an' there ain't no female in Panamint that grades high enough for him; an' there ain't no bunch o' females that's goin' to make a mollycoddle outer him.

"Chuckwalla," he says—he comes to me for comfort when he can't stand it no longer—"it's an awful strain on a parson to be rubbin' up agin folks that wears their best side outside when they meet up with the minister. Me, I like my souls turned inside out—an' mostly I like 'em when they're naked an' I can see all the sin."

Well, son, this Buckskin Liz ee-pisode creates some little talk an' a diversity of opinion. It sorter jolts all hands in the congregation, an' some of the good people makes so bold as to remonstrate with Philip. In particular the chief elder, Absalom Randall, he talks to Philip like a son, an' says he must be careful an' not cause no talk.

"Absalom Randall," says Philip, "let me an' you have a show-down right here an' now. I'm a plain minister o' the Gospel an' not a divinity. I object seriously to this idea of a congregation electin' to think their pastor's so blamed pure he mustn't let himself go near sin an' sordidness in male or female. I'm a-tryin' to do this job a-workin' to my Master's example. Elder, did you ever hear of a woman named Mury Magdalen?"

"Yes, yes!" says this hoary-headed old hypocrite. "I understand, parson; but you're young and I'm only warnin' you about people that may not understand."

"Yore wife an' daughter, I take it, is included in that category," says Philip. "I recall I asked both of 'em to step up to the parsonage an' help me manage Buckskin Liz; but they don't oblige me."

"That's work for a trained nuss, my dear Mr. Pharo," says ol' Silvertip—I allers call him that, because he's a heap like a b'ar in many ways; an', havin' pulled himself out of a mean hole which Philip plunges him into, he takes up his hat an' goes back to the bank.

That night me an' Philip is settin' on the front porch o' the parsonage and he tells me about it. I don't say nothin'; but when Silvertip comes prancin' down to the bank next mornin' I'm settin' in at his desk—an' Silvertip's fired!

"Silvertip," I says, "hereafter you'll leave the Reverend Mr. Pharo to run his game without interference. Now you trot along to the cashier an' he'll give you back the five thousand you invested, at bankin' interest to date; an' don't you come in here no more. If you do I'll skelp you!"

What does this old Silvertip do? Son, I'm ashamed to tell you. He runs blubberin' to Philip an' begs him to use his influence with me to get him back his job; an' o' course, when Philip comes over an' tells me I don't know how to run a bank an' to get away from that desk an' let Silvertip do his work, I ain't got no option but to oblige him. Anyway, I've put Silvertip in his place, an' I'm figgerin' he'll leave Philip alone hereafter.

Now there's lately come to town a person callin' himself Bud Deming. I know Bud well. He's a gambler, but he's tee-totally on the square; so when he applies for a license to open up a combination gamblin' hall, dance-hall, saloon an' restauraw, nachelly he gets it. I'm for encouragin' legitimate commercial enterprises every time, an' the only mistake I make in Bud Deming's case is in failin' to look over the plans o' Bud's deadfall. I'll explain later.

Well, when Bud's place o' business is ready he plans to give a banquet to the leadin' citizens an' the future patrons o' his house as a sort o' grand openin'. Me bein' the mayor an' the daddy o' the camp, nachelly he invites me, an' still further honors me by insistin' that I'm to be the toastmaster. I'm agreeable; then me an' Bud arranges the program o' speakers an' toasts, an' Bud has a bright idee.

"How'd it do," he says, "to invite the parson? Think he'd come?"

"Try him an' see, Bud," I says. "All I know is you won't offend him by askin'."

So Hank Bartlett gets out the printed invitations an' the programs over on the Nugget Press, an' Bud mails one to Philip. Right off Philip writes Bud a letter, acceptin' with thanks, an' says he'll shore be there when the dinner bell rings. A invite like that might have riled some parsons; but Bud's meanin' well, an' Philip knows he is, an' he's never missin' any opportunities for gettin' acquainted with Bud's kind o' people. So he accepts just like you or me.

Son, that banquet shore was a hummer! I make Bud the address o' welcome an' introduce the speakers. Philip says grace before an' after meals an' responds to the toast: Panamint; Her Dull Past an' Brilliant Future. An' if he don't make a hit I'm a Chinaman! Sunflower Sadie, which Sadie's Bud's light o' love, as the feller says, declares he's a wonder; an' after the banquet she comes up an' shakes hands with him an' tells him so.

Is Philip embarrassed when Sunflower Sadie shakes his flipper? Not a bit. Does he give her a ree-ligious talk an' tell her to abandon the sinful life she's leadin'? No, sir! This parson of ours is a gentleman an' don't get familiar on brief acquaintance. A-lookin' back on them days now I think I figger out Philip's system, which was to be so good an' kind an' gentle an' human an' natural an' noble that everybody's just got to love him; an' then he has things all his own way, an' you're ready to bust a lung runnin' to church to holler "Hallelujah!" Me, I love that boy like he's my own son, for he grades high. He's the biggest man that ever come to Panamint. Somehow he manages to pull all the burs offen religion an' make it as smooth as long sweetenin'.

Hank Bartlett runs an account o' the banquet in the Nugget, an' I'm down at the post office when old Silvertip gets his paper an' reads about the banquet. He just goes staggerin' back to the bank lookin' like he's goin' to have some sort of a fit. I'm lookin' for breakers, as the feller says, an' I ain't disapp'inted. Pretty soon the druggist comes pussy-footin' it into the bank an' him an' Silvertip goes into executive session. As he's leavin' I'm lingerin' by the door an' I hear him say:

"It's an outrage! I'm goin' to see the other elders an' call a meetin', Randall, if you don't."

I steps out an' takes the druggist by the arm.

"Neighbor," I says, "if you call that meetin' this here bank'll call yore note. We got a majority o' you elders represented in our Bills Receivable account, an' I guess, as the feller says, Chuckwalla Bill Redfield's got the situation well in hand."

They didn't call no meetin'.

However, a-gettin' back to this here Bud Deming: He's caterin' to the select trade o' the camp, an' if there's one thing he prides himself on it's the grub in his restauraw. He don't spare no expense; an', as Philip sees right off the night o' the banquet Bud's fodder is the real quill, the follerin' evenin' he drops into the restauraw for his supper.

As a cook, Crabapple Thompson don't grade higher'n flapjacks an' frijoles; an' it's plain wearin' on Philip to dine out with the members o' his flock, who treat him like he's a superior person. Bud has some good soup an' a light dessert that's something to admire; an' when he's finished his grub Philip calls the waiter an' 'lows he'll buy some for his patients up at the parsonage if the cook'll loud up a basket for him to carry it in; which the cook done, an' Philip's goin' out with the basket—when Bud spots him.

Now, after ascertainin' what he's got in the basket, Bud Deming, which he has a heart as big as all outdoors, says to Philip:

"Parson, I ain't no church-goin' man, but when it comes to feedin' the hungry an' slippin' a dollar to a down-an'-outer, that's my religion. As a business man I'm willin' to let you pay for yore own scoffin's, but this grub you're totin' home for them sick fellers you got on yore hands, that's on the house; an' it'll continue to be on the house—three times a day, twenty-one times a week—while I'm runnin' this restauraw. You come yoreself or send Crabapple, an' the cook'll have instructions to have it ready an' waitin' for you."

"Bud," says the parson, "you're a no-good ol' skunk, but you're shore a-layin' up treasures in heaven for yourself!" An' then him an' Bud laughs an' has their little joke an' walks arm an' arm together to the door.

Speakin' o' this door, it's the sole entrance to Bud's hall o' sin. As you come in there's the long bar on the left; in the center there's a space for dancin', an' the gamblin' layouts is along the right wall; while in the rear there's a glass door leadin' into the restauraw.

This glass door is the only way in, an' likewise it's the only way out; in consequence of which, when Philip takes to patronizin' Bud's restauraw he has to pass through the departments out in front.

Philip ain't been feedin' at the restauraw three weeks before he's on speakin' terms with every barkeeper, gambler, swamper an' dance-hall girl in the place. He don't stop to talk with them at all when he comes in, but as he walks through he has a nod an' a smile for all hands. It's "Howdy, Bill, you ol' pelican!" or "Good evenin', Tessie!" an' he's back in the restauraw. Same thing when he comes out.

An' to show you the effect o' this simple treatment on them denizens o' Bud's place, every man an' woman, from time to time, takes occasion to apologize to Philip for the architect that draws Bud's plans! Why, that parson has more friends among them people than me—an' I have money to give away. What's more, I'm a-givin' it too!

Well, as I say, things goes along this way mebbe a month, when Chappie Ellerton comes to town. Speakin' o' Chappie reminds me o' that sayin' from the Scriptures: "Consider the lilies o' the field; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one o' these."

In face an' figger Chappie's a heap like Philip. Hank Bartlett allers allows as how he's a poet gone wrong. He's allers lookin' like he'd stepped out of a ban'box; an' I suppose if somebody'd killed him the night him an' Philip meet up, he'd dress mebbe two thousand dollars on the hoof in jewelry an' glad raiment.

Son, if Solomon ever put on half the dog Chappie Ellerton does the ol' gentleman was a sport! Chappie's shore a lily o' the field in p'int o' looks an' labor; but when it comes to spinnin', right there him an' the lily forks trails. Chappie's a spinner from 'way back, him controllin' the destinies of a little ivory ball in a circle o' numbers an' colors, the same bein' known to science as a roulette wheel.

It's Chappie's first night on shift in Bud Deming's place, along in the shank o' the evenin', when there ain't nothin' much doin'. He's standin' back o' the wheel waitin' for the play to start; an' him an' the night both bein' young, he's singin' a little song of his own devisin':

Roun' she goes an' roun' she goes;
An' where she stops nobody knows
But the Lord!—an' He won't tell!

Philip's just comin' out o' the restauraw an' is stoppin' a brief second at the end o' the bar to thank Bud for his daily contribution to the sick an' destitoot; so nachelly he hears Chappie croonin' his little ditty over an' over again! There ain't a soul at the wheel but Chappie, but he's spinnin' the ball just the same—for practice, I guess; an' singin' because he knows from experience that advertisin' pays.

Well, son, the preacher, hearin' the song, turns round for a look at the blasphemer; Chappie, who's sensitive to a degree, feels somebody sizin' him up; so he glances round an' spots the preacher. Then them two looks at each other.

Now, the Reverend Pharo's a new one on Chappie. He don't figger none on meetin' a preacher in a gamblin' hall; consequently the sight completely busts Chappie's ideals wide open, an' he grins at the parson.

"Her Picks is Rust;
Her Bones is Dust.
It's Thirty Year Since She Went Bust"

On his part the parson 'lows as how Chappie's a new one on him. He's such a kid to be herdin' a roulette wheel, an' his smile's plumb irresistible; so the preacher smiles back an' crosses over to him. It's the first time on record he ever lingers in the gamblin' hall.

"Friend," he says, "ain't it possible for you to ply yore vocation without draggin' the name o' the Lord into it? I should jedge, from a casual inspection o' yore head, that you got imagination enough to invent some other madrigal not contrary to the Second Commandment."

"If I'd known there was a preacher driftin' round loose in this here haunt o' the particular and the unparticular, the quick an' the quicker, the secular an' the insectivorous, I'd 'a' done it without askin'," says Chappie. He spins the ball again an' sings:

Roun' she goes an' roun' she goes;
An' where she stops nobody knows.
An' nobody gives a turiloo, turilee-addy!

"Now that's just as good," says the sky pilot, laughin'.

"Try your luck!" says Chappie. He's a mite fresh, is Chappie, an' inclined to have a little fun with any preacher he ketches in a gamblin' house.

"My jovial friend," says Philip, "I never gamble. I've never been this close to a roulette wheel before."

"This ain't gamblin'," says Chappie; "it's just a mortal cinch in favor o' the house. D'ye suppose Bud'd be reskin' his bank roll if it wasn't? The odds is thirty-eight to thirty-five agin you."

"Then why should I try my luck?" says Philip.

"To be a good feller," says Chappie. "You bein' a parson an' hornin' into my game thataway, I got a notion you've jinksed the wheel; an' presently some mucker comes along an' busts the bank. You ought to lug that jinks away with you when you leave."

"How?"

"By pikin' a dollar to take away the curse."

"You young rascal!" says Philip laughin'. "You're darin' me to gamble just because I'm a preacher, an' I got a good notion to take you up. Remember what the Scriptures say: 'Them that lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.'"

"Meanin' what, dominie?"

"Meanin', in yore own classical language, that I might bust the bank."

"No danger," says Chappie. "I'm game. Come on, parson! Be a sport!"

"All right," says Philip, "I'll gamble with you—on one condition."

"It's accepted. What does she look like?"

"Since a preacher in a gamblin' house playin' a roulette wheel for money is an unusual sight," says Philip, "a gambler in church ought to prove an equally interestin' attraction. It ain't fair for me to furnish the whole show; so if I play yore game you'll have to play mine. That's fair, ain't it?"

"I should tell a man!" says Chappie, laughin' to see the trap Philip's sprung on him. "Parson, you've shore got me in the nine-hole that time."

"That bein' thoroughly understood I'll expect to see you in church next Sunday. I shall now tempt the tongue o' scandal," says Philip. "Also, by reason o' you remarkin' that I got you in the nine-hole, whatever that may be, I shall take you at yore word an' play the nine." An' he lays his dollar on the Curse o' Scotland.

"Yes," says Chappie, "I've seen fellers play them hunches before." An' he spins the ball an' sings, plumb forgetful o' present company:

Roun' she goes an' roun' she goes;
An' where she stops nobody knows
But the Lord! —an' He won't tell!

"There you go again, bustin' the Second Commandment!" says Philip—an' the ball drops into the pocket.

"Nine, red, odd, low, third column, an' first twelve," says Chappie in his professional tones. "How'll you have it, parson?"

Now the fact o' the matter is, Philip don't have no more idee o' roulette than that Champagne Charley jackass o' mine has of astronomy. He don't even know he's won an' that Chappie's askin' him whether he'll take chips or silver, for he ain't thinkin' of gamblin' at all; but what a shame it is that a nice-appearin' young feller like this gambler ain't doin' some good for himself in life.

So Chappie, figgerin' the parson won't bet any more an' hence won't need chips, shoves over a stack o' thirty-five dollars. It's only then that Philip sees he's won, an' the shock of it scares him stiff. He don't figger that anything like this is goin' to happen; an', what's more, he don't want it to happen, because he only intends to play a dollar an' quit after he's got the strangle hold on Chappie an' rounded him up for the church! He stands there kinder stupid, thinkin' it over.

"Oh," says Chappie, "I guess I got you sized up all wrong after all. Goin' to let her ride, eh? Well, you are a sporty parson, ain't you? However, I'm sorry to say the house won't let you pyramid your bets." An' he points over his shoulder with his thumb to the sign on the wall above him: Ten-Dollar Limit!

Then he reaches over, pinches the parson's stack down to ten dollars an' spins the ball again.

Roun' she goes an' roun' she goes;
An' where she stops nobody knows
But the Lord! —an' he won't tell!

"Didn't I warn you agin that third line?" says Philip, an' the ball drops home.

"Nine! The Curse o' Scotland repeats," says Chappie, reachin' casual for the tray containin' the gold an' currency; an' then Philip wakes up to what's happenin'.

(Continued on Page 53)

A Nation on the Water Wagon

By MARY ISABEL BRUSH

WHEN the government of Russia announced that it was going to resign from the liquor business, which national industry it has owned since the close of the Japanese War, I, having a practical type of mind, demanded: "How are they going to make up their revenue?" Moral emancipation may bring with it a certain sense of satisfaction; but we all know that it is difficult to maintain a consistently elevated spirituality with the grocery bill unpaid. No less an authority than Sir James Barrie mentioned that you could take but little interest in the advancement of mankind on the morning when the pipes in the bathroom burst.

If this war has taught us anything, it is that human nature, like water, cannot rise above its own level. It seems that only a row once in a while will clarify national as well as personal situations, even though certain people here and there know that life contains better ends than the new hat, the woman's-club presidency, the coaling station in the Pacific, the seaport in the South, or any other of the ridiculous rewards for which individuals and nations strive. But, since the spirit of a nation is but an aggregate of the spirit of its people, would it be possible for Russia to face poverty when wealth is so easily to be gained? The lottery man finds it difficult to refrain from running a lottery just for the sake of the impoverished dignity he can command in a less remunerative pursuit. Would not Russia succumb to the natural human course of resuming her easiest source of revenue when the bills began to fall due?

"Oh, you may be very sure," said the gentleman addressed, "that she made every provision for that income before she cut off the trade. See the Czar"—such is the nonchalant way of handing out a minor commission—"or somebody that represents him, and find out all about that."

Beginning on Rector Street, at the Russian-American Steamship Line office, I asked every bearded man in that part of town how Russia expected to make up her budget; and I repeated the question to all intelligent-looking persons on board the steamship Dvinsk, as well as to those who were approachable in Archangel, along the line of march to the capital, and in Petrograd, up to and inclusive of the Prime Minister. The last named was the first who gave me any satisfaction. He received me in his palace.

The Russians do things very nicely; and when the sleigh drew up before the residence the magnificent being in loose-girdled blouse who stands outside the massive arched doors asked of the guide: "American correspondent?" He had been notified that such a one was expected, and he signaled to another attendant to escort me into the house

The Priests Have Been a Great Help in Stopping the Vodka Traffic

and remove my overshoes. More important to the life and happiness of the Russian than any other article of wearing apparel are his galoshes; no more deadly insult to his pride can scarcely be offered than for anyone with them on to appear before him in an interior.

When they had put my feet in proper condition for waiting on the Prime Minister, and had hung my coat on a long rack like those in the cloakrooms of hotels, I passed into a carved and paneled antechamber thick with the spicy smell of burning wood from a grate fire in the huge room beyond. Almost immediately a slender uniformed figure came through the hall doorway smilingly showing his white teeth under his black mustache and holding out his hand. It was the Minister's first secretary, a man of high military standing and excellent family. He said chattily in English that the Minister did not get a certain letter of mine in time the previous evening to reply, and requested me to wait a few minutes.

The Russians have their ideas of exclusiveness, dignity and rank, but they are apparently not based on the same fundamental fictions that prevail among the English. General excellence, for instance, is not determined, as in Great Britain, by the date on which one secures his title, where the oldest peerage commands the highest respect. All sons in Russia share titles and property, with the result that an immense number of princes and a great deal of poverty are abroad in the land. Social demarcation seems to be established rather on the basis of whether one works with his hands. Heads of governmental offices have been known to employ an attendant to dip their pens into the ink.

One of the things that make the American incomprehensible is that, even when he gets a good salary and has men working for him, and puts on evening clothes for dinner, he jumps into overalls and shows his laborers how to do their job rather than spend two years explaining to them about it while they continue to do it wrong. Whatever their theories of rank, the general in the army and secretary to the Prime Minister treated me as though I belonged in his set.

Presently the first secretary went away smiling and left me to realize that I was in a setting which was foreign, magnificent and strange. The smell of the fire made me think of the Middle West, and there was a homelike cheer in the vast room visible through the doorway. It was not dank and drear like the palaces I have visited in England. Volumes pulled from the bookshelves lay open on the great carved chairs, as though recently read. You could imagine a woman dusting the long, low satinwood tables, and taking very great care to leave the papers exactly as she found them. Children might stumble over the heads on the rugs and bury their faces in the long white fur.

A home is a home, and the palace of the Prime Minister of Russia is one, though it displayed a background different from any that we know. The walls, the coloring, the carvings and the art work were different. Queer-looking men carved strange scenes of plunder and defense; soft colors massed into unearthly, weird effects; and, with the daylight playing over them, strange scenes of devotion were unobtrusive reminders that I, of the Middle West, was

among a people who saw and lived in a different way from ourselves. They seem to have been forever fighting the Tartar tribes. That fact tinctures all their civilization. While the rest of Europe was gathering its culture they were contending for their lives against another race.

A long-robed individual came bowingly to tell me to enter the room into which I was gazing. The Prime Minister had come in by another door. Our courses were at a right angle as we approached each other. He walked with a little of the shuffle and the hesitating step of age. He measured a head shorter than myself when he took my hand. His beard rounded over his chin in an archway, the columns of which slanted downward into air.

I had a grand speech prepared, to the effect that it was not impertinence but interest that led one nation to pry into the running machinery of another. I had meant to mention that we ourselves are a rather intoxicated country. He fastened me with his little blue eyes, which were glazed but not rendered dull with age, and I abandoned any such fancy conversational endeavor. He said, as he pulled a low reclining chair opposite his own favorite high-backed, uncomfortable one, that he had not seen a correspondent before and did not have it in mind to do so immediately again.

"And now, young woman," he appended, "what points did you wish cleared?" He spoke very good English; and, in spite of the tartness in his voice, I held my own in the secure assurance that I had a large and important question to ask.

"We are greatly interested in the fact that you have stopped the sale of vodka, and we wish particularly to know how you are going to make up the enormous sum of money lost." I hammered out my words as I had grown accustomed to do in talking to the Russian here and there who fondly imagines that he speaks English, and I watched him look at my mouth. Few nations will take the trouble that a Russian will assume in trying to find out what a foreigner says.

Millions a Mere Detail

"YOUNG woman," he answered, with the aspect of sternness glimmering through that dimmed look of age, "this is an important time in the history of Russia. We have large matters to put through. Our thoughts are given to big measures. That is but a detail. We have not yet begun to think of it."

I was asking the Prime Minister to waste his time.

"I have been told it is a very large sum."

"It is nothing; and we have important matters to think of." He added something about Russia having protected Europe for many centuries, and he looked at the paintings of the Tartar tribes.

There was a note in his voice that was interesting. It was just such a quality as I heard in a woman's remark at Port Washington, Long Island, last summer, when she said the neighbors' chickens had been scratching up her flower seed every spring for five years, and that next spring there was going to be war. It was reminiscent of another voice as well, which had belonged to a young girl who had long ago protested to me that her father had sent her sister on a trip to Washington, though that sister had never run the automobile for him, and had never sat for hours in the cold waiting while he called on patients. The Prime Minister virtually said: "Here, while we were keeping those Tartar tribes away from Europe, Germany was getting her culture; and now she says we are a lot of barbarians who wish to swoop down on her. And we're going to get this score settled once and for all."

The same human spirit of discord that rends the suburban church choir is manifesting itself among the nations. They have kept strict account of their profits and losses, and they are fighting either to maintain the one or make up the other. I have talked to a number of foreign potentates lately and have observed that note of personal grievance in the voice of each.

"Money is unimportant"—such was the tenor of one of the Prime Minister's statements—"beside the large matter of determining the relative values of civilizations and their obligations toward one another."

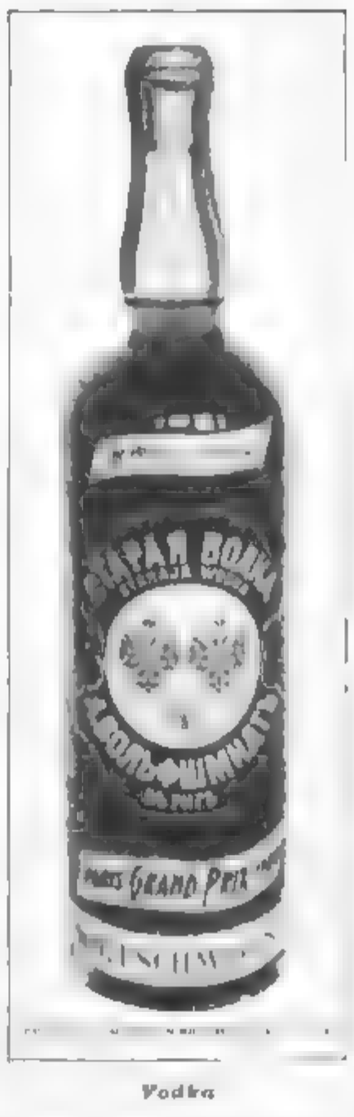
We ourselves are a commercial nation, as the Russians are not; and it would be pleasant to know how we should feel toward the matter of cutting off a third of our income for running expenses. I have an idea that there would be a good deal of stir. However, Russia, and not America, is the subject of discussion, and the voice was the voice nearest the crown.

The Prime Minister passed on to other topics—the question of what should be done about the Jews; the matter of our abrogating our commercial treaty—both of which he seemed to feel were of far deeper importance than the little incident of how his country was going to raise a thousand million rubles. That matter of the commercial treaty turned out to be what put the asperity into his voice. It was not the rasp of superiority but of righteous grievance. A law dating from the Administration of Mr. Taft roused him more than the very imminent crisis of raising the budget for his country. Those who know say that a great deal of the Russian point of view is displayed in that little demonstration.

Still, it seemed reasonable to suppose that somebody in the empire was mildly concerned over the raising of that sum. The situation surely must have caught the attention of the Minister of Finance. I began casting about to discover whether he spoke English, and I wrote him a note asking for an elucidation of the question. Everybody said there would be no trouble if I called him Your Excellency. This seems to be regarded as a passport for things in general in Europe. I did not mind especially, except that it never seemed to come in naturally.

At the German frontier they held the train twenty minutes while they searched my hat, belt, pockets and one overshoe; after which they decided to let me through, with all my possessions except a picture of the Czar. They reconciled their leniency with the comment: "She'll never get those notes out of the country."

In Berlin I sought some high authority to whom to address myself on behalf of the information I had spent



Vodka

seven weeks in collecting. Somebody referred me to a man who he said was one of the foremost persons of the empire. "You'll have no trouble if you call him Excellency." I did not do so to either the German or the Russian, but got everything I desired; which incident should go to prove that the dignitaries of the monarchies are not such idiots as their countrymen would have one believe.

The most distinguished-looking man in Russia accompanied me to see His Excellency Mr. Bark, and he was the Hotel Astoria official guide. We walked along the Nevsky Prospekt together, with great effect, and into the Moika, where the vast, low, red-brick-and-stone building is located that is the ministry of finance. When we entered the outer door and arrived at the point where the guide would be of some value other than decorative, he was taken from me, along with my coat. Notwithstanding these were the only two things that gave me any hint of distinction, I was never allowed to come into the presence of the great with either of them.

Just Out of Robin Hood

IT IS just as easy to walk along the Nevsky as along the streets of Topeka, Kansas, of which city the capital of Russia in some way is reminiscent, except for the uneven and occasionally crooked signs in foreign letters, which you would like to straighten as you do pictures on a wall. In the interiors is where one needs assistance with the language; and in one of the largest of them, as big as a state capitol, embracing in its ample inclosure accommodation for all the departments of finance for the vastest of empires, I was turned loose with a flunky who spoke only the Lithuanian tongue.

He looked as though he belonged in the chorus of Robin Hood, among the brigands. His uniform was of red satin and he wore a small dagger at his side. This is not the costume in which we are accustomed to see one run an elevator in our country, nor are we in the way of becoming accustomed to anything so courtly as his low bow, almost to the earth. He had a frightful struggle with my name, but eventually departed, saying it over and over. The next moment he returned and, with another of those bows, showed me into a big carved room with heavy leather library chairs ranged round the wall.

A small man with a black mustache got up from his seat in front of a low carved table in the middle of the room. He held out his hand and smiled. I could not call him Excellency, because I was uncertain whether he was the Minister of Finance or his stenographer. He had not kept me waiting and I had not been submitted to any previous inspection by a secretary, but was handed over to him by the doorman, who was ornate but otherwise undistinguished.

The surroundings were elegant enough for any functionary; still, on the night previous, I had visited a newspaper

Starving Russians Who Will be Better Off Without Vodka

Russian Mujiks

office and been received by a stenographer in the full uniform of what would seem to be not less than a generalissimo in the army. He even clanked a sword at his side. I did not dare risk the address of Excellency, but passed long minutes sparring for time until it could be discovered who he was.

He asked whether I spoke French and I said it would be safer to risk his English. He had a charmingly democratic way of chatting, as though we had a great background in common, instead of having exactly the reverse; and he laughed a great deal. The whole day seemed to be at his disposal for discussion of anything that might come along; but in this attitude he was merely displaying one of the Russian ideals of politeness. If the empire were about to blow up its inhabitants would not show any concern or haste—because they were in the presence of a guest.

I said we were deeply concerned to know how the government proposed reimbursing its loss because of the prohibition law. He laughed heartily and said:

"It's a milliard of rubles that's gone."

"You mean a million," I said. "There is no such word as milliard."

"Oh, yes; there is," he answered. "That's a thousand million rubles." Of course I had an obvious explanation: I had never before heard of so large a sum.

"Have you thought at all," I ventured, "about how you are going to make that up?"

He laughed again and said that the matter was largely taking care of itself.

"It isn't every nation," he smiled proudly, "that would dare cut off its income just as it entered on one of its very serious wars."

"Well, is the nation troubled at all," I essayed again, "as to what is going to become of it financially?"

After Sixty Days on the Wagon

"NOT at all," he answered; "not at all. It isn't as though it had to raise more money than it was obliged to have before. We need only the same sum, and"—he was about to administer the body blow to intemperance—"we find that we have it in the renewed vigor and resourcefulness and working capacity of our people. Before, when we derived our revenue from vodka, it was as though we were forever drawing out, drawing out"—he made a gesture as though milking a cow—"the vitality of the Russian people. Now, at the end of two months of temperance, we seem to be taking merely the interest on their stored-up strength and resourcefulness."

He became more specific:

"When we sold vodka the people were poor. They stimulated themselves with an artificial strength to work for a few kopecks, with which they bought more of the fuel for renewing the artificial strength. The fuel, of course, was vodka. Though the money for the drink went into the treasury, the human machine which made that money became weaker and weaker. So the nation was really cutting off its revenue at the source.

"When mobilization began the doctors found enlarged hearts among the recruits, and all sorts of complaints that are superinduced by alcohol. Now, at the end of this very short period, the new armies are of a different, healthier sort of men. And what is the result to the government financially? There is money in the savings banks. If the country is a little poorer, the people are already a good deal richer; and how can a country be in a bad way financially if its people are not? If they are poor we can tax them until we are weary, without results. If they are rich we can levy on them with indirect taxation; and that is what we have already begun to do.

"You have already helped to pay our taxes—in your postage, your telegraph fees, your railroad travel. We are thinking of putting a tax on matches. The schedule will be changed and new things added that will stand. A thousand million rubles of income we have given up; a thousand million rubles, and more, we get back in the vital energy of the people."

He gave some indication of what the new law means to the country:

"In coal regions we have sent thirty per cent of the male inhabitants to the war, and yet the output of work is not what it was before, but greater by thirty per cent, because everybody is sober. I have received delegations of former drinkers, and their wives and families, thanking the government for the new conditions and asking that they continue. Heads of large concerns employing labor have said they would pay in cold cash the sums that were necessary to cover the deficit in revenue, and could afford the money easily from the larger incomes they derived by reason of the increased capacity of their employees.

"Delegations have come from employers all over Russia asking that we never again sell vodka. Shops that formerly shut down on Mondays because none of the hands were sober enough to be present are now putting out more work than before the war decimated their staffs. The question of the thousand million rubles will take care of itself naturally."

"And what will you do with your beautiful big refineries? They say that intemperance spells illiteracy. I understand that only something like twelve per cent of your population can read and write. You'll be making refineries into schoolhouses?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," smiled the Minister of Finance. "And we shall probably manufacture a little for commercial purposes. Alcohol is necessary for technical purposes, you know."

"And do you really think that your country has espoused temperance forever?"

His Excellency shook his head.

"Our object is to make it impossible for the nation to drink easily. We can order that vodka shall not be sold, but we cannot tell all the people not to drink a drop of alcohol during the remainder of their lives. It is not in human power to enforce such a law. Perhaps sometime there will be other drinks much less strong—a little beer, perhaps, containing alcohol to the amount of three and three-quarters per cent; but not at present.

"It is the Czar's wish and command that his people shall not drink, now or in the future. We have seen the results of this beneficent order in two or three months, but we have not yet finished with the enemy"—he caught himself—"I mean with our real enemy." He smiled and showed no trace of contemptuousness. "It is not the Germans; they are nothing beside our big foe, which has been alcohol."

So much for the trifling matter of raising a thousand million rubles in a hurry. The Minister of Finance covered the ground adequately but omitted an interesting detail. Somebody suggested a system of lottery bonds, and the Czar, protagonist of this historic temperance drama, answered: "I do not wish my people to be delivered from the curse of drunkenness only to be subjected to the vice of gambling." If the government presently decides to issue something of the kind, it insists that the prize shall be but a harmless lure to charm the peasant to a secure investment.

The statements of the Minister of Finance were reënforced a few mornings later by an article in a newspaper of Moscow, which told in a dazed, surprised way of empty jails and a decrease in fires. Crime had decreased sixty-three per cent and fires sixty per cent. January and February of last year saw twelve hundred people up each month for trial. In July there were but four hundred and forty-seven; in September, two hundred and three; and in October, one hundred and forty. Still, the little story that drives the big truth into one's head came from the temperance society. This organization, as stated, was authorized by the government when it took over the vodka industry.

The Prince of Oldenburg, a kinsman of the present Czar, is the director of it. I went to see him, and, of course, had the usual delays with white-bearded flunkies, who in this instance wore liveries that looked like sublimated bathrobes. There were the overshoes, the guide, and the coat—the last to be taken away from me. After that I was conducted to a room in the second story of this amazingly big palace and was asked to be seated near the telephone-switchboard girl. I waited through the hours usually accorded to eating luncheon, then went downstairs, recovered the guide, and went out to look at a church.

On returning I found the same exercises in progress that had been going on earlier in the day. People kept coming into the room, bowing elaborately to the telephone girl and then shaking hands with her. They all seemed to be employees of the house. I heard of one Russian nobleman who had thirteen undersecretaries and forty housemen. As you are expected to tip the latter, who do anything whatever for you, one should not mind if they cut down their staffs. At any rate, just as it seemed perfectly evident that nothing would ever happen to me except that I should eventually turn to stone, somebody approached.

In the People's Palace

HE WAS a fair, delicate young boy, with charmingly patrician features and a way of speaking English that made his sentences like a song. He seemed to take the deepest interest in discovering what he could do for me, and had me write out a number of questions. I left them with him and departed, soothed by the lazy sweetness of his abstracted manner and secure in the conviction that my errand would bring no results.

For the most part, there are no such things as results in Russia; but you cannot count on this as a working principle. You cannot depend on a train to arrive late or not at all, for sometimes it comes in early. You cannot act on the assumption that everybody will break his engagement with you, because about one time in three the engagement is not broken. In this instance my telephone bell rang one night at something past twelve o'clock, and I answered peevishly. A friend of the Prince of Oldenburg was on the wire.

The prince was ill. He had charge of the relief work in the war and had been traveling all over the empire. He had caught cold; if he did not have one he would not be in town at all. At any rate, he had to remain in bed; but one of his secretaries would come the next day, with one of his motors, and would show me the large houses and grounds of the temperance society, as well as anything else of interest in Petrograd.

The Russians certainly do things very nicely indeed when they do them at all! Two people came—the prince's secretary—the languid-eyed young man who put a lyric quality into the English language—and with him somebody they had employed for the occasion in case the secretary did not speak English well enough!

The People's Palace of the Czar Nicholas II is the name of the temperance committee's main stronghold. It is situated in a wide area of ground in the heart of Petrograd and consists of a number of fine buildings devoted to libraries, playhouses, and dining rooms where excellent food is provided at a price scarcely covering the cost. When the Czar attended the fair in Nijni-Novgorod—where he counted forty-seven intoxicated men on a short stretch of road—he saw a building that he admired greatly, and he bought it for a temperance society. It has been made into a playhouse in which the finest artists in Russia give opera and other entertainments at low prices.

All departments of the People's Palace are now doing thriving work, owing to the suppression of vodka. Soldiers throng the place and enjoy the educational amusements provided for them. An appointee of the Czar has charge of the institution, and he personally showed us over the place with an abiding pride. He kept talking all the while in Russian, and every now and then

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The Two Carrie Nations

Billy Fortune and the Man Who Didn't Care

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

HOW do you tell when a man's got to where he's all wrong? It ain't just by seein' him act wrong, is it? A man can behave awful bad and do a long string of cussed things, and keep right on doin' 'em, without bein' what you'd call plumb wrong. Some men can. And then there's others that you know are wrong even if you ain't able to find a sign of wickedness on their trails.

No, sir; it ain't a man's record that tells you which sort he is. It's somethin' in the man. I don't know what you call it; but it's somethin' in him somewhere that makes him care! See? I claim that no man's wrong, no matter what he's been up to, that's got it in him to have a little regretful spell once in a while. It don't have to be a hard spell; just a little bit of a one will do. Nor he don't have to be religious about it. If he don't do a blessed thing more than just to stop his devilment long enough to drop his achin' head down on his arms, times when devilment goes stale on him, and sort of whisper to himself down under his breath, "Oh, my sinful soul!"—that's aplenty. He ain't a plumb bad man if he can do that, because it shows he cares.

Pretty Soon He Took a Look Backward, and Then He Made a Quick, Scramblin' Tumble for Cover

It don't make a speck of difference what it is he's carin' about. Mebbe it ain't his soul at all. Mebbe it's just weariness with bein' wicked. It don't matter. Mebbe he couldn't locate what it is that's troublin' him. Just the same it's there; and just so long as it keeps croppin' out on him he ain't a bad man.

But save me from a man that's quit carin'! Did you ever go against one of that kind? You know what I mean: I mean a man that's gone so dead that things are all the same to him after that, and he don't feel responsible any more at all. That kind of a man is wrong; it don't matter what kind of a record he's got. He might be a Sunday-school superintendent; or he might be a sheep-herder that's spent his whole life associatin' with nothin' but innocent little woolly lambs. It's all the same. He's got a dead spot right in the middle of him—right where a man ought to be alive; and that spot is what counts.

That was what ailed Bow Keester. Bow, he'd had a bad name all over the country for years and years. Everybody knew about it. It wasn't on account of the things he'd done either. He'd never scared anybody with his fierceness. Nobody had never called him a terror. His wickedness had never been nothin' but the sneakin' sort—mean little things, you know, that don't give a man a reputation for nothin' but meanness.

Folks never was afraid to think about what Bow mebbe might do. It wasn't that at all. It was just the feelin' that he had to be watched all the time. The things he'd do wouldn't hardly seem to be worth botherin' about—most of 'em; but it was a cinch that if you didn't have your eye on him he'd be doin' somethin' nasty. He didn't have any terrible reputation; he just had a bad name.

And he'd had it wherever he'd been—all the way from Chadron to Lander, and from Cheyenne to Sundance. You could ask anybody and they'd all tell you the same. Every place he'd been he'd left behind him a litter of pesty little things that hadn't amounted to enough to make a fuss over. A few sheriffs had chased him round through the hills a few times, in different places; but they didn't seem to be tryin' to get him—they was just runnin' him off.

That was the sort he was. He'd pass a bum dollar on a barkeeper that had been trustin' him for the drinks. He'd steal a set of new saddle strings out of a bunkhouse where he'd been let to sleep overnight. He'd rustle a mean little bit of money off of you if he was broke and then forget to say anything about it afterward. And, along with the rest of it, he was an awful liar.

You could tell what he was by lookin' at him. I knew, the first minute I laid eyes on him, the time when he blew into Nine-Bar huntin' a job with the spring round-up. It was me he struck. That was the year I'd been made foreman. I was down in the bunkhouse after breakfast that Sunday, gettin' things shaped up for startin' the drive; and he come siftin' up the lane and stopped, droppin' out of his saddle and squattin' on the doorstep.

"I hear you're wantin' men for the beef," he says.

Well, I was; but somethin' told me I wasn't goin' to hanker much for him. I didn't like his face. Mebbe you think a person has got no right to find fault with another person's face when his own ain't any more of a beauty show than mine. But that ain't it. It wasn't just ugliness that ailed Bow's face; it was what showed through the ugliness.

It was a long, lean face built on the slant, with his long, peaked nose slantin' off to one side, and his feeble chin slantin' back, and his two ears slantin' different ways, and his pale little eyes that was always slantin' sly looks at you and then flickin' away to somethin' else. That was the worst of it. You give me a man that will look at a body fair in the eyes and I'm willin' to overlook the rest of his looks. It wasn't that way with Bow.

"I hear you're wantin' men for the beef," he says; and his little eyes went rovin' and flickerin' round the room without gettin' to me at all.

"Let's see," I says. "What's this your name is?"

"Keester," says he, and he commenced to feel through his pockets for the makin's.

"Oh—Keester!" I says. "I believe I've heard about you. But I can't use you."

He took it perfectly calm, as though he'd got used to hearin' 'em tell him that. He finished fixin' his cigarette and got it lit, and then he broke the burnt match in two and laid the pieces down on the floor beside him, real careful, straightenin' 'em out beside each other. When he'd got 'em fixed to suit him he started the talk again.

"I heard you was wantin' men," he says. "I'm wantin' a job pretty bad. If there's any little things you've heard about me, mebbe they could be explained."

"No," I says; "I don't want a man that needs explainin'."

Most anybody would have thought that was sufficient, tellin' a man right out to his face that he didn't suit you; but the Keester man didn't seem convinced. He fished up another match and went through that same business with it, breakin' the stick and puttin' the pieces down by the others.

"I been out of a job all spring," he says. "I'm needin' work."

"Listen!" I says. "I don't want you. I wouldn't have you for a gift. And it's no use to talk, because every word you say makes me think worse of you than I did. Just don't bother me about it any more."

I looked for him to flare up at that and climb back in his saddle and light out; but there ain't any way of tellin' what a real mean-spirited man is goin' to do. Bow never stirred. He just lit his cigarette again, goin' through them motions with the match; and then he give me a nasty slantwise grin, cockin' his feet up on the edge of the door.

"Feelin' right friendly, ain't you?" he says. "Well, I reckon I'll just stay for dinner anyway. They ain't goin' to refuse me dinner, it ain't likely."

He did too; and then he hung round the bunkhouse all the afternoon, waitin' for suppertime. After that he found out that Red McGee's bunk wasn't goin' to be used that night, on account of Red bein' gone on ahead with the round-up wagon; and so he just camped down there after he'd turned his pony into the alfalfa lot. There wasn't a blessed thing it seemed you could do to discourage him. From despisin' him at first I got to hatin' him before dark.

And then pretty soon I begun feelin' sorry for him. Don't you reckon that most any kind of man needs friendliness once in a while? But Bow wasn't gettin' any of it. The boys didn't take to him a speck more than I had, and they wasn't tryin' to hide it from him about how they felt. A mess of men like that can make a body horrible uneasy if they set out to show him he don't belong. It ain't what they say to him; it's actin' as though he wasn't there at all.

Did you ever have 'em do that to you? How did you like it? It takes nerve to stand it. It don't matter if they'll only start pickin' a fuss with you about somethin'. It don't matter what they say to you, so long as they give you a chance for a comeback; but when they just plumb overlook you and don't seem to hear a word you say, or notice a thing you do, that takes the bounce out of you.

That was what the boys was doin' to Bow. I hadn't said a word to 'em about him; but it was right curious the way they all seemed to feel just exactly alike. If he'd been a rattler or a skunk he couldn't have had less friends. It only made it worse when he tried to behave as though he wasn't noticin'.

He'd been settin' on the edge of his bunk for as much as a quarter of an hour, smokin' his cigarettes and tryin' to butt in on the talk a couple of times, without gettin' any attention paid to him. It must have got humdrum. Then he started tellin' a story. It was a mean story, one of the kind a real healthy man don't enjoy much.

Steve Brainard broke it off in the middle, beginnin' to talk about how early we'd hit the trail to-morrow. Bow kept still then for a few minutes, till he'd took another smoke. He was gettin' quite a little pile of match sticks

laid out on the floor, down between his feet. When he'd finished that one he jumped up and come over to the table.

"Lord's sake!" he says. "Let's get up a little excitement here. Where's your cards?" He found a mussed deck down under the litter of papers, bunched 'em up, and commenced to riffle 'em. "Come on!" he says. "Move up here. Make it draw, for a four-bit limit. Somebody lend me ten on my pony and saddle."

There was nobody stirred and nobody said a thing. I was makin' believe to be plumb absorbed with cleanin' the rust off the cylinder pin of my gun; but I could see his hands was shakin' when he made another try at the shuffle. He didn't keep it up; he chucked the cards away from him and went back to his bunk, and after that there wasn't a peep out of him. I guess he'd had plenty.

Once, along in the night, I waked up to turn over, and there he was settin' on the doorstep with his cigarette, and his chin propped up in his hands, and his mean face showin' in the moonlight, starin' out into the big, lonesome outdoors. I laid and studied him for quite a spell, but I couldn't make anything out of him. It sure was rough though; a body was just bound to feel sorry for him.

I expect that's what made me do the way I did in the mornin', when he come to me again after breakfast, just as we started to throw on our saddles for the ride. The impudence seemed to be all gone out of him by now; he was talkin' real soft and meek.

"Say," he says, "I ain't foolin'. Honest, I ain't! I need a little work awful bad. I'm broke, I tell you. I'll work as cheap as anybody; and there's some things I can do as good as anybody can do 'em. You don't have to pay me nothin' if I don't show you I can work. You try me."

"Well, gee-whiz!" I says. "Ain't there any way on earth to get rid of you? You worry me."

"You try me once," he says again, "just a little while, till I can get a few dollars. I'll quit the first pay day if you want me to; but you keep me till then. I sure wisht you would."

"Sufferin' Peter!" I says. "If you're that bad off, catch up your pony and come on; but I ain't goin' to be responsible for you. You know how the boys feel about you; and I feel just the same way too. You ain't the kind I like to have round me. That's what I've been tryin' to tell you."

"I know!" he says. "I sure am obliged to you." He said that last over his shoulder, on the run for the lot where his pony was. And so he rode along with the outfit down to Red Cloud Slough.

He worked—I'll say that much for him—for a while. The meanest things on the round-up was what he had to do, the sort of things that would make a kickin', swearin' rebel out of any man with a backbone and a heart in him. But Bow never kicked. He just done what he was told without openin' his head about it. He certainly did surprise me some. I'd looked for him to commence quarrelin' with his job about the middle of the first dishwashin'. He fooled me. He scrubbed that mess of dirty kettles till you couldn't have told to save your life what had been in 'em.

And after he got through with that he fooled me again. The boys had started to raisin' the dickens over some piece of foolishness, stakin' Black's Jim down on the sand and givin' him a shave with axle grease and a butcher knife. Everybody was takin' a hand in it—everybody but Bow. He didn't horn in at all; he just went over beyond the fire and set down with his back agninst the wheel of the mess wagon and fixed him a smoke.

And there he set for a whole hour, till it was time to turn in, keepin' his head down and his crooked mouth tight shut—not even takin' a peek at what was goin' on, but just keepin' perfectly busy with his little match sticks, makin' little wheels and stars and jiggers, buildin' 'em up like a kid's playhouse and tearin' 'em down, and then startin' it all over again. It didn't look so awful amusin' to me; but we just let him alone at it.

All the next day, too, it was the same way. He stayed dumb as a post; but he kept right on workin'. Real early, when the boys come in from night-ridin' the herd we'd gathered, cold and stiff and sleepy, Bow had a little fire flickerin' and some coffee hot on the coals, waitin' for 'em; but he wasn't in sight himself till after they'd crawled in.

He kept still all through breakfast, and he kept still at dinner, and he kept still for supper, goin' round the camp with his eyes on the ground—just sort of blottin' himself out. It tickled me. I hadn't got over my grudge yet; I wasn't really thinkin' about him as bein' human. He was only a critter I didn't like. I didn't seem to care what was goin' on inside his head, so long as he'd keep to himself.

It was dinnertime the next day when I got a human sign out of him. I'd stayed behind at camp after the boys had rode out over the hill to their work, on account of havin' to mend my saddle. I wasn't payin' any attention to Bow, fussin' with the dishes. He got through after a while and squatted down on his heels over there against the wagon, and fished up a cigarette paper and his tobacco sack.

I Turned Loose After Him With All Six Loads

I couldn't help noticin' it was an awful lean sack. He turned it upside down and shook it empty; but there wasn't only a few crumbs in it—not near enough for a smoke.

You know how that makes you feel when you've got your mind all made up for a cigarette. I reckoned he'd be askin' me for mine; but he didn't. He set and studied over it for a minute; and then he hitched along the ground and picked up a couple of half-smoked ones the boys had flipped away, and emptied 'em into his paper. He did it real casual; but I saw. That tickled me too. You can tell I hadn't got past feelin' hostile toward him.

"It's goin' to make him cross, Billy," I says to myself. "By night he'll have got peevish, and then he just can't help pickin' a quarrel with somebody. That'll give you a good chance for gettin' rid of him. We won't have a quarrelsome man on the job, will we?" "No," says I, "we won't. But, Judas Priest! that ain't actin' Christian, to relish seein' a man sufferin' for the lack of somethin' that's goin' to make him miserable. How would you like it yourself?"

"Shucks!" I says; and in a minute I sneaked my full sack out of my hind pocket and let it drop on the ground beside the roll of beddin' where I was settin'. I had some more hid in the mess wagon. I don't know as that way was what you'd call Christian either. I wasn't goin' to give it to him; I was goin' to make him feel meaner yet by findin' it and keepin' it, when he knew it didn't belong to him.

He found it. I got my saddle fixed pretty soon, and was just tightenin' my cinch when he sung out to me:

"Here!" And he chucked the sack at me.

"What's this for?" I says. "This ain't mine." I made believe to locate my own sack in my pocket. "No; this ain't mine," I says.

"You're a liar!" he says. "Mebbe you mean well, but you're an awful clumsy liar." And, with that, he picked up the water bucket and started down to the windmill.

It stuck in my mind after he'd left me. I kept thinkin' about it by spells; and along in the evenin', when we was headed back toward camp, I spoke to Steve Brainard about it.

"What do you reckon ails him, Steve?" I says. "He ain't right, somehow; but what is it? You wouldn't call him just feeble-minded, would you?"

Steve give me a slow, lazy look sideways—the way he always does when he catches me tryin' to be serious about somethin'. The only way in the world to get that man to talk sense is to make him think you're just actin' the dunce with him.

"Feeble-mindedness, Billy," he says to me, "is a kind of complicated complaint. There's a million symptoms; and there's nobody knows 'em except the man that's got 'em. It takes a wise man to know enough not to call another man feeble-minded. That's me!"

"Oh, fiddle!" I says. "You talk as though you had most of the symptoms yourself. You ain't talkin' at all; you're just usin' up words. If it ain't feeble-mindedness that's the matter with him, what is it? What's the reason he didn't keep that tobacco? It ain't because he's too honest; nor it ain't because he's too proud. Everybody knows that Bow Keester's nothin' but a common sneak thief. And who ever heard of a proud sneak thief? But there must be a reason. What do you figure it is ailin' to do?"

Steve grinned at me.

"Well, Billy," he says, "if it's real good information you're wantin', then I don't know a thing about it. If you want me to do some guessin', I ain't goin' to do it. If it was a horse or a steer, or even a sheep, I'd be willin' to guess; but a man's too uncertain. Anyway, what's the difference? What's it to you?"

"Nothin'," I says, "not a thing! Only it sort of confuses me when a man goes back on his own reputation."

Steve laughed at me.

"That's a funny notion!" he says. "Because a thief don't steal steady, you're disappointed in him! But, Billy, why wouldn't a thief want a change once in a while, same as other folks?"

I didn't answer that; and after a bit, when he noticed I'd quit arguin', he worked round to bein' serious himself.

"Billy," he says, "the trouble with that man is that he's been starvin' himself to death."

"What?" I says. "Don't you think it! A man with his disposition don't ever starve. I'll bet he ain't missed a meal since he was weaned. If there was only enough victuals in sight for one, his plate would be full."

"Pshaw!" Steve says. "I wasn't thinkin' of victuals. There's forty ways of starvin' to death besides for somethin' to eat. A person needs a heap of different things in this little old world to make him healthy. Grub's only one of 'em. If he don't get the others he starves just the same. This Keester lad has been cheatin' himself out o' some o' them other things."

"Oh, sugar!" I says. "What, for instance? You mean his girl might have gone back on him? Or mebbe he's remorsin' because he's blew his money? Shucks! A man like him don't ever feel bad about them things. He ain't got any more feelin' than a coyote. I'll tell you what I think: I think it's nothin' but his meanness, that's struck in on him till it's just naturally poisoned him. He's just naturally got to be too mean to live."

Well, anyway, Bow stayed with us till the round-up was over and we'd drove our part of the critters back on our own range. It was pretty near three weeks we was at it; and all that time he stayed just exactly the same as I've

told you. There wasn't a single time when he as much as offered to say a single word or do a single thing besides just mindin' his own business—doin' his everlastin' dishwashin' and rustlin' wood, and packin' water, and takin' orders from the cook, and doin' the roustabout jobs when we moved camp

I'd never thought he'd be able to stick it out so long. Toward the last I'd even quit thinkin' about him at all. He didn't do anything to make a person think about him.

It was back in the bunkhouse, when I was payin' off the few extra hands we'd had, that my mind kind o' come back to him. I'd got through with the others, and there was only me and him left alone together.

"Well," I says to him, "I'll be lettin' you go now. We didn't settle on what wages you'd get. I paid those other boys forty dollars a month. How'll that suit you?"

"Anything you say," he said, real dull, as though he wasn't hardly interested.

I had my tin money box on the table in front of me, and I counted out what was comin' to him. He stuffed it down in his pocket, all but a nickel, which he kept in his hand.

"Say," he says, "is there a chance for a man to buy a sack of tobacco here?"

I'd plumb forgot about him not smokin' lately. I didn't answer him; I just got a sack for him from the case we kept and give it to him; and I dropped his nickel in the money box and locked it up again, and shoved it back in a hole in the loft, where I'd been used to keepin' it. I reckon it was an awful careless trick; but all the boys knew that was my hole for my things and they never monkeyed with it. I could put a bottle up there and it would be let alone. I never once thought about Bow watchin' me.

He didn't appear to be watchin' me either. He was tearin' at the string of his tobacco sack, with his hands all of a tremble; so he got it in a hard knot and had to jerk it loose with his teeth. If you've been without a smoke as long as that you sure do get eager. He messed the first one all up and had to roll another one—and that one looked as though a rank amateur had made it; but he got it lit by and by and sucked in a big, greedy breath of the smoke.

"Agh-h!" he says.

It was a kind of gruntin' sigh. It certainly did sound contented. He stood right there in his tracks till he'd smoked the cigarette half up, without takin' it away from his mouth; and it wasn't till it was half gone that he said the next word.

"Well," he says, "I guess I'll be movin' on." But he was slow startin'.

He waited there for as much as a minute, teeterin' from one foot to the other and lickin' his tongue across his lips. I thought he was goin' to offer to shake hands with me; but he only took a hitch at his belt and pulled his hat down over his eyes

"So long!" he says; and then he climbed up in his saddle and took off down the lane toward the Lusk Trail.

I wasn't sheddin' any tears. I was glad to have him go. He'd made me uneasy, havin' him round.

The next thing was away along in the middle of the night. I'll never tell you what made me wake up, because I ain't used to doin' that way. I did though. I came broad awake all at once and laid there on the flat of my back, starin' and listenin'. The bunkhouse was pitch dark; I couldn't see a blessed thing but the dim square of the open door, with a couple of stars blinkin' in; nor I couldn't hear a blessed thing but somebody snorin' over in the other corner.

Just the same, I kind of sensed that there was somethin' wrong. You know how that notion'll strike you sometimes.

"If There's Any Little Things You've Heard About Me, Mebbe They Could be Explained"

It come to me so strong that I reached out my hand cautious and begun to feel for my gun, which hung in my belt up against the wall at the head of my bunk.

I knocked it loose and it fell rattlin' down on the floor. Then I knew what was up, because I heard the sound of the money jinglin' in my tin box, and somebody made a quick, long jump for the door, and ducked out on the run, takin' the box with him. I grabbed up my gun and jumped after him. I could just barely make out the shape of him movin' under the cottonwoods toward the lane gate. I wasn't even sure of that, but I turned loose after him with all six loads.

I missed him clean.

I couldn't hear anything of him for a minute, because the racket had waked everybody up and they come pilin' out of the bunkhouse, all sleepy and confused, hollerin' to know what the trouble was.

"Shut up!" I says. "Listen!"

Down by the creek crossin' I could hear a horse tearin' off on a dead run, clatterin' over the ford on the stones and then beatin' up the sandy bank beyond, and on toward Rawhide Buttes Ranch. A man could lose himself awful well over that way if he once got in among that mess of low hills. It wasn't a mite of use settin' out after him in the dark, and there wouldn't be a glimmer of light for a couple of hours yet. I went into the house to the telephone and got everybody I could reach, from Douglas clear down to old Fort Laramie, and told 'em to watch out for him.

I knew who it was, well enough. That money would have been perfectly safe if there hadn't been a thief about and there wasn't but one thief round that I knew anything about. It was a cinch. After I'd got through with the telephonin' we fixed breakfast and got some truck ready to carry with us; and by the time there was the first feeble little bit of light we was ready for the trailin', scatterin' out different ways to cover all the country we could.

I found his horse, three miles or so from Nine-Bar, grazin' quiet on a little flat beside the creek, with the saddle on. It didn't take but a minute to figure that out.

"Why, Billy," I says to myself, "that man was in such a rush he scared his own pony and let it get away from him. He's afoot, unless he's rustled another critter—and he couldn't hardly do that. He couldn't raise another saddle anyway—not with everybody in the country notified. I tell you he's afoot." "Yes; and that makes it worse," says I. "I'm no good at trailin' a man by his boot-marks. And he's goin' to keep to the rough country now too. A man afoot will go where he'd never think of goin' on horseback. I'll bet you money we don't find him."

Anyway I kept on, catchin' up his pony and takin' it along with my rope. I'd need the critter if I found Bow. It was away past noon before I come across a sign. It was a little pile of match sticks laid out on a flat rock beside a crooked little cedar, down in the bottom of a dry draw that led off southwest from Muskrat Cañon. He'd stopped there to have a smoke and rest. There just couldn't be any mistake about it bein' him, because he'd laid the matches out real careful, to make the shape of a star.

"Billy," I says, "I'm sure grateful that it ain't me. Don't that look lonesome though? And it don't look so horrible refreshin' either, does it? He was certainly tired and hot when he stopped for that smoke—yes; and thirsty too. It's a long while since we've crossed any water. And he's picked a plumb dry country to hide out in. Why, it's miles and miles till there's any more water! I'm sure glad it ain't me!"

I followed along the draw all of five miles, till it led up over a little divide. I couldn't see anything more of him, but I judged he'd be keepin' down in the low places, out of sight as much as he could. Just below the divide I come to the next place where he'd stopped. He'd had a little bit of a fire there, to cook a rabbit he'd shot. The rabbit's fur was layin' scattered round on the ground, and the bones, too, picked clean. And he'd took another smoke, because there was the pieces of the matches—only this time he'd broke 'em in little short bits, and he'd arranged 'em so as to make letters out of 'em. "God"!—that's what it was he'd spelled with 'em.

I got down out of my saddle to make sure. That's what it was, all right. I stood there and studied 'em. I don't know—it made me feel funny. You just think, now wouldn't it have made you feel that way? I couldn't hardly make out what he was doin' it for—him a thief, runnin' away from men that he must have knew was huntin' him, and stoppin' to fool with writin' that word out of burnt matches on a hot rock in the blazin' hot sun!

Mebbe it was because the heat had bothered him in his head. I wouldn't wonder, because I found his gun layin' there too. I expect he'd took his belt off while he was restin', so as to get as cool as he could; and then he'd forgot it. Anyway, there it was. I picked it up and packed it along with me.

"Gee-whiz, Billy!" I says. "He won't have even any more rabbits to eat, will he? And he can't fight when he's caught up with, can he? He's sure in a bad fix!"

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Bow Never Kicked. He Just Done What He Was Told Without Openin' His Head About It

Why I Have Gone Into Moving Pictures—By William A. Brady

RECENTLY two important producers of plays have gone into bankruptcy—the Lieblers and Harrison Grey Fiske. Counsel for Mr. Fiske said that fighting the moving pictures broke his client. No doubt it was the same with the Lieblers. I name those two concerns because they are prominent. Goodness only knows how many smaller ones have gone under for the same reason!—probably a long line of them.

The position of the theater manager to-day is like that of the sailor whose ship is rammed by an enemy. His own vessel sinking, he finds himself clambering aboard the enemy. And why not? The only other thing left for him to do would be to drop into the blue waters of oblivion—a thing which no theater man was ever known to do willingly.

So, ironically enough, the manager who is being rammed by moving pictures has, for his own salvation, to take up this new form of entertainment. And it is only fair that the moving pictures, which have deprived him of one form of livelihood, should provide him with another. It is paradoxical, however, that the New York managers who have been forced to jump aboard the moving-picture craft have actually taken command of the ship that sank their own.

I went into the moving-picture business because I could not sit back and be still while almost every other theatrical man of importance was getting into the game. I had to take advantage of everything that came my way. You will understand this when I tell you that last year I had thirty companies on the road, while this year I have only six—not one of them making any money worth while.

I kept out of the moving-picture business as long as I could, because I had no faith in it; but when I was offered a guaranteed profit of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars this year for the use of my plays in the moving-picture theaters I succumbed—not to greed, mind you, but to the instinct of salvation. Mr. Belasco, Mr. Frohman, Mr. Savage, Mr. Shubert and Mr. Erlanger went into the business; and so did I. We had to do it. Conditions made such a course inevitable.

Who's Who in the Business

THERE was a time—some few years ago—when we managers, who controlled almost everything that pertained to the theater, had things in our own hands. Then, if managers, actors and authors had stood together, the moving-picture business would have gone on the rocks. The works of the amateur scenario writers for the film game and the services of the wooden, mechanical camera actor had ceased to be of use to the public. People would not go to see them.

A decline in business faced the moving-picture men. Many would have been obliged to shut up shop. So they went right into our game and offered us fabulous sums of money for some of our old plays. And we, shortsightedly, fell for their play and supplied our enemies with material to keep them going. That was the time they rammed our ship and we jumped aboard theirs. And, being aboard their ship, we had to keep it afloat for our own salvation.

Moving pictures, up to about eighteen months ago, depended entirely on amateur scenario writers and what were known as moving-picture actors. Until then none of the stars of the American stage, no good writers, and not any of the better plays had been exploited in the moving-picture theater. (But all is changed now.) The one-reel comedies and two-reel plays of the professional moving-picture play writer have small vogue to-day, though some of the smaller houses still stick to them. It was the practice a year and a half ago to give four or five reels—comedies, thrills and "chasers" played by the regular moving-picture actor; but the great demand at present is for the feature film.

Then there is the Famous Players Company, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Zukor and Daniel Frohman, through whom all the plays of Charles Frohman and of Henry W. Savage have been secured. In addition those gentlemen are on the still-hunt for all available plays or books, by living or dead authors, which are still under the protection of the copyright law.

The plays controlled by Messrs. Frohman and Savage probably total one hundred and seventy-five, the former gentleman having produced perhaps one hundred and fifty—either successes or nonsuccesses—in the last twenty-five years. A very large number of these may be available for moving pictures, since it is an established fact that failures on the dramatic stage are sometimes the most pronounced successes on the film. You see, plays, to be successful, must have bright lines and comedy. Now bright lines count for nothing on the screen, and it is very hard to get comedy effects, except of the slapstick sort, in moving pictures; but plays with throbbing thrills, which fail in the theater because they are too strong, are real meat for the camera man.

Of the companies controlling this business, let us say the first is the World Film Company, which is operated under the direction of a commercial booking agency managed by Louis J. Selznick, who originated the scheme of bookings strongly in vogue this year. Selznick established a system of booking agencies throughout the United States and utilizes salesmen just as any big commercial house would do. This company handles the films of the Shubert Theatrical Company, the California Motion-Picture Company, the Dyreda Art Film Corporation, the Blaney Picture Company, the Eclair Company, the Peerless Film Company, and also has the exclusive control of the films made by my picture company for the present year.

It is claimed that under the direction of Selznick the receipts of this company in six months have jumped from five thousand dollars a week to over sixty thousand. The different alliances of the World Film Company operate in not less than a dozen monster picture studios in all parts of the country, from California to Maine, and employ no less than six thousand persons—actors, mechanics, photographers, scene painters and scene carpenters.

The Jesse Lasky Company has the rights for all the plays of David Belasco, Oliver Morosco and John Cort. Mr. Belasco probably controls not more than a dozen or so plays, as he has concentrated on his productions and has averaged hardly more than one a year; and Mr. Morosco, a younger producer, controls possibly twenty plays.

The feature company controlled by me, and known as the William A. Brady Picture-Play Company, Incorporated, owns all the plays I have produced during the last quarter century; and the Shubert Film Company controls its productions.

Apart from the aforesaid feature companies there are the Bosworth Film Company and the California Motion-Picture Company, which operate in California, and the Lubin Company, of Philadelphia. These companies have ceased producing short films and are now doing features. Lubin controls the Charles Klein successes, such as The Lion and the Mouse, The Third Degree, and The District Attorney.

Then there is the All-Star Company, of which, in its earlier days, Augustus Thomas was director, and which filmed such plays as Arizona, The Adventures of Mr. Pipp, and Pierre of the Plains.

There is also the General Film Company, the so-called Picture Trust, which was the first to concentrate the film manufacturers into one big corporation, for the practical control of the business. The Government is now suing for the dissolution of this company. The General and the Universal Film Companies have also dropped the shorter film and entered the feature field.

Popular Films From Old Plays

ONE of the biggest concerns is the Mutual Film Company, which has spent an enormous sum of money in advertising, placarding the country and billposting. Its trade-mark is: Mutual Films Make the Time Fly! The Mutual got control of D. W. Griffiths, who is said to be the best moving-picture producer in the country, and who can spend more money on a film than any of the others. Griffiths produced The Clansman, which its producers say is the most expensive film ever made in America. Some of the scenes in The Clansman were taken by the light of bombs exploded at night.)

Next in line comes the company controlled by William Fox, of New York, whose recent productions include Robert Edeson, in The Girl I Left Behind Me; Betty Nansen, the famous Swedish tragedienne, who is here for the pictures; The Children of the Ghetto; Henri Bernstein's Samson, and others. Fox does not control the output of any one author, but is offering large prices and picking up plays here, there and everywhere.

The output of the foregoing companies is in the neighborhood of twenty plays of five reels each a week, costing all the way from fifteen thousand to fifty thousand dollars a subject. Of course there are many small feature producers whose output it would be difficult to ascertain.

A few keen fellows, reading aright the handwriting on the wall and anticipating the growth of the feature business, got in and bought up hundreds of old plays before the feature movement was well started. They acquired most of the old plays of the Augustin Daly estate for five hundred dollars apiece, took over the works of Theodore Kramer, which make splendid moving-picture subjects, on the same terms, and picked up The Servant in the House for that ridiculously small sum. What bargains! Some of these plays now bring ten per cent of the gross sales.

Mrs. Joseph Arthur is now asking eight thousand dollars for Blue Jeans, a play that succeeded some ten or fifteen years ago, but which has now no value in the theater and would probably have brought five hundred dollars at the time the foregoing astute gentlemen were taking on their bargains. Ten per cent of the gross sales of a picture may mean a large sum of money to the author. For example, the moving-picture rights of George Broadhurst's plays

will bring that author fifty thousand dollars. Before the coming of the feature film he never dreamed of getting such a sum. Augustus Thomas will net as much from his plays, and the Clyde Fitch estate will realize twice as much on the works left by that writer.

At the height of this moving-picture riot a company of which I was a stockholder was formed to produce the works of Rudyard Kipling. We offered that gentleman a hundred thousand dollars for the privilege; but, probably thinking he could get more, he declined, and so did himself out of a lot of money.

Some of the authors went into the thing too early before the waters had begun to be troubled, so to speak. I think Charles Klein was one of the eager ones, and so received less than he would have got if he had been a little more conservative. If I had gone in two or three years ago I might have sold my whole truck of one hundred and fifty plays the product of twenty-five years—for a song; because I did not see any future in this feature business and did not want to have anything to do with moving pictures anyway.

Luckily for myself, however, I waited. So did Belasco and so did Frohman. We waited and got boom prices. Belasco got a hundred thousand dollars in cash advance royalty for the use of his plays and his name, and he did not have a third as many plays as I had.

I was offered fifty thousand dollars in cash for the right to make a picture of 'Way Down East; but I have steadfastly refused to put this play into moving pictures, for the very good reason that, though it has never been in stock, it makes twenty-five thousand dollars a year now, and will probably have as long a life as Uncle Tom's Cabin.

There is a powerful element operating against the theater in favor of the moving pictures, but this may in the course of time have a boomerang effect. It is the alienation of the affections of the legitimate actors. The actors have gone over almost in a body to their new love. Only a few of our big American players have kept away from the screen. Among these are David Warfield, John Drew, George Cohan, Maude Adams, Grace George, Billie Burke and Robert Mantell, who believe that they have a future and can best conserve their reputations by sticking to their old love—the stage. Before this exodus the moving-picture field was occupied by men and women who had never played anything but subordinate parts, and by many who had never been on the stage at all.

The vogue of the old moving-picture actor has gone. His place has been taken by such favorites as Ethel Barrymore, who appeared in a film written for the screen by Augustus Thomas; Forbes-Robertson, who pictured Hamlet in England, a film that will not be released in this country until his farewell tour here is finished; Wilton Lackaye, in The Pit, and in Trilby, made by my own company; Leslie Carter, in Du Barry; Charles Hawtrey, in A Message From Mars; Cyril Maude, in Beauty and the Barge; Sir Herbert Tree, in Trilby, used only in England, as I own the rights for America; William Farnum, in The Spoilers; Dustin Farnum, in The Virginian.

Sarah Bernhardt, Madame Réjane, William Faversham, John Mason, Frederick Warde, Madame Nazimova, Robert Edeson, Alice Brady, Charles Richman, Marguerite Clarke, Olga Petrova, William Elliott, Jane Cowl, Edward Abeles, Mary Nash, Florence Nash, Robert Warwick, Cyril Scott and Thomas Ross have also acted more or less conspicuously before the camera, not because of their peculiar availability for camera purposes—since some of them are sadly lacking in this respect—but because of their individual fame or their association with successful plays.

However, Bernhardt could pose even in a play in which she had never acted on the stage and be of great interest; while the acceptability of such an excellent actor as William Elliott, for instance, would depend on his appearing in a Madame X film, or something like that.

Many persons who have in view posing for the camera would like to know what makes people most available for that work. As to looks, a broad face, big eyes and loads of hair—in the case of girls or women—are good. A narrow face will not do. There is a girl now playing in New York who up to a year ago was considered a great stage beauty. The moving-picture makers all went crazy over her. A test was made of her, and it was found that her features—she had a Roman nose and beautiful eyes—did not photograph well because they were too narrow.

A small nose is best. One that sticks out is bad; so you see no big noses need apply. For this reason some of our greatest stage beauties are not good camera subjects. Again, the face must be peculiarly expressive, since with it alone rests the power of telling what the actor thinks pictures, you know, being done in pantomime.

It is customary in picking out actors or actresses for the screen to put them to a test. They are required to parade before the camera, showing their method of expressing anger, love, passion and comedy. From this test the director decides whether or not they are available.

The best camera proposition in the United States is Miss Mary Pickford. This young actress' popularity has not waned an iota since the invasion of the moving-picture field by the stage favorite. She is known to the moving-picture fans all over America, England, Germany, China, Australia, and every other section of the civilized world. During the last twelve months her salary has been a thousand dollars a week, or fifty-two thousand dollars a year; and she has recently signed a contract for the coming year whereby she is to receive two thousand dollars a week for fifty-two weeks, with the privilege of picking her own plays and being paid whether she works or not.

The secret of Miss Pickford's vast success is due to the fact that she has not only the right kind of face and power of expression but that she has made her work a profession. She has mastered, more than any other man or woman on our stage, the art of acting before the camera, which is entirely different from acting before an audience—the movements, for one thing, being much slower. She creates

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RUGGLES OF RED GAP

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XVII

THREE days later came the satisfying answer to my cable message:

"Damn; sailing Wednesday.

BRINSTEAD."

Glad I was he had used the cable. In a letter there would doubtless have been still other words improper to a peer of England.

Belknap-Jackson thereafter bore himself with a dignity quite tremendous even for him. Graciously aloof he was as one carrying an inner light. "We hold them in the hollow of our hand," said he, and both his wife and himself took pains on our own thoroughfare to cut the Honorable George dead, though I dare say the poor chap never at all noticed it. They spoke of him as a remittance man—the black sheep of a noble family. They mentioned sympathetically the trouble his vicious ways had been to his brother, the earl. Indeed, so mysteriously important were they in allusions of this sort that I was obliged to caution them, lest they let out the truth. As it was there ran through the town an undercurrent of puzzled suspicion. It was intimated that we had something in our sleeves.

Whether this tension was felt by the Honorable George I had no means of knowing. I dare say not, as he is self-centered, being seldom aware of anything beyond his own immediate sensations. But I had reason to believe that the Klondike woman divined some menace in our attitude of marked indifference. Her own manner—when it could be observed—grew increasingly defiant, if that were possible. The alliance of the Honorable George with the Bohemian set had become, of course, a public scandal after the day of his appearance in her trap and after his betrayal of the Belknap-Jacksons had been gossiped to rags. He no longer troubled himself to pretend any esteem whatever for the North Side set. Scarce a day passed but he appeared in public as the woman's escort. He flagrantly performed her commissions, and at their questionable Bohemian gatherings he was the gayest of that gay, mad set.

"Of Course We Shall Have to Talk Over My Dreadful Designs on Your Poor Old George"

Indeed, of his old associates Cousin Egbert quite almost alone seemed to find him any longer desirable, and him I had no heart to caution, knowing that I should only wound without enlightening him—he being entirely impervious to even these cruder aspects of class distinction. I dare say he would have considered the marriage of the Honorable George as no more than the marriage of one of his cattle-person companions. I mean to say he is a dear old sort and I should never fail to defend him in the most disheartening of his vagaries, but he is undeniably insensitive to what one does and does not do.

The conviction ran, let me repeat, that we had another pot of broth on the fire. I gleaned as much from the Mixer, she being one of the few others besides Cousin Egbert in whose liking the Honorable George had not terrifically descended. She made it a point to address me on the subject over a dish of tea at the Grill one afternoon, choosing a table sufficiently remote from my other feminine guests, who, doubtless, at their own tables discussed the same complication. I was indeed glad that we were remote from other occupied tables because in the course of her remarks she quite forcefully uttered an oath, which I thought it as well not to have known that I cared to tolerate in my lady patrons.

"As to what Jackson feels about the way it was handed out to him that Sunday," she bluntly declared, "I don't care a —— dash ——!" The oath quite dazed me for a moment although I had been warned that she would use language on occasion. "What I do care about," she went on briskly, "is that I won't have that girl pestered by Jackson or by you or by any man that wears hair! Why, Jackson talks so silly about her sometimes you'd think she was a bad woman, and he keeps hinting about something he's going to put over till I can hardly keep my hands off him. I just know some day he'll make me forget I'm a lady. Now take it from me, Bill, if you're setting in with him, don't start anything you can't finish." The glitter in her eyes made me recall what Cousin Egbert had said of Mrs. Effie, her being quite entirely willing to take on a rattlesnake and give it the advantage of the first two assaults. Somewhat flustered I was, yet I hastened to assure her that whatever steps I might feel obliged to take for the protection of the Honorable George they would involve nothing at all unfair to the lady in question.

"Well, they better hadn't," she resumed threateningly. "That girl had a hard time all right, but listen here—she's as right as a church. She couldn't fool me a minute if

she wasn't. Don't you suppose I been around and around quite some? Just because she likes to have a good time and outdresses these dames here—is that any reason they should get out their hammers? Ain't she earned some right to a good time, tell me, after being married when she was a silly kid to Two-Spot Kenner, the swine?—and God bless the trigger finger of the man that bumped him off! As for the poor old judge, don't worry. I like the old boy, but Kate Kenner won't do anything more than make a monkey of him just to spite Jackson and his band of lady knockers. Marry him? Say, get me right, Bill—I'll put it as delicate as I can—the judge is too darned far from being a mental giant for that."

I dare say she would have slanged me for another half hour but for the constant strain of keeping her voice down. As it was she boomed up now and again in a way that reduced to listening silence the ladies at several distant tables.

As to the various points she had raised, I was somewhat confused—about the Honorable George, for example. He was, to be sure, no mental giant. But one occupying his position is not required to be. Indeed, in the class to which he was born one well knows that a mental giant would be quite as distressingly bizarre as any other freak. I regretted not having retorted this to her, for it now occurred to me that she had gone it rather strong with her "poor old judge." I mean to say it was almost quite a little bit raw for a native American to adopt this patronizing tone toward one of us.

And yet I found that my esteem for the Mixer had increased rather than diminished by reason of her plucky defense of the Klondike woman. I had no reason to suppose that the designing creature was worth a defense, but I could only admire the valor that made it. Also I found food for profound meditation in the Mixer's assertion that the woman's sole aim was to make a monkey of the Honorable George. If she was right a misalliance need not be feared, at which thought I felt a great relief. That she should achieve the lesser and perhaps equally easy feat with the poor chap was a calamity that would be, I fancied, endured by his lordship with a serene fortitude.

Curiously enough, as I went over the Mixer's tirade point by point I found in myself an inexplicable loss of animus toward the Klondike woman. I will not say I was moved to sympathy for her, but doubtless that strange ferment of equality stirred me toward her with something less than the indignation I had formerly felt. Perhaps she was an entirely worthy creature. In that case I merely wished her to be taught that one must not look too far above one's station—even in America—in so serious an affair as matrimony. With all my heart I should wish her a worthy mate of her own class, and I was glad indeed to reflect upon the truth of my assertion to the Mixer that no unfair advantage would be taken of her. His lordship would remove the Honorable George from her toils—a made monkey, perhaps, but no husband.

Again that day did I listen to a defense of this woman, and from a source whence I could little have expected it. Meditating upon the matter I found myself staring at Mrs. Judson as she polished some glassware in the pantry. As always, the worthy woman made a pleasing picture in her neat print gown. From staring at her rather absently I caught myself reflecting that she was one of the few women whose hair is always perfectly coiffed. I mean to say no matter what the press of her occupation, it never goes here and there.

From the hair my meditative eye—still rather absently, I believe—descended her quite good figure to her boots. Thereupon my gaze ceased to be absent. They were not boots. They were bronzed slippers with high heels and metal buckles and a character so distinctive that I instantly knew they had once before been impressed upon my vision. Swiftly my mind identified them: they had been worn by the Klondike woman on the occasion of a dinner at the Grill, in conjunction with a gown to match and a bluish scarf—all combining to achieve an immense effect.

My assistant hummed at her task, unconscious of my scrutiny. I recall that I coughed slightly before disclosing to her that my attention had been attracted to her slippers. She took the reference lightly, affecting, as the sex will, to belittle any prized possession in the face of masculine praise.

"I have seen them before," I ventured.

"She gives me all of hers. I haven't had to buy shoes since baby was born. She gives me lots of things—stockings and things. She likes me to have them."

"I didn't know you knew her."

"Years! I'm there once a week to give the house a good going over. That Jap of hers is the limit. Dust till you can't rest. And when I clean he just grins."

I mused upon this. The woman was already giving half her time to superintending two assistants in the preparation of the International Relish.

"Her work is too much in addition to your own," I suggested.

"Me? Work too hard? Not in a thousand years. I do all right for you, don't I?"

"And I Thought You Were Too Decent to Join in That Talk About a Woman"

It was true; she was anything but a slacker. I more nearly approached my real objection.

"A woman in your position," I began, "can't be too careful as to the associations she forms ——" I had meant to go on, but found it quite absurdly impossible. My assistant set down the glass she had and quite venomously brandished her towel at me.

"So that's it?" she began, and almost could get no farther for mere sputtering. I mean to say I had long recognized that she possessed character, but never had I suspected that she would have so inadequate a control of her temper.

"So that's it?" she sputtered again. "And I thought you were too decent to join in that talk about a woman just because she's young and wears pretty clothes and likes to go out. I'm astonished at you, I really am. I thought you were more of a man!" She broke off, scowling at me most furiously.

Feeling all at once rather a fool, I sought to conciliate her. "I have joined in no talk," I said. "I merely suggested ——" But she shut me off sharply.

"And let me tell you one thing: I can pick out my associates in this town without any outside help. The idea! That girl is just as nice a person as ever walked the earth, and nobody ever said she wasn't except those frumpy old cats that hate her good looks because the men all like her."

"Old cats!" I echoed, wishing to rebuke this violence of epithet. But she would have none of me.

"Nasty old spite cats," she insisted with even more violence, and went on to an almost quite blasphemous absurdity: "A prince in his palace wouldn't be any too good for her!"

"Tut, tut!" I said, greatly shocked.

"Tut nothing," she retorted fiercely. "A regular prince in his palace, that's what she deserves. There isn't a single man in this one-horse town that's good enough to pick up her glove. And she knows it too. She's carrying on with your silly Englishman now, but it's just to pay those old cats back in their own coin. She'll carry on with him—yes! But marry? Good heavens and earth, man! Marriage is serious!" With this novel conclusion she seized another glass and began to wipe it viciously. She glared at me, seeming to believe that she had closed the interview. But I couldn't stop. In some curious way she had stirred me rather out of myself, but not about the Klondike woman or about the Honorable George. I began most illogically, I admit, to rage inwardly about another matter.

"You have other associates," I exclaimed quite violently: "those cattle persons—I know quite all about it. That Hank and Buck—they come here on the chance of seeing you; they bring you boxes of candy; they bring you little presents. Twice they've escorted you home at night when you quite well knew I was only too glad to do it ——" I felt my temper most curiously running away with me, ranting about things I hadn't meant to at all. I looked for another outburst from her, but to my amazement she flashed me a smile with a most enigmatic look back of it. She tossed her head, but resumed her wiping of the glass with a certain demureness. She spoke meekly:

"They're very old friends and I'm sure they always act right. I don't see anything wrong in it, even if Buck Edwards has shown me a good deal of attention."

But this very meekness of hers seemed to arouse all the violence in my nature.

"I won't have it," I said. "You have no right to receive presents from men. I tell you I won't have it. You've no right!"

"Haven't I?" she suddenly said in the most curious, cool little voice, her eyes falling before mine. "Haven't I? I didn't know."

It was quite chilling, her tone and manner. I was cool in an instant. Things seemed to mean so much more than I had supposed they did. I mean to say it was a fair crumpler. She paused in her wiping of the glass, but did not regard me. I was horribly moved to go to her, but coolly remembered that that sort of thing would never do.

"I trust I have said enough," I remarked with entirely recovered dignity.

"You have," she said.

"I mean I won't have such things," I said.

"I hear you," she said, and fell again to her work. I thereupon investigated an ice box and found enough matter for complaint against a Hobbs boy to enable me to manage a dignified withdrawal to the rear. The remarkable creature was humming again as I left.

I stood in the back door of the Grill giving upon the alley, where I mused rather excitedly. Here I was presently interrupted by the dog, Mr. Barker. For weeks now I had been relieved of his odious attentions, by the very curious circumstance that he had transferred them to the Honorable George. Not all my kicks and cuffs and beatings had sufficed one whit to repulse him. He had kept after me, fawned upon me, in spite of them. And then on a day he had suddenly with glad cries become enamored of the Honorable George, waiting for him at doors, following him, hanging upon his every look. And the Honorable George had rather fancied the beast and made much of him. And yet this animal is reputed by poets and that sort of thing to be man's best friend, faithfully sharing his good fortune and his bad, staying by his side to the bitter end, even refusing to leave his body when he has perished—starving there with a dauntless fidelity.

How chagrined the weavers of these tributes would have been to observe the fickle nature of the beast in question! For weeks he had hardly deigned me a glance. It had been a relief to be sure, but what a sickening disclosure of the cur's trifling inconstance! Even now, though he sniffed hungrily at the open door, he paid me not the least attention—me whom he had once idolized!

I slipped back to the ice box and procured some slices of beef that were far too good for him. He fell to them with only a perfunctory acknowledgment of my agency in procuring them.

"Why, I thought you hated him," suddenly said the voice of his owner. She had tiptoed to my side.

"I do," I said quite savagely, "but the unspeakable beast can't be left to starve, can he?"

I felt her eyes upon me, but would not turn. Suddenly she put her hand upon my shoulder, patting it rather curiously, as she might have soothed her child. When I did turn she was back at her task. She was humming again, nor did she glance my way. Quite certainly she was no longer conscious that I stood about. She had quite forgotten me. I could tell as much from her manner. "Such," I reflected with an unaccustomed cynicism, "is the light inconsequence of women and dogs." Yet I still experienced a curiously thrilling determination to protect her from her own good nature in the matter of her associates.

At a later and cooler moment in the day I reflected upon her defense of the Klondike woman. A prince in his palace not too good for her! No doubt she had meant me to take these remarkable words quite seriously. It was amazing, I thought, with what seriousness the lower classes of the country took their dogma of equality, and with what naïve confidence they relied upon us to accept it. Equality in North America was indeed praiseworthy; I had already given it the full weight of my approval and meant to live by it. But at home, of course, that sort of thing would never do. The crude moral worth of the Klondike woman might be all that her two defenders had alleged, and indeed I felt again that strange little thrill of almost sympathy for her as one who had been unjustly aspersed. But I could only resolve that I would be no party to any unfair plan of opposing her. The Honorable George must be saved from her trifling as well as from her serious designs, if such she might have; but so far as I could influence the process it should cause as little chagrin as possible to the offender. This much the Mixer and my charwoman had achieved with me. Indeed, quite hopeful I was that when the creature had been set right as to what was due one of our oldest and proudest families she could find life entirely pleasant among those of her own station. She seemed to have a good heart.

As the day of his lordship's arrival drew near, Belknap-Jackson became increasingly concerned about the precise

manner of his reception and the details of his entertainment, despite my best assurances that no especially profound thought need be given to either, his lordship being quite that sort, fussy enough in his own way but hardly formal or pretentious.

His prospective host, after many consultations, at length allowed himself to be dissuaded from meeting his lordship in correct afternoon garb of frock coat and top hat, consenting at my urgent suggestion to a mere lounge suit of tweeds with a soft-rolled hat and a suitable rough day stick. Again, in the matter of the menu for his lordship's initial dinner, which we had determined might well be tendered him at my establishment, both husband and wife were rather keen for an elaborate repast of many courses, feeling that anything less would be doing insufficient honor to their illustrious guest; but I at length convinced them that I quite knew what his lordship would prefer: a vegetable soup, an abundance of boiled mutton with potatoes, a thick pudding, a bit of scientifically correct cheese and a jug of beer. Rather trying they were at my first mention of this—a dinner quite without finesse, to be sure, but eminently nutritive—and only their certainty that I knew his lordship's ways made them give in.

The affair was to be confined to the family, his lordship the only guest, this being thought discreet for the night of his arrival in view of the peculiar nature of his mission. Belknap-Jackson had hoped against hope that the Mixer might not be present, and even so late as the day of his lordship's arrival he was cheered by word that she might be compelled to keep her bed with a neuralgia.

To the afternoon train I accompanied him in his new motor car, finding him not a little distressed because the chauffeur, a native of the town, had stoutly—and with some not nice words, I gathered—refused to wear the smart uniform which his employer had provided.

"I would have shopped the fellow in an instant," he confided to me, "had it been at any other time. He was most impertinent. But as usual here I am at the mercy of circumstances. We couldn't well subject Brinstead to those loathsome public conveyances."

We waited in the usual throng of the leisured lower classes who are so naïvely pleased at the passage of a train. I found myself picturing their childish wonder had they guessed the identity of him we were there to meet. Even as the train appeared Belknap-Jackson made a last moan of complaint.

"Mrs. Pettengill," he observed dejectedly, "is about the house again and I fear will be quite well enough to be with us this evening."

For a moment I almost quite disapproved of the fellow. I mean to say he was vogue and all that, and no doubt had been wretchedly mistreated, but after all the Mixer was not one to be wished ill to.

A moment later I was contrasting the quiet arrival of his lordship with the clamor and confusion that had marked the advent among us of the Honorable George. He carried but one bag and attracted no attention whatever from the station loungers. While I have never known him be entirely vogue in his appointments, his lordship carries off a lounge suit and his gray cloth hat with a certain manner that the Honorable George was never known to achieve even in the days when I groomed him. The grayish, rather aggressive-looking side whiskers first caught my eye, and a moment later I had taken his hand. Belknap-Jackson at the same time took his bag, and with a trepidation so obvious that his lordship may perhaps have been excusable for a momentary misapprehension. I mean to say he instantly and crisply directed Belknap-Jackson to go forward to the luggage van and recover his box.

A bit awkward it was, to be sure, but I speedily took the situation in hand by formally presenting the two men, covering the palpable embarrassment of the host by explaining to his lordship the astounding ingenuity of the American luggage system. By the time I had deprived him of his check and convinced him that his box would be admirably recovered by a person delegated to that service Belknap-Jackson, again in form, was apologizing to him for the squalid character of the station and for the hardships he must be prepared to endure in a crude Western village. Here again the host was annoyed by having to call repeatedly to his mechanician in order to detach him from a gossiping group of the loungers. He came smoking a quite fearfully bad cigar and took his place at the wheel entirely without any suitable deference to his employer.

His lordship during the ride rather pointedly surveyed me, being impressed, I dare say, by something in my appearance and manner quite new to him. Doubtless I had been feeling equal for so long that the thing was to be noticed in my manner. He made no comment upon me, however. Indeed almost the only time he spoke during our passage was to voice his astonishment at not having been able to procure the London Times at the press stalls along the way. His host made clucking noises of sympathy at this. He had, he said, already warned his lordship that America was still crude.

"Crude? Of course, what, what!" exclaimed his lordship. "But naturally they'd have the Times! I dare say the beggars were too lazy to look it out. Laziness, what, what!"

"We've a job, teaching them to know their places," ventured Belknap-Jackson, moodily regarding the back of his chauffeur, which somehow contrived to be eloquent with disrespect for him.

"My word, what rot!" rejoined his lordship. I saw that he had arrived in one of his peppery moods. I fancy he could not have recited a multiplication table without becoming fanatically assertive about it. That was his way. I doubt if he had ever condescended to have an opinion. What might have been opinions came out on him like a rash, in the form of most violent convictions.

"What rot not to know their places when they must know them!" he snappishly added.

"Quite so, quite so!" his host hastened to assure him.

"A—dashed—fine big country you have," was his only other observation.

"Indeed, indeed!" murmured his host mildly. I had rather dreaded the oath, which his lordship is prone to use lightly.

Reaching the Belknap-Jackson house, his lordship was shown to the apartment prepared for him.

"Tea will be served in half an hour, your—er—Brinstead," announced his host cordially, although seemingly at a loss how to address him.

"Quite so, what, what! Tea, of course, course! Why not? Meantime, if you don't mind, I'll have a word with Ruggles. At once."

Belknap-Jackson softly and politely withdrew at once.

Alone with his lordship, I thought it best to acquaint him instantly with the change in my circumstances, touching lightly upon the matter of my now being an equal with rather most of the North Americans. He listened with exemplary patience to my brief recital and was good enough to felicitate me.

"Assure you, glad to hear it—glad no end. Worthy fellow, always knew it. And equal, of course, course! Take up their equality by all means if you take 'em up themselves. Curious lot of nose-talking beggars, and putting r's every place one shouldn't, but don't blame you. Do it myself if I could—England gone to pot. Quite!"

"Gone to pot, sir!" I gasped.

"Don't argue. Course it has. Women! Slasher fiends and firebrands! Pictures, churches, golf greens, cabinet members nothing safe. Pouring their beastly filth into pillar boxes. Women one knows. Hussies, though! Want the vote—rot! Awful rot! Don't blame you for America. Wish I might too. Good thing, my word! No backbone in Downing Street. Let the fiends out again directly they're hungry. No system. No firmness. No dash. Starve 'em proper I would."

He was working himself into no end of a state. I sought to divert him.

"About the Honorable George, sir ——" I ventured.

"What's the silly ass up to now? Dancing girl got him yes? How he does it I can't think. No looks, no manner, no way with women. Can't stand him myself. How ever can they? Frightful bore, old George is. Well, well, man, I'm waiting. Tell me, tell me, tell me!"

Briefly I disclosed to him that his brother had entangled himself with a young person who had indeed been a dancing girl or a bit like that in the province of Alaska. That at the time of my cable there was strong reason to believe she would stop at nothing—even marriage—but that I had since come to suspect that she might be bent only on making a fool of her victim, she being, although an honest enough character, rather inclined to levity and without proper respect for established families.

I hinted briefly at the social warfare of which she had been a storm center. I said again, remembering the warm words of the Mixer and of my charwoman, that to the best of my knowledge her character was without blemish. All at once I was feeling preposterously sorry for the creature.

His lordship listened, though with a cross fire of interruptions: "Alaska dancing girl. Silly! Nothing but snow and mines in Alaska." Or again: "Make a fool of old George? What silly piffle! Already done it himself, what, what! Waste her time!" And if she wasn't keen to marry him, had I called him across the ocean to intervene in a vulgar village squabble about social precedence? "Social precedence silly rot!"

I insisted that his brother should be seen to. One couldn't tell what the woman might do. Her audacity was tremendous, even for an American. To this he listened more patiently.

"Dare say you're right. You don't go off your head easily. I'll rag him proper now I'm here. Always knew the ass would make a silly marriage if he could. Yes, yes, I'll break it up quick enough. I say I'll break it up proper. Dancers and that sort. Dangerous. But I know their tricks."

A summons to tea below interrupted him.

"Hungry, my word! Hardly dared eat in that dining coach. Tinned stuff all about one. Appendicitis! American journal—some colonel chap found it out. Hunting sort. Looked a fool beside his silly horse, but seemed to know. Took no chances. Said the tin opener slays its thousands. Rot no doubt. Perhaps not."

I led him below, hardly daring at the moment to reveal my own responsibility for his fears. Another time, I thought, we might chat of it.

Belknap-Jackson with his wife and the Mixer awaited us. His lordship was presented and I excused myself.

"Mrs. Pettengill, his Lordship, the Earl of Brinstead," had been the host's speech of presentation to the Mixer.

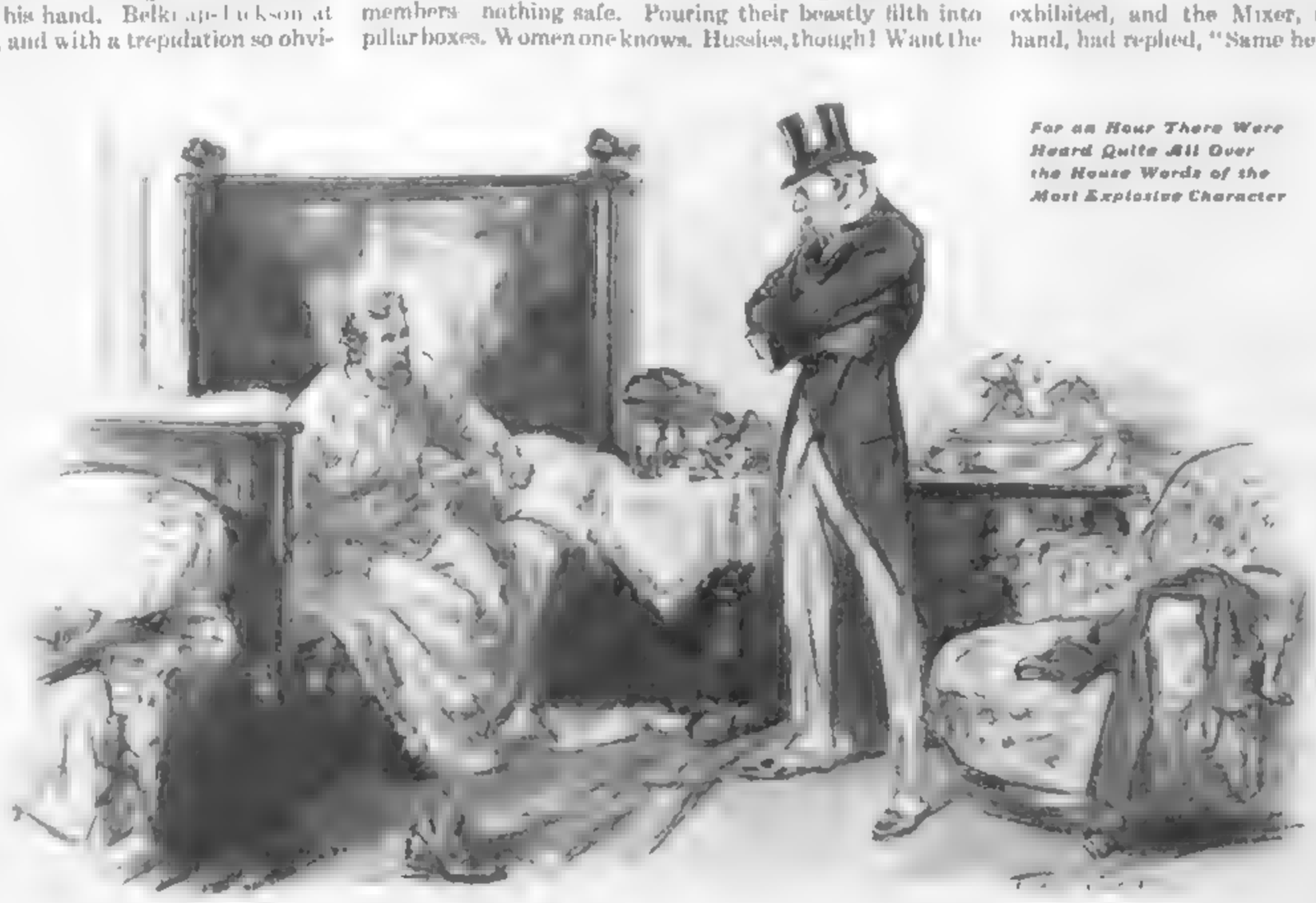
"How do-do, earl; I'm right glad to meet you," had been the Mixer's acknowledgment, together with a hearty grasp of the hand. I saw his lordship's face brighten.

"What ho!" he cried with the first cheerfulness he had exhibited, and the Mixer, still vigorously pumping his hand, had replied, "Same here!" with a vast smile of good nature. It occurred to me that they at least were quite going to get each other, as Americans say.

"Come right in and set down in the parlor," she was saying at the last. "I don't eat between meals like you English folks are always doing, but I'll take a shot of hooch with you."

The Belknap-Jacksons stood back, not a little distressed.

"A shot of hooch!" observed his lordship. "I dare say your shooting over here is absolutely top hole—keener sport than our popping at driven birds, what, what!"



For an Hour There Were Heard Quite All Over the House Words of the Most Explosive Character

XVIII

AT A LATISH seven, when the Grill had become nicely filled with a representative crowd, the Belknap-Jacksons arrived with his lordship. The latter had not dressed and I was able to detect that Belknap-Jackson,

doubtless noting his guest's attire at the last moment, had hastily changed back to a lounge suit of his own. Also I noted the absence of the Mixer and wondered how the host had contrived to eliminate her. On this point he found an opportunity to enlighten me before taking his seat.

"Mark my words, that old devil is up to something," he darkly said, and I saw that he was genuinely put about, for not often does he fall into strong language.

"After pushing herself forward with his lordship all through tea time in the most brazen manner, she announces that she has a previous dinner engagement and can't be with us. I'm as well pleased to have her absent, of course, but I'd pay handsomely to know what her little game is. Imagine her not dining with the Earl of Brinstead when she had the chance! That shows something's wrong. I don't like it. I tell you she's capable of things."

I mused upon this. The Mixer was undoubtedly capable of things—especially things concerning her son-in-law. And yet I could imagine no opening for her at the present moment and said as much. And Mrs. Belknap-Jackson, I was glad to observe, did not share her husband's evident worry. She had entered the place plumingly as it were, sweeping the length of the room before his lordship with quite all the manner her somewhat stubby figure could carry off. Seated, she became at once vivacious, chatting to his lordship brightly and continuously, raking the room the while with her lorgnon. Half a dozen ladies of the North Side set were with parties at other tables. I saw that she was immensely stimulated by the circumstance that these friends were unaware of her guest's identity I divined that before the evening was over she would contrive to disclose it.

His lordship responded but dully to her animated chat. He is never less urbane than when hungry, and I took pains to have his favorite soup served quite almost at once. This he fell upon. I may say that he has always a hearty manner of attacking his soup. Not infrequently he makes noises. He did so on this occasion. I mean to say there was no finesse. I hovered near, anxious that the service should be without flaw.

His head bent slightly over his plate, I saw a spoonful of soup ascending with precision toward his lips. But curiously it halted in midair, then fell back. His lordship's eyes had become fixed upon some one back of me. At once, too, I noted looks of consternation upon the faces of the Belknap-Jacksons, the hostess freezing in the very midst of some choice phrase she had smilingly begun.

I turned quickly. It was the Klondike person, radiant in the costume of black and the black hat. She moved down the hushed room with well-lifted chin, eyes straight ahead and narrowed to but a faint offended consciousness of the staring crowd. It was well done. It was superior. I am able to judge those things.

Reaching a table the second but one from the Belknap-Jacksons', she relaxed finely from the austere note of her progress and turned to her companions with a pretty and quite perfect confusion as to which chair she might occupy. Quite awfully these companions were the Mixer, overwhelming in black velvet and diamonds, and Cousin Egbert, uncomfortable enough looking but as correctly enveloped in evening dress as he could ever manage by himself. His cravat had been tied many times and needed it once more.

They were seated by the raccoon with quite all his impressiveness of manner. They faced the Belknap-Jackson party yet seemed unconscious of its presence. Cousin Egbert, with a bored manner which I am certain he achieved only with tremendous effort, scanned my simple menu. The Mixer settled herself with a vast air of comfort and arranged various hand-belongings about her on the table.

Between them the Klondike woman sat with a restraint that would actually not have ill-become one of our own women. She did not look about; her hands were still, her head was up. At former times with her own set she had been wont to exhibit a rather defiant vivacity. Now she did not challenge. Finely, eloquently, there pervaded her a reserve that seemed almost to exhale a fragrance. But of course that is silly rot. I mean to say she drew the attention without visible effort. She only waited.

The Earl of Brinstead, as we all saw, had continued to stare. Thrice slowly arose the spoonful of soup, for mere animal habit was strong upon him, yet at a certain elevation it each time fell slowly back. He was acting like a mechanical toy. Then the Mixer caught his eye and nodded crisply. He bobbed in response.

"What ho! The dowager!" he exclaimed, and that time the soup was successfully resumed.

"Poor old Mater!" sighed his hostess. "She's constantly taking up people. One does, you know, in these queer Western towns."

"Jolly old thing; awfully good sort!" said his lordship; but his eyes were not on the Mixer.

Terribly then I recalled the Honorable George's behavior at that same table the night he had first viewed this Klondike person. His lordship was staring in much the same fashion. Yet I was relieved to observe that the woman this time was quite unconscious of the interest she had aroused. In the case of the Honorable George, who had frankly ogled her—for the poor chap has ever lacked the finer shade in these matters—she had not only been aware of it but had deliberately played upon it. It is not too much to say that she had shown herself to be a creature of blandishments. More than once she had permitted her eyes to rest upon him with that peculiarly womanish gaze which, although superficially of a blank innocence, is yet all-seeing and even shoots little fine arrows of questions from its ambuscade. But now she was ignoring his lordship as utterly as she did the Belknap-Jacksons.

To be sure she may later have been in some way informed that his eyes were seeking her, but never once I am sure did she descend to even a veiled challenge of his glance or betray the faintest discreet consciousness of it. And this I was indeed glad to note in her. Clearly she must know where to draw the line, permitting herself a malicious laxity with a younger brother which she would not have the presumption to essay with the holder of the title. Pleased I was, I say, to detect in her this proper respect for his lordship's position. It showed her to be not all unworthy.

The dinner proceeded, his lordship being good enough to compliment me on the fare, which I knew was done to his liking. Yet even in the very presence of the boiled mutton his eyes were too often upon his neighbor. When he behaved thus in the presence of a dish of mutton I had not to be told that he was strongly moved. I uneasily recalled now that he had once been a bit of a dog himself. I mean to say there was talk in the countryside, though of course it had died out a score of years ago. I thought it as well, however, that he be told almost immediately that the person he honored with his glance was no other than the one he had come to subtract his unfortunate brother from.

The dinner progressed—somewhat jerkily because of his lordship's inattention—through the pudding and cheese to coffee. Never had I known his lordship behave so languidly in the presence of food he cared for. His hosts ate even less. They were worried. Mrs. Belknap-Jackson, however, could simply no longer contain within herself the secret of their guest's identity. With excuses to the deaf ears of his lordship she left to address a friend at a distant table. She addressed others at other tables, leaving a flutter of sensation in her wake.

Belknap-Jackson, having lighted one of his nonthroat cigarettes, endeavored to engross his lordship with an account of their last election of officers to the country club. His lordship was not properly attentive to this. Indeed, with his hostess gone he no longer made any pretense of concealing his interest in the other table. I saw him catch the eye of the Mixer and I astonishingly intercepted from her a swift but most egregious wink.

"One moment," said his lordship to the host. "Must pay my respects to the dowager, what, what! Jolly old muggins, yes!" And he was gone.

I heard the Mixer's amazing presentation speech:

"Mrs. Kenner, Mr. Floud, his Lordship—say, listen here, is your right name Brinstead, or Basingwell?"

At His Own Table Belknap-Jackson Writhed Acutely

The Klondike person acknowledged the thing with a faintly gracious nod. It carried an air, despite the slightness of it. Cousin Egbert was more cordial.

"Pleased to meet you, Lord!" said he, and grasped the newcomer's hand. "Come on, set in with us and have some coffee and a cigar. Here, Jeff bring the lord a good cigar. We was just talking about you that minute. How do you like our town? Say, this here Kulanche Valley " I lost the rest.

His lordship had seated himself. At his own table Belknap-Jackson writhed acutely. He was lighting a second cigarette—the first not yet a quarter consumed!

At once those four began to be thick as thieves, though it was apparent his lordship had eyes only for the woman. Coffee was brought. His lordship lighted his cigar. And now the word had so run from Mrs. Belknap-Jackson that all eyes were drawn to this table. She had created her sensation and it had become all at once more of one than she had thought. From Mrs. Judge Ballard's table I caught Mrs. Belknap-Jackson's glare at her unconscious mother. It was not the way one's daughter should regard one in public.

Presently contriving to pass the table again I noted that Cousin Egbert had changed his form of address:

"Have some brandy with your coffee, Earl. Here, Jeff, bring Earl and all of us some lee-cures."

I divined the monstrous truth that he supposed himself to be calling his lordship by his first name, and he in turn must have understood my glance of rebuke, for a bit later, with glad relief in his tones, he was addressing his lordship as Cap! And myself he had given the rank of colonel!

The Klondike person in the beginning finely maintained her reserve. Only at the last did she descend to vivacity or the use of her eyes. This later laxness made me wonder if after all she would feel bound to pay his lordship the respect he was wont to command from her class.

"You and poor George are rather alike," I overheard, "except that he uses the single what and you use the double. Hasn't he any right to use the double what yet, and what does it mean anyway? Tell us."

"What, what!" demanded his lordship, a bit puzzled.

"But that's it! What do you say 'What, what!' for? It can't do you any good."

"What, what! But I mean to say you're having me on. My word you are—spoofing I mean to say. What, what! To be sure. Chaffing lot, you are!" He laughed. He was behaving almost with levity.

"But poor old George is so much younger than you—you must make allowances," I again caught her saying; and his lordship replied:

"Not at all; not at all! Matter of a half score years. Barely a half score; nine and a few months. Younger? What rot! Chaffing again."

Really it was a bit thick, the creature saying "poor old George" quite as if he were something in an institution having to be wheeled about in a bath chair with rugs and water bottles!

Glad I was when the trio gave signs of departure. It was woman's craft dictating it, I dare say. She had made her effect and knew when to go.

"Of course we shall have to talk over my dreadful designs on your poor old George," said the amazing woman, straightly regarding his lordship at parting.

"Leave it to me," said he with a scarcely veiled significance.

"Well, see you again, Cap," said Cousin Egbert warmly. "I'll take you round to meet some of the boys. We'll see you have a good time."

"What ho!" his lordship replied cordially.

The Klondike person flashed him one enigmatic look, then turned to precede her companions. Again down the thronged room she swept, with that chin-lifted, drooping-eyed, faintly offended half consciousness of some staring rabble at hand that concerned her not at all. Her alert feminine foes, I am certain, read no slightest trace of amusement in her unwavering lowered glance. So easily she could have been crude here!

Belknap-Jackson, enduring his ignominious solitude to the limit of his powers, had joined his wife at the lower end of the room. They had taken the unfortunate development with what grace they could. His lordship had dropped in upon them quite informally—charming man that he was. Of course he would quickly break up the disgraceful affair. Beginning at once. They would doubtless entertain for him in a quiet way——

At the deserted table his lordship now relieved a certain sickening apprehension that had beset me:

"What, what! Quite right to call me out here. Shan't forget it. Dangerous creature that. Badly needed I was. Can't think why you waited so long! Anything might have happened to old George. Break it up proper, though. Never do at all. Impossible person for him. Quite!"

I saw they had indeed taken no pains to hide the woman's identity from him, or their knowledge of his reason for coming out to the States, though with wretchedly low taste they had done this chaffingly.

(Continued on Page 36

TOUR NO. 2

By RING W. LARDNER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

I Says Cut It Out & I Dont Want Nothing More to Do With You

BREMEN, GERM. Aug. 2. 19.14.

BRO. EDDY. Well Eddy I says good buy to you in my last letter & I give prof. Baker the letter to male for me in case some thing hapened but nothing hapend & it wasent nessary for him to male the letter & I maled the letter my self & now Im writeing you an other letter when I dident expect never to be writeing to no body again & I wouldent of maled that other letter only I was to nervus to know what was it I was doing & now I got to write you this letter & let you know Im still a live & they wasent no navy over took us and when we got here they wasent no body even looked mad let a lone ack like they was going to shoot us full of holes. Minnie & prof. Baker says every body here are talking a bout the war.

As far is Im consernd I dont know what there talking a bout because they dont talk nothing but dutch & for all as I know they may be talking a bout the ball game. There all exited tho & theys solders all over town but what do I care a bout there solders because if they start after us all as we got to say is wear americs citzens & they dont dare touch us. If they beggun monking with us uncle sam would here a bout it some ways & I guess pres. Wilson would make them wisht they had of left us a lone.

But Ed a man aint got no busness over here un lest he can talk dutch & Im glad our trip is spoild for us because I know now that I couldent never have no fun runing a round with people that I cant under stand a word of what there saying & when 1 of them comes up to me & shoots off there mouth I dont know are they saying how do you do or go to hell. Minnie can under stand them tho & I guess I would here a bout it if any of them says some thing out of the way but if she was to get 1 of her spells & see some dutch man that she wanted to kid a long with him she could go a long just like I wasent a round & he might may be call her deary & I wouldent know was he calling her deary or asking her would she pass the pickles.

So Im glad wear going to take the next boat back home & prof. Baker is down to the steam boat co. now makeing in querys a bout what time does the next boat leave for N. Y. city & wear going to be a bord of it & may be you will see us pretty near as soon is you get this letter because I & Minnie got it fixed up to stop off in Det. on our way home from N. Y. city to Chgo. because I got to waist a little time on acct. of Minnie geting dissapointed in her trip & cant go strate home to Chgo. like I want to & if I had my way a bout we wouldent never of left. But I got to stall a round a wile so as she wont have no holler comeing.

In the book it says they got a boat leaveing here tommorow but prof. Baker says may be they might not be runing reglar on acct. the war & thats why he went down to see a bout it. We aint unpack none of our bagige because we dont know for sure a bout our plans & Minnies laying down here in the hotel & geting rested tho I told her if we was going to start right back on the next boat to N. Y. city she would probly be laying down all the way home on the boat like she was comeing over most of the time so why not stand up or walk a round wile shes got a chance. But you cant tell a woman nothing & if she had of listen to me we would of been in joying our self at cedar lake or st. Joe or some wheres & not makeing these rotten trips back & 4th. acrost the ocean & back.

The 3 girls from What Cheer ia. thats in our party wanted we should keep on with our trip & go all a round Germ. & up to Venice & them other places like in the book & they says if we would stick a round a few days the war would probly be over but prof. Baker & prof. Hunter says they aint no chance of the war geting over quick because the armys is so mad at each other. 1 of the girls miss Griffith says well what if the war aint over we can go a head & make our trip & they wont shoot at us because we aint on 1 side or the other & I says no they wont shoot at us but if 1 of them canon balls was comeing right at our head it wouldent stop & ask us was we dutch men or america or egiyp. After our head was shot off the men that done it might look in our pocket & see they made a miss take but what would that get us? & besides I says if wear not on 1 side or the other wear right bet. the both of them & that would be a fine place to be at. I says if I want to commit suside I will take either or go on the water wagon.

Well Ed I supose the papers over there is full of the war but may be they dont know over there what is it there fighting a bout & I wouldent of knew neither only prof. Baker told me & hes a smart man Ed & teachs school. Some guy from Hungry was walking down the st. with his wife & I guess she must of been miss took for some body elses wife & any way some body took a shot at the both of them & croked them & the Hungry police men says the men that done the shooting was from Servia & the people over in Servia got sore & says they wasent no such a thing so they went to it & then of corse the other countrys took sides with there pals just like as if 1 of your freinds got mixed up & you seen he was going to get the worst of it & you mixed up in it & the other guys freinds horned in & made it a good 1.

So you can see how it got started & now there all fighting accept italy & I never seen a wop yet that was looking for trouble or 1 that would come out & fight with out a knife accept Hugo Kelly & he wouldent of un lest hed of had a irish name. It all started over them police men saying that the shooting was done by them fellows from Servia & if the police over here is any thing like at home there probly wrong & so the hole things a bout nothing & besides that it dont do them diffrunt countrys no good to call each other names because they all talk diffrunt languidges & Id hate to fight with a man & not have him know what was I calling him. It would be like swareing at them rats a round the place & they dont know what Im talking a bout.

Well Ed its a bout time prof. Baker was comeing back & teling us what did he find out so I will close & I bet your glad to here from me & know wear safe & I will wire you when we get to N. Y. city & let you know when we will reach Det. My best to Kate & go home nights Ed & be have your self.

Your Bro.,
L. M. BURNS.

BREMEN, GERM. Aug. 2. 19.14.

BRO. ED. Here I am Ed writeing to you again to-night & I all ready wrote you 1 letter today but in the letter I all ready wrote I says we was comeing home on the next boat but come to find out they aint going to be no next boat & so Im writeing to you again. Dont worry Ed. Wear safe & all o k & will get home sooner or latter & I cant tell just when but wear all o k & dont worry. prof. Baker went down to the steam boat co. this a m & asked them was they an other boat going back to N. Y. city tommorow & they says they dident know. Then he says well you should ought to know because you got it down in the book that theys a boat leaveing tommorow & if you say in your book your going to run a boat you should ought to run it.

Then they says well may be if you oned this here co. you would run a boat & not care what hapend to your boat but we aint going to start out with no boat & have the england navy shoot a hole threw it & drownd evry body. He argude with them for a ½ hour but we might as well of argude with a crossing police man & when he seen they wasent no use of argueing no more he went & seen the america counsil that they got here & the counsil says if we stuck a round here we might probly be all o k & nothing hapen to us but we might may be be better off if we took a train & went to some new trull country so prof. Baker come back & put it up to us what would we do & we says where could we go if we dident stay here & he says they was 2 countrys we could get to in a hurry that was new trull countrys & that means there countrys where they dont have no fighting because its against the law.

The 2 countrys he says was holland & Belljum so mr. & mrs. Chambers & the 3 girls & Minnie wanted to go to holland but I seen where they was a good chance to shake mr. & mrs. Chambers who I aint got no use for them so I says why not each of us go where they want to now that the tours broke up & I says that because Im sick & tired of hanging a round them Chambers & all so I found out that they dont talk nothing but dutch in holland & I dont want to be in no more places where Minnie can talk & I cant. So I says I was going to Belljum & I finely got Minnie coxed a round by me promussing her I would buy her a Brussels carpet over to Brussels & Brussels is the capitle of Belljum & where they make them swell carpets & they dont cost near as much is a Orentul rug that Minnies been after me I should buy for the house.

Well heres how we finely got it fixed up the Chambers & the 3 girls is going to holland & I hope the girls has a good time because there all o k but I dont see how can no body have a good time with them Chambers. prof. Hunter aint going no wheres but is going to stay here in germ. & write a book a bout the war & if he wants to be a sucker all right & he wanted prof. Baker should stay here with him but prof. Baker says no he would go a long with I & Minnie to Belljum because he wanted to here some more of my storys & I guess he wasent kiding none at that because I never seen a man laugh like he when I pull 1 of them storys & I thot he would bust laughing when I sprung that 1 a bout the 4 irish men at the pick nick.

Well Ed we all ready says good buy to the Chambers & them girls & Im writeing wile wear waiting for the time when our train gos & the others has went all ready & wear all ready when the trains ready because we dident un pack none of our stuff & wear all ready to go. I dont know what kind of a dump is Brussels but prof. Baker says theys plenty to drink there & if we dont like it we dont half to stay but can go some wheres else & pretty soon take a boat from there over to england & get a boat from there to N. Y. city but I dont mind sticking a round Belljum a wile as long as its a new trull country where they cant be no war & fighting.

Tell Kate not to do no worring & wear all o k & will get a long o k as long is prof. Bakers with us.

Your Bro., LARRY M. BURNS.

BRUSSELS, BELL. Aug. 4. 19.14.

DEAR ED. What do you think Ed? wear in a new trull country that dont never do no fighting & all there talking a bout a round here is the war only there talking it in Belljum languidge so as I wouldent knew what was they talking a bout only for prof. Baker & he must be able to talk all the languidges they is. He says the Belljums is all exited because the dutch army are trying to walk acrost a part of Belljum on there way from germ. to France & the Belljums is trying to not let them & did you ever here any thing to beat it because its just like as if a man wanted to walk from 35 to 34 st. & I wouldent leave him walk on the side walk in front of my place but made him walk out in the middle of the st. & some of the Belljums is fighting the dutch army over east of here some wheres to try & keep them off of Belljum & some body will get hurt all for nothing & prof. Baker says england has declaired war on the dutch men for walking on Belljum & I dont see what is it to england where the dutch men walks & besides germ. &

england all ready been fighting for 2 or 3 days so whats the use of declaring war now & its just like as if I was to go up & bust you in the jaw & then when you was laying on the ground I would say Im sore at you.

Prof. Baker says they aint no danger where wear at because Paris is where the dutch men is going & Paris is way south of here & to come threw here to go to Paris would be just like a man that wanted to go from lincoln pk. to So. Chgo & went a round by la Grange or if I & you was going down to new Orleans from Chgo. & went threw Omaha & we wouldent be no such suckers as that eh Ed? & the dutch men isent so smart that it hurts them but they aint no such suckers as that neither.

Well Ed wear not in no danger you see & besides as soon as the england army wake up & get busy they will make the dutch men look like a rummy because they tell me the irish has called off there quarl with england & are going to help clean up germ. & besides where wear at here in Brussels aint only a short distence from Austin where you can get a boat for england & they must be boats runing from england to N. Y. city so we can stay here or not stay here just like we want to only I want to stay here a wile because this looks like a live town Ed & plenty doing & I could have some time here if I could know what there talking a bout & Minnie likes it 1st. strate & as long is wear both in joying our self why should we leave? Only I cant get in no card game because Im not what you could call dirty with money & besides I wouldent know to here them talk weather they was razeing the pot or complaneing a bout the heat.

They aint no use of you & Kate trying to write us no letters till we get home because the way things has turned out we dont know where wear going to be at from 1 day to the next. I will keep you post it how we get a long & you dont need to do no worring because wear haveing the finest kind of a time & it seems like a dream me thinking we was going to get mixed up in the war & shot full of holes.

Your Bro., L. M. BURNS.

BRUSSELS, BELL. Aug. 6. 19.14.

BRO. ED. What do you think Ed? The little Belljums has licked the stufing out of the dutch men down to Liege where they been fighting all the wile & it looks like the dutch men was licked so bad they wouldent be no more war & the dutch men will probly give up when they see they aint good enough to even beat little Belljum let a lone france & england & russia & after this any time a dutch man talks to me a bout fighting I will give him the laugh & I been haveing a lot of fun kiding Minnie because shes all ways been teling me what fighters the dutch men was. & now look at them. This towns went plum nuts & the people gos a round holering like a bunch of collidge boys thats had a bronix cock tale.

Well Ed you cant hardly blame them from feeling good because they thot they dident have no chance of stoping the dutch men & look what they done to them. & they say a round here that they was 4 hunderd thousend dutch men killed & thats more then they is in Milwaukee & they cant be many more of them left so it looks like the war is pretty near over & these little Belljums done it & I guess I dident know what I was doing when I made Minnie come to Belljum insted of going to holland where they aint no exitemunt. I guess I cant pick a winner eh Ed? & when I get back home I can tell the boys I was right here in Belljum when the Belljums cleaned up the dutch men & when ever a dutch man comes in to the place I will kid the life out of them only of corse I wont kid them & make them sore if there buying a drink & in joying them self at there own expence.

Heres what come off Ed. The dutch men was trying to make the Belljums let them go threw Belljum & the Belljums says no; the dutch men pulled there gun & beggun shooting & then the Belljums pulled there gun & beggun shooting back & they fired back & 4th. till all them dutch was killed 4 hunderd thousend of them & they wasent no ducks or partige to shoot so the Belljums quit shooting. The news got up here & evry body went crazy & now this town looks like the old 1st. ward ball a bout 5 a m. I says to Minnie well do I know where to come for exitemunt or dont I? & she says shut your big mouth so she just as good is add mitted Id picked the right spot & them people that went to holland is down on a dead 1.

we will stick a round here un till the exitemunts over & then we will look up a bout getting a boat at Austin for england & then catch the boat for N. Y. city.

Your Bro., LARRY M. BURNS.

BRUSSELS, BELL. Aug. 10. 19.14.

DEAR EDDY. That was a hole lot of bunk Eddy a bout them Belljums killing all them dutch men & they may of killed 2 or 3 dutch men but not no 4 hunderd thousend or no wheres near that amt. or else how could the dutch men of did what they done now? We just got the news here a little wile a go & we was pretty much worred when it 1st. come but prof. Baker went up & seen the america counsil & he says they aint no reason for us worring because all america citzens is safe if they mind there own busness. Heres what come off Eddy. The dutch men beat them Belljums down to Liege where they been fighting all this time & thats the way you spell it only it aint spoke nothing like that & youd think it was Liege like the national or american Liege but it aint nothing like that when you say it.

Well the Belljums left the dutch men grab Liege off of them & now what do you think the dutch men is doing? there comeing over here to Brussels & aint that just like a dutch man to go all over trying to get some wheres right clost to them? & its the same way when they talk & I bet if a dutch man was trying to get from Det. to Chgo. they would take the wabash to st. Louis & come a round that way. Now there trying to get to Paris & there ½ way there & insted of going a long down there they got to come over here & see if may be they isent some sour crout laying a round lose.

Every Little Wile They'd be a Dutch Solder Jump Out at Me From Behind a Tree or Some Thing & Hold Me Up

Well of corse we aint in no danger as long is we mind our own busness but its going to be a pretty stiff proppisishon for me to mind my own busness when theys a hole lot of dutch mens struting a round. prof. Baker says pretty soon we will get our pass aports that you got to have when you want to get some wheres else in europe from where your at & I says why shouldent we get them right a way & get out of here now? & then we wont half to worry a bout minding our own busness when the dutch men gets here but he says they aint no trains runing over to Austin & we will may be half to hire a taxi cab or a horse & buggy or some thing & before we can do that we will half to find 1 of them things & then borry enough money off the americs counsil to pay for it because they wont trust no body for nothing over here now & not even Minnie cant start no charge acct.

Prof. Baker says we aint in no danger of geting struck by no canon balls because the mare of the town aint going to try & stop the dutch men from comeing in here & I wisht I was the mare of the town because I would give them the fight of there life & I bet they wouldent never get in here if I was the mare of the town. I guess you seen me handle dutch men before this eh Eddy? & if it wasent for geting Minnie & prof. Baker in trouble I would give them a battle mare or no mare because I aint never seen no dutch man yet that wouldent quit when I went after them. But on acct. of Minnie & prof. Baker I got to mind my own busness & not start no trouble but the dutch men better not try & start nothing with me or they will get the worst of it. I dont half to tell you that Ed. Your Bro.

L. M. BURNS.

BRUSSELS, BELL., Aug. 16. 19.14.

BRO. EDDY. Well Ed. this is a grate place for storys & theys as many storys a round here is they is on the massonic temple. The latest story they got now a round here is that the dutch men has tooken Liege & they says the same thing a wk. a go but it wasent right that time but now its the right dope so how can a man tell what your going to beleive They cant Ed & thats all they is to it. When they tell so many diffrunt storys you cant tell which to beleive & which to not beleive & Ive quit worring a bout it & let them beleive what they want to & it dont make no diffrunts to me any way because the dutch men cant do nothing to us even if they come here where wear at & may be they aint comeing after all because the story a bout them comeing may be wrong if the other storys is wrong.

Any way we would be all o k Ed if we wasent pretty near broke & wear runing so shy that we cant spend no more in joying our self but got to save up all we got to pay our fair from Austin to england & then we got to get some more in england to buy our ticket acrost the ocean & I dont know who are we going to borry it off of but prof. Baker says hes got friends over there who we can get it off of & I wisht we could start right now but we cant get a hold of no horse & buggy or taxi cab to take us to Austin & prof. Baker says we should ought to start out & walk but on acct. of Minnies feet hurting her I & her couldent do that & I told prof. Baker if he was in a hurry to go a head by him self but he says no we would all stick to gather. I guess prof. Bakers afrade he might may be miss 1 of them storys of mine if he was to go off & leave us & he sure does like them storys Ed & he just eats them up.

Well Eddy theys nothing much to write a bout wile wear just here waiting & I will let you know the minut I have any news & kindest regards to Kate.

Your Bro., LARRY M. BURNS.

BRUSSELS, BELL. Aug. 22. 19.14.

DEAR BRO. EDDY. Talk a bout dutch men Ed. I dident know they was so many in the world & all the dutch men they is must of walked threw here yest. & to-day. The mare surenderd the town to the dutch men yest. & they wasent no exitemunt a bout it he just says the town is yrs. like they says to us in denver that time the elks had the convenshon in denver. & the dutch men just come in and took it but I dident have no idear they would be so many of them but I thot they might may be a couple thousend but no they been walking threw here for 2 hole days or may be they been walking a round in circuls & the same 1's is comeing threw now that was threw here yest. & you cant proove it by me because they all look a like but prof. Baker says no there all diffrunt & he says theys a lot more of them we havent seen but any way Ive saw all I want to see & if I dont never see an other dutch man all my life I can still say I seen enough & when theys such a gang of them to gather & all looking just a like I should think theyd get all balled up & none of them know weather he was himself or some body else.

People use to say I & you looked a like Ed & they wasent giveing you none the worst of it but how would you like to look like a bout a million other dutch mens & all be walking a long & you wouldent know weather you was here or a mile a head. There all going to paris prof. Baker says but they wont be enough hotels & bording houses to take care of them all when they get there & if I was them Id make some of them go some wheres else because they all of them will want the same things to eat liver worst & pretsils & you cant expect no 1 town to have enough of them things a round to feed the hole Germ. army.

But Id like to own 1 of them paris brewrys now eh Ed. prof. Baker says I want to be care full what I write in a letter a bout the dutch men because there libel to get a hold of the letters & read them & might may be get sore so I will be care full & I dont half to tell you what I think of them any way do I Eddy because I & you thinks the same thing a bout the dutch men & any body that wants my share of them can have it & besides I guess they wouldent dare open no letters because I would get the P O dept. after them & its a peneteniary ofense.

Prof. Baker says they will leave some of the officers & solders here in this town to take care of it wile the rest of them gos on down to paris & I guess he knows what hes talking a bout because hes been talking to some of the dutch officers in dutch & they give him the dope but I dont see why does any of them want to stay here or why they should ought to because we was geting a long o k before the dutch men ever come here & just as good as we are now & may be better & as far is Im consernd they can all go down to paris or Pittsburgh or any wheres else

theyve a mind to. but we cant do nothing a bout getting out of here till theyve all went threw & things is quited down & I will let you know when we get ready to start & give Kate our kindest. Your Bro.

L. M. BURNS.

BRUSSELS, BELL. Aug. 24. 19.14.

DEAR EDDY. Well Eddy wear all fixed up & prof. Baker done it & wear going to get out of here tommorow or next day & the dutch men is going to send us down to Austin in a auto mobile & it wont cost us nothing & prof. Baker done pretty good to get it fixed up & he done it by talking to the dutch officers in there own languige. He says some of them is pretty nice fellows & a couple of thems been over to the U S & knows some people he knows & the fellows hes been talking to is officers thats left here to gard Brussels & theyve got a hole lot of solders left here with them to help gard the town but all them dutch men or the most of them that went threw here is pretty near down to paris by this time & the 1s thats here is just men that aint going no wheres & prof. Baker says they aint going to hurt no body.

Some of them talks america he says & hes frammed it up for I & Minnie to meet 1 of them tommorow & the 4 of us is going to have a little party on the dutch man & I hope we get some thing to eat out of it because we aint been what you could call crowding our stumick & if it wasent for prof. Baker laying in a stock of crackers and cheese & bread when he herd the dutch men was comeing we would be up against it but its pretty near all over now because this here dutch man that wear going to have the party is the 1 thats going to send us to Austin & theyll be plenty to eat for us there because they aint been no war over that way & besides we wont only stay there till its time for the boat to go.

Prof. Baker says this dutch man is all o k & as nice a man is you want to meat & may be he aint realy no dutch man but got mixed up in the army some ways but his names Klinke or how ever you spell it so I guess hes a dutch man or any way hes got a dutch name but if he sets up the lunch & gives us some thing to wash it down I wont care if hes a dutch man or a hunk or what is he.

Wear still staying in the hotel where we was before all this come off & the eating was all o k before all this come off but now the hotels full of dutch officers & solders & they get most evry thing they is to eat & the sooner we get out of here & some wheres else so much the better. But if we dont get out of here & on the way home pretty quick they wont be no chance for me to be home for the primerys & besides I want to get home before Louis Shaffers played to many tunes on the cash rejister. Eh Ed.

Your Bro., LARRY M. BURNS.

BRUSSELS, BELL. Aug. 26. 19.14.

BRO. EDDY. Here I am Eddy hideing & I dont know whats going to happen to me & I cant tell you where Im hideing at because some of them dutch men might get a hold of this letter & open it & I dont even know will I ever get it maled but if I dont never get out of here a live & some body should male this letter you will know what come off & what them dutch men done to me. Heres what come off Eddy & we should ought to knew better then trust a dutch man & look what we got for it.

This here Klinke the dutch officer that promussed to give us some thing to eat come up to I & Minnies room in the hotel yest. a m & I & Minnie & prof. Baker was all seting in there talking & this here Klinke knocks & we says come in & in he come & says did we want to have lunch with him & he talked america just as good as I or you & we says sure we would have lunch with him because we was hungry is a bare & prof. Baker interduced I & Minnie to him & he says he was please to meet us & then we went down stares all to gather to the dinning room of the hotel. They was an other dutch officer there & we was interduced to him & set down & ordered some thing to eat & you can bet I ordered some thing to Eddy because my stumick felt like the colliseem & I ordered evry thing I could think of & wile we was waiting for them to bring in the stuff we ordered this here Klinke calls 1 of the solders & says some thing to him in dutch & pretty soon he comes back with some wine & I wisht you could of seen me go to it & any way we eat & drink & set there all p m & was haveing a real time but I might of knew them 2 officers wasent right & I will tell you what come off.

Ed I Walked Over 1-2 the Way From Brussels Here & I Dident Have Nothing to Eat the Hole Trip Accept Just a Couple Peaces of Bread That I Beged Off of Farmers

1 of them says he had it fixed up that they was to be a auto mobile to take us to Austin a bout 5 oclock & we might is well in joy our self till then & so we set there & I bet I must of drink 4 or 5 qts but you know it dont never faze me Ed & I was all o k & finely prof. Baker says mr. Burns should ought to entertane us with 1 of his storys & Minnie says you better not get Larry started because he dont never know when to stop & I says I guess I know when to stop all right & Klinke says sure go a head & tell us a story because theys nothing I like better than a good story & prof. Baker says well this old boy dont never tell nothing but good 1s & he had me right there at that eh Ed.

I dident want to tell no story but they coxed me & I finely says to my self well why not do some thing for them because they been treating us pretty good so I told them 1 or 2 & I told them the 1 a bout the pick nick & I thot they would all bust laughing even prof. Baker who herd it before but he dident laugh no harder then them dutch officers & finely they says is all your storys a bout irish men & dont you know none a bout dutch men & I says sure I know a hole lot of them a bout dutch men & then I told them the 1 a bout the 2 dutch men quarling over there wife & it went good & they hollered for more & then the trouble beggun & I will tell you how it come off.

I guess you may be herd the story Ed because I told it a couple times & I dont know weather you was there or not but any way heres the story & its a bout a dutch man that use to keep comeing in to a place that was ran by a irish man & when hed get a few drinks under his belt he use to holler hock the kiser & that means hurah for the kiser in dutch. & evry time this here dutch man would get a few drinks under his belt he would holler hock the kiser & he use to keep comeing in to the irish mans place & hollering that evry time he got a few under his belt.

So 1 night the dutch man was broke & he come in to the irish mans place all lit up & says would the irish man stand him off for a drink & the irish man says no you bought all your drinks some wheres else tonight so you can go some wheres else & get stood off for an other 1 & the dutch man says I cant get stood off no wheres else & the irish man says well you cant get nothing here & the dutch man says will you lend me the money & then I can go some wheres else & get the drink & wont bother you no more & the irish man says how much money do you want & the dutch man says just a dime thats all. & then the irish man says if you dont want to borry more then a dime why dont you hock the kiser?

Well Ed that dident make no hit like I thot it would & they wasent no body done no laughing not even prof. Baker & they wasent nothing said for a bout 1 min. & then this here other officer that I dont know his name got up & grabs me by the sholder & says come a long with me I want to see you out side & they wasent nothing I could do but go a long with him & prof. Baker got up & was comeing a long with us & the officer told him to set down where he was at & mind his own business & then I seen it was serius & the dutch man was good & sore & heres what come off Ed.

He took me out side where they was a bunch of dutch solders & then he says to me that was a good story you told wasent it & I dident say nothing & he says the irish man got the best of the dutch man in that story dident he & I dident say nothing back & he says well heres where the dutch men gets back & then he hollers to a couple of them solders & says some thing to them in dutch & then he says these here solders will take care of you & then he left me & them 2 solders grabed me & what do you think they done Ed.

They throwed me in to a corner of the yard of the hotel that there useing for a jale & there I was locked up with some other prissoners & couldent get out & I says to the solders you better leave me out of here before you get your self in trouble & they just laughed & beat it out of the room & left me there.

Well Eddy the prissoners in there was all Belljums or french men or some thing & they couldent under stand what I says to them & I couldent make no head or tale out of what they says to me & so they wasent no body I could talk to. I dident know what was comeing off & I must of set there a hour wondring what was they going to do with me & then this here officer not Klinke but the other 1 come in with 1 of the solders & come up to me & says some thing to the solder in dutch & then he says to me may be youd like to know what wear going to do & I says it dont make no diffrunts to me what are you going to do & he says no I supose not but any way Im going to tell you & this is it.

Evry hour from now to morning you got to get up & stand on your feet & holler hock the kiser & the gard here will come & tell you when its time for you to holler & if you miss a hour with out hollering your going to get shot as a spy & I says you know I aint no spy & you better be care full what you do to me or uncle Sam will get after you & he says uncle Sam wouldent never miss you because hes got a hole lot of jokers & I says what have you did with my wife & prof. Baker & he says Im not runing your wife or prof. Baker & I got enough to keep track of with out worring a bout them.

Then he left me & went away from me & they wasent nothing more come off till finely the gard come up & says some thing in dutch & I couldent

(Continued on Page 41)

He Pulls Out a Gun & I Had to Get Up & Holler It

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 20, 1915

The New Freedom

WASHINGTON persists in the view that until very recently business in the United States was a sort of sleeping beauty under the spell of a malignant witch. That it was not free in any respect worth mentioning is constantly iterated there. Writing to Secretary McAdoo on the inauguration of the Federal Reserve Banks, and referring to "small groups of men" who, in his opinion, controlled credit, the President said: "The control of all big business and, by consequence, of all little business, was, for the most part, potentially if not actually in their hands."

The banking act was to make credit free. The tariff and antitrust acts were to make all other domestic business free. Later, the Government shipping bill was to make foreign commerce free.

We wonder what business man, big or little, anywhere in the United States has within his own experience a solitary fact corresponding with this picture of the nation's business, shackled, strait-jacketed, and controlled from end to end. What business man supposes that, in ordinary circumstances, he can get credit at a bank now on terms any different from those he could have had before the bank act was passed? Before war demoralized the world's shipping, what exporter could not find a ship to carry his goods to any market? In the International Harvester case and the Steel Corporation case we have direct testimony that competitors were not unfairly oppressed. The field was as free to them as though there had been no big concern in it.

Where is the solitary merchant or manufacturer who is sensible that his business is any freer than it was in 1912?

Political Principles

STATESMEN profess to believe that the public cherishes a great many political principles; but we suppose the number of basic theories respecting government to which it attaches any importance whatever is very small. Perhaps the most fundamental principle of the Constitution, for example, is the division of government powers into legislative, executive and judicial. We imagine the public does not care a rap about that. All the impassioned warnings against encroachment by the executive on the legislative branch have never roused a flutter of public interest, so far as we have been able to see.

That the judiciary has wandered pretty far into the legislative field is patent. The public has shown some interest in that, but of a rather lukewarm character. In Colorado it was proposed by constitutional amendment to make newspapers subject to the public-utility law and supervision of the state. As a matter of political principle that was rather startling, for theoretically a press the business affairs of which were subject to a political board could not be free. Though the proposal was defeated, considerably less than half of the voters took the trouble to express any opinion about it.

Probably the public knew well enough that if the newspapers were subject to a board they would control the board; so no harm would be done. How a thing is likely to work in given cases is what interests the public. If it can get, on the whole, better service out of a President than out of a House of Representatives, it will bother little about the principles involved.

Statute Book and Plow

IN THREE historic years—observes the National City Bank, of New York, in a circular to customers—a great wheat crop in the United States, coincident with an unusual foreign demand, has furnished the impetus for prosperity here. The years are: 1878, when big wheat exports easily tided the country over resumption of specie payments; 1891, when, in spite of the Baring failure of the year before, which demoralized financial England, they produced our boom of the succeeding year; and 1898, when, after several years of almost continuous gold exports and hard times, they reversed the situation and initiated the most remarkable expansion the country has ever known.

And by some hyperbole we may say that wheat saved our lives in 1914, for the big exports of that cereal, more than any other one thing, straightened out our foreign exchanges and enabled us to recover from the muddle into which the war threw us. It is on the plow rather than on the statute book that we finally depend.

What About Meat?

IT IS reported that meat is cheaper in Germany than before the war; and this is quite probable. Grain is dearer. A farmer may make more, therefore, by selling his immature meat animals and his grain than by holding the animals and feeding the grain. It begins to be a fairly debatable question whether high-priced grain does not automatically decrease the supply of meat animals by inducing the slaughter of young stock.

The farm value of corn, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, in 1899 and the four preceding years averaged twenty-six cents a bushel. Since then the price of corn and other grain has been pretty steadily advancing; and the supply of meat animals in this country has been pretty steadily decreasing—not only relatively to population but absolutely. In the last census period the number of cattle dropped by nine million head, or almost one-fifth. In other big meat-producing countries herds have been stationary or declining.

Of course the price of cattle and hogs should be a product of the prices of forage and grain, and, in a general way, it is; but with dear grain and dear meat there seems to be a constant tendency to kill young stock and so finally reduce the meat supply. At any rate, world experience in the last fifteen years fairly raises the question of such a constant tendency.

Prairie chickens and venison were rather common articles of diet twenty-five years ago. A little farther back buffaloes were plentiful. Possibly beef cattle are on the way to join those virtually vanished creatures. If there is more money in killing the young, extinguishment of the herds is only a matter of time.

Of course we can get on very nicely with fish and chicken, as a considerable part of Europe already does.

Merchandising Public Documents

THE output of the Government Printing Office, at Washington, represents a yearly expenditure of many millions of dollars—not only in the cost of printing and binding but in the investigating and editing that have gone into the various reports. A rather considerable part of this output is really valuable.

As to many topics of current moment very interesting and authoritative information is derivable from Government reports; but the Government might do more to render this information available. Its documents may be consulted in the larger public libraries or obtained from the Superintendent of Documents at small cost.

The first course is open only to those in touch with a large library and is less convenient than having the document in one's possession. The second involves delay, correspondence, and the bother of buying a postal order. Why does not the Government put its documents on sale at public libraries?

How Mad is Germany?

A LEARNED man who spent many years in the German Empire maintains, in a readable book, that it is quite mad because its mind is possessed by a crazy notion of dominating Europe, or the world. It is by no means difficult to make out an argument in the affirmative by quoting utterances of men and journals that may be supposed to represent some considerable part of German thought.

It seems quite probable that an inclination to dally with the fatuous dream of conquest did possess some portion of the German mind. A new nation, which had risen in less than a hundred years from a very low estate to a very high one, the most dramatic steps in its rise being coincident with two swift, victorious wars, may have been somewhat taken by the notion that it was a latter-day chosen people whose most dependable instrument was the sword. It is impossible to say now how extensive the idea of an innate national superiority, to be vindicated by military prowess, may have been last July.

However, there is some interesting evidence that it is not extensively held now. The Berlin correspondent of the Chicago Daily News has gathered statements from a good many representative Germans, and every one of them repudiates the idea of a Napoleonic Fatherland. They all say Germany's ideal is peace with honor; that she fights only in self-defense, and never thought of fighting for any other purpose.

Probably these Daily News expressions are quite typical. However seriously Bernhardi may have been taken last summer, months of futile and vastly destructive fighting must have tended powerfully to put him at a large discount with all intelligent Germans.

Our Own Little Troubles

RECENTLY the latest war bulletins in a daily newspaper ran as follows: Dunkirk bombarded from the air, many killed; Germans claim important gains in Poland; Two hundred thousand Indian troops are now in the field; Eastern Ohio coal-mine operators announce that all strikers who fail to report for work at seven o'clock to-morrow morning will be summarily evicted from company houses.

The West Virginia coal strike, the Michigan copper strike and the Colorado coal strike are tolerably fresh in public recollection—each exhibiting in its tiny field examples of hate, stupidity, ruthlessness and violence that are of pretty much the same quality as the more extensive examples across the water. And, on the whole, we are about as helpless before these domestic war phenomena as before the foreign ones.

Senators as Jobmongers

PERIODICALLY the Senate chamber resounds with eloquent complaints of executive trespass on the legislative branch of government, but there is really nothing on that side of the account to correspond with bald legislative usurpation of the selection of executive officers.

If there is any virtue at all in division of powers, the President should certainly control the executive department. As chief of that department, he should choose his subordinates; but the power of choosing has virtually been taken away from him. The Senate insists on choosing—insists with a unanimity and pertinacity that are unequaled in regard to any other of its functions. It has laid down the law that senators shall select the executive officers in their respective states; and, so far, it has beaten every President who took issue with it.

Of course this corrupts the public service, for the senator's choice is almost invariably dictated by considerations of his own political fortunes.

Every President, as chief of his party, is interested in a legislative program that he thinks is for the best interests of the country. A hostile Senate could block any Administration measure; and every President is loath to fight for his right to select executive officers, because he fears a vengeful Senate will wreck his legislative program—which means, in plain language, that the Senate cares more for its jobs than it does for the good of the country.

That this jobmongering corrupts the Senate as well as the public service seems evident. The point is important enough to warrant a fight—in which, we believe, a President with sufficient pugnacity to make the issue will win.

Questions of the Day

EVERYBODY who speaks or writes on important questions of the day should lay off now and then and mix up familiarly with some typical examples of the great mass of American citizens. A sociable gathering of farmers will do very well, or a lodge meeting in a country town, or a company of workmen over their noontime tin dinner pails. He should do this for the humbling purpose of learning what very small space his important questions of the day occupy in the public mind—or, if you prefer, to see how little public mind there really is.

At the outbreak of a European war, or just before a national or state election, or just after some extraordinary and sensational happening, the public mind fuses, so to speak; and nearly everybody is talking about the big public event. At nearly all other times the really important questions of the day are whether hog cholera has appeared in the township, or how they are getting on with the new state road, or what is the prospect for another local canning factory, or concerning the strike in the next block.

In congressional cloakrooms, in newspaper offices and in some city clubs, burning questions of the day are earnestly and constantly debated. The people two squares away are really thinking of those questions about once a fortnight—and then, very often, with only a languid interest.

THE SENIOR PARTNER

By Edward Mott Woolley

THE senior partner of a large wholesale and retail business said to one of his junior partners one day:

"Go downstairs and tell Brown that I am going to give him a partnership interest in the business. The agreement is ready to sign."

So the junior partner went down and told Brown, who thus became another junior partner without the investment of a dollar of his own. A few years previously Brown had come into the store as a bookkeeper and had worked into the duties of a credit man. And now, when his salary had reached five thousand dollars, he was suddenly given an earning power of two hundred thousand dollars a year!

True, it was a qualified partnership subject to termination at any one-year period at the option of the senior partner. Brown agreed that each year he would pay back three-quarters of his profits to apply on his proprietary interest. But on the other hand the senior partner agreed to pay him off in cash when the agreement ended.

Now this partnership had been unsolicited. Brown scarcely knew the senior partner and hadn't been in his office a dozen times. Nor, after he became a partner, did he presume on an acquaintance. Sometimes for months he and the senior partner did not exchange a word.

But what Brown did was this: As credit and collection manager he kept the credit losses under one-twentieth of one per cent.

To most of the men in that house the senior partner was, and is, a mystery; a stern and silent man ordinarily, but whose temper can flash and strike with the power of lightning; a man so concentrated in his thoughts that he passes even his junior partners without greetings; a man who deals only in large figures and sweeps detail away from him; a man whose eyes repel and whose voice does not invite.

When he established the business he discovered that his greatest difficulty lay in the scarcity of men who, actuated by their own inherent traits, would do their work properly. He went in too deeply, trusting many things to his organization. This failed him. He shook off his partners by violent methods, earned a reputation for cruelty by the way he scattered the remainder of his worthless organization and crawled like a lion into his lair—maimed, but the absolute master.

From this lair he looked forth with a new viewpoint. From somewhere among the great multitude of indifferent, incompetent and visionless men he knew he could pick here and there a man of the caliber he wanted. Hundreds of men came and went, and scarcely any of them realized that the chief's misanthropic eyes were watching them from the peepholes of his den. What he wanted must come spontaneously or he wouldn't consider it sufficient for his purpose. While he watched he saw most of his executives standing about waiting to be given orders. He saw scores of his people loafing the instant supervision was withdrawn. From the big jobs down to the little ones, he saw things done wrong. All this angered him and made him cynical.

Results the Things That Count

ON ONE occasion, in those early years, an executive of some rank entered the chief's office to tell about the incompetence of a mailing clerk who had lost a check by carelessly throwing it away with an envelope.

"I don't want to hear why you and your clerks can't get your checks through safely," he broke in sharply. "Get your money and quit—both of you!"

After that there was an unwritten law which said that what the chief required was not methods but results; and about the only things that penetrated his inner sanctum—except when he ordered otherwise—were the concisely tabulated reports. There were no more conversaziones; but here and there a discerning young man sprang up who began to take burdens from the shoulders of the chief.

Then, when the chief had found his men who would do things right, under their own steam, he developed into a mighty general by turning them into junior partners and millionaires. In this way he built up the wings of his army. He commanded—not by dictating little policies or by petty bossing, but by setting the goals. He told the generals under him what each must accomplish in the aggregate.

What the Chief Required Was Not Methods but Results

Brown was one of these men and I have his story as he told it to me himself. But Brown's story is merely one of a series of extraordinary romances, each one of which reflects the senior partner as the one tremendous personality of the business.

And yet, so subtle and fugitive is this personality that you can't get at it until you dig into the lives of the junior partners. Even then you have to go back and connect up again with the senior partner. You have to picture him there, grim, mysterious and silent in his unapproachable retreat, watching the moves his men are making under him.

At first you always see him as the tyrant, the man without emotions, pitiless and lonely in his menacing power. But as you study his junior partners he begins to soften. Every one of those junior partners stands for the highest ideals in some particular type of human quality—and the senior partner hunted out all of them and put them there!

Now go back: There was a young man in the house, one Smith, who had come up along a route different from Brown's. He began as a stock boy in the wholesale department. By nature he was a careful worker and liked methodical ways of doing things. It was his delight to classify the goods on the shelves so that he could put his hand on anything almost instantly. Consequently the work of his department was materially improved. Some of his associates called him a plodder, but presently he was advanced to take charge of another stock. The fact of the matter was that he had simply done his work right without being kept under pressure. He had supplied the pressure himself.

The senior partner, of course, didn't even know he existed.

After a while, when he had moved up several notches, he had the management of an important department. He had extended that pressure under which he worked to the men under him. I can best draw a picture of him by quoting an episode told me by a certain man who is now at the head of a business of his own, but who for years was an executive of this house:

"After I had served for a time as an office boy in the wholesale, I was put in one of the stocks under Smith. I was green and scant of dignity, and some of the people in the house made me the butt of jokes and bullying. My work often required me to go to other departments, where I encountered a vast amount of indifference and neglect of duty. Things didn't run as smoothly as they did in Smith's department. The very character of the men seemed different. Smith was fine-grained by nature, disliked vulgarity and profanity, and had many high standards. He wouldn't have any man under him who didn't measure up to his demands.

"One day I was sent to a certain department to get some goods and was gone so long that on my return I was severely rebuked by the man immediately over me. I was afraid of being discharged, so I went straight to Smith and told him that I was being unjustly blamed; that I didn't think the men in other departments should be allowed to impede our own department or to swear at us. Then I quoted the words that had been spoken to me by a slipshod nincompoop who posed as a salesman up in the flannels:

"'You go to hell! I'll get those goods for you when I'm ready to get them!'

"'Come with me,' said Smith."

Smith on the Warpath

"HE DIDN'T really have any control over the other department, but he and I went over there, and I never heard before or since such a stinging arraignment as Smith gave that fellow. In a few words he gave a master summary of the devious art of incompetence and neglect of duty. Then I led him round to various men who had retarded the routine of our department, and the things he handed those chaps made them marked men. Then he turned to me:

"'How old are you?'

"'Seventeen.'

"'Where do you live? What do you do with your time outside of business hours? What do you read? Do you go to church? Do you smoke? Do you drink? Would you like to go downstairs to work?'

"He poured the questions at me.

"Next day I did go downstairs, and this was the beginning of my rise with the house."

It was somewhere along about this time that the senior partner, always silently watching and analyzing his reports, discovered Smith as a man who had this curious faculty of picking exceptionally capable young men here and there about the establishment and boosting them along into better jobs. But, more than this, the tabulated results from Smith's department always seemed to have a thrill of their own—they always talked in relatively large figures.

So one day Smith was made a virtual superintendent over the employment department, because this ability to make men do things right was one quality that stood very high in the estimation of the chief.

Smith did not go to the senior partner and ask what sort of men and boys should be employed. He was a keen young man—keen enough to know that his cue was to do the thing. He set out to build up the best organization he could, or, rather, to supply the material for it. He knew what the chief's axiom was: That few men ever do anything right. It was his job to find the men who would come the nearest to doing it—to find a few men, at least, who really would do things right of their own volition. Then, for the great mass of employees who must of necessity be subjected to petty bossing, it was his job to set up rigid rules and standards. He would have to do the thinking for them and the commanding, and thus take a mighty burden off the senior partner.

Here is an example of one of his standards:

A salesman who had been with the wholesale house many years went to him.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "men have been promoted over my head. I think I'm entitled to a better show."

"Well, let's see about it," said Smith. "Do you own your own home?"

"No."

"What investments have you?"

"None. I've never been able to make investments—salary too small."

"Aha!" said Smith. "If you cannot manage such things for yourself, how can you do them for the house?"

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This, indeed, was a reflection of the senior partner himself, who never took an employee into his own magic circle of profits who had not shown, in his own private affairs, evidence of keen business ability. Smith, when drawing a salary of eight thousand dollars, lived on two thousand and had developed a habit of shrewd real-estate investment.

In certain directions the espionage outside of the business was as strict as it was within. Then Smith invented a way of his own for checking any tendency his executives might have toward the "bighead."

A certain man tells this of himself:

"I was occupying a fairly good position with the house and drawing twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Still, I had a notion that I was worth twice that, and I made up my mind to go out for another job if I didn't pull down a big raise.

"While I was getting my nerve to tackle Smith, an office boy brought me word that Smith wanted to see me. I went down feeling pretty shaky and wondering what he might have on me. He always had a way about him that made you feel he had something up his sleeve. But about all he said was this:

"'Well, your year is about up. Would you like to stay another year, or do you think you can better yourself somewhere else?'

"By George, it was clear enough that Smith didn't regard me as any great asset to the business. He practically fired me right there and hired me back at twenty-five hundred dollars a year.

"Well, sir, I got to wondering afterward why Smith had done the thing that way, and if he really had anything on me. That led me into some self-analysis, and I began to size up the things I had done and hadn't done for the house. I got next to myself, and a few years later I was drawing six thousand dollars."

The Swift Rise of Jones

The same thing was done with most of the executives. They were rehired every year, on a basis that really kept them all the time as probationers, giving their best. And that was exactly the basis on which the senior partner took his junior partners.

One day, in the midst of this sort of thing, the senior partner sent word to Smith:

"I have decided to give you a partnership interest."

He didn't do this because he loved Smith as a man, or because he hobnobbed with Smith—because the senior partner didn't do either of these things. He took Smith into partnership solely because Smith had taken from his shoulders a great load. He knew that Smith wouldn't go on forever getting such results for a salary of ten thousand dollars a year. He would hunt a better job, or get into business for himself. He was one of those rare and valuable human jewels—purely from a money standpoint—who come pretty close to doing things right without asking somebody else to do the thinking.

So Smith got five per cent of the profits and is a wealthy man to-day.

Still another young man, one Jones, entered the group by way of the retail house. They put him back of the counter, selling dress goods. Apparently he was quite a commonplace young chap, small of stature, undemonstrative and a poor talker. As a salesman he didn't make any impression at all. But he had a mathematical mind and he had some singularly original ideas about keeping track of turnover. He wanted to know why certain goods sold so much faster than other goods, and he worked out, in his idle moments, some astonishing figures as to the cost of handling "stickers."

The result was that this very ordinary young man was put in charge of the department. Then he was taken over to the wholesale end of the business, and it wasn't long before he was managing a group of minor departments. To these he began to adapt his ideas of turnover. His reports showed a jump of fifty per cent in profits.

Presently the lion, in his solitary retreat, bestirred himself. Jones was suddenly elevated to the management of a group of important departments. Through one of the junior partners a brief message was taken to him from the senior partner:

"In these departments the net profits for the coming year are estimated at such and such a figure!"

Now in the ordinary small drygoods store the stock is quite likely to be looked upon as a lump sum, to be turned over three times or more a year. But if you were to ask the proprietor how many times he turned his dress goods, for instance, he might not be able to tell you. In larger stores the records show the turnover in more or less detail. But Jones went far beyond the ordinary methods even of big stores. His methods of analyzing turnover and recording it sometimes extended down to single articles. At any rate, he got his groups down pretty small. Without attempting to be literal I might illustrate his system this way:

Dress goods: Divided into "stocks" or subdivisions

One of these stocks: Black dress goods.

Black dress goods again divided: Wool and cotton.

Black cotton dress goods divided into many ramifications; and so on down the line.

Ordinarily, so-called turnover, no matter how many times a year it may be accomplished, doesn't preclude the accumulation of "stickers," because new goods are being bought all the time while many articles of stock may not turn over at all. Jones discovered a huge mass of stuff that had stuck on the shelves. Through his minute study of turnover he eliminated this sort of thing, cut down the stock investment heavily, showed the buyers how to buy opportunely and in right quantities, and tabulated, in his comparative records, a lot of new information bearing on markets.

Deep in his private office the senior partner got the concentrated reports showing results. Perhaps he called Jones in at times and offered suggestions. But my information is that this was decidedly the exception. It was Jones who did the thing.

Yet was it?

As you study each grand division of this business you are inclined to think that Brown, Smith and Jones and the others are the men who built this huge mercantile house. But when you take the thing as a whole the senior partner looms in masterful supremacy. It was his genius that conceived the whole tremendous plot. It was he who discovered these men and picked them out of the vast multitudes of hopeless humanity. It was he who stood back and said to them: "Don't come to me for help; do it!" In every act of these junior partners you see the senior partner himself. Without him the thing would never have been staged.

And of course Jones is a partner to-day worth more than one million dollars, and not an old man either.

When Carpets Wouldn't Sell

Quite a good many years ago there came into Jones' office another very ordinary young man. There doesn't seem to be anything extraordinary about any of these men viewed from the standpoint of looks, clothes and talk. But this young man's peculiarity lay in his imagination. Jones himself didn't seem to have any imagination, but worked wholly in figures. The younger man, Black, was not an adept in mathematical merchandising, but his facile mind was always roaming about on the outskirts, as it were. It was *this* quality that made him assistant merchandise manager to Jones.

One day Jones was very sad. He had figured the turnover in all kinds of carpets down to the utmost refinement, and he couldn't locate any opportunity for profits. Carpets were a drug on the market. The mills were turning out vast quantities, and all the stores carried big stocks. Prices were away down. Those were days when people had softwood floors, and you had trouble finding a house with a rug in it.

"All carpets are stickers," observed Jones.

"Then why not jump in with rugs?" asked Black. "We've got a great opportunity, right here in this town, with rugs!"

Jones tried to prove with his arithmetic that the idea was sheer nonsense. But he ended, as usual, by getting something of a vision from Black's imagination. He made up his mind to try out rugs. The result was that this house created a rug vogue in its own city, educated the people to want rugs, drilled hardwood floors into the brains of builders—and showed handsome results to the chief. While other dealers were still ridiculing rugs and pushing carpets without any profit, this house was making a gross profit on rugs of four or five hundred per cent.

Black was eternally exploring the market for new opportunities. If one sort of lace

curtain didn't show the turnover and net profit that Jones said it should, Black conceived some other kind of lace curtain that would bring returns up to standard. If a given kind of garment couldn't be bought by the house so as to sell at the price Jones said it must bring, there immediately rose up in Black's imagination a factory where the house could make the garment itself. It was he who dreamed of the bargain basement.

It was said of the senior partner that he had no imagination, but this seems to have been a mistake. He had an imagination so expansive that he took Black in as another junior partner and made him a very rich man. Yet, by taking Black, he relieved himself largely of the necessity of having an imagination.

In the early days of the house the reception given buyers in the wholesale department was very indifferent. A buyer would wander round with scant attention and often go away in a huff. Or else he would buy recklessly, without much regard for his real needs.

Along at this period a young man came along who was out of a job. He was put on as a house salesman. His method of handling buyers was so radically different that it resulted in a whole new philosophy of wholesale salesmanship. He was simply another one of those rare men who do things right from their own power.

Out of the obscurity of the common lot the senior partner took this man one day, suddenly and without notice or discussion, and set him down in a junior partner's chair, to the tune of a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Some years later, down at the retail store, a boy of sixteen applied for work. He was small, well dressed, with every indication of gentility and refinement. He was the sort of boy you would like to see go to college.

They took him on and made him first an office boy.

"A light-weight and a sissy!" some of the rougher office boys said of him. The language they used in his hearing, privately, gave him material for much thinking.

Because he had a lot of little ideals of personal conduct, and a decided inclination to do his work correctly, he was made a clerk in the office of the retail merchandise manager. Here for several years he stayed, studying the art of merchandising, without attracting much attention. The senior partner knew nothing of him. But all this time the boy was becoming more and more of an idealist. In a way he was a dreamer and a poet. The crudities he saw everywhere about him jarred his esthetic nature.

Putting Romance Into Dry Goods

In his early twenties he began to be more certain of his own views. One day while walking through the store he heard a floorman rebuke a clerk angrily and say to her:

"Here, you! Come along, there! What ails you?"

Back in the merchandise manager's office he expressed the opinion that this was not the way to handle such a situation. If he had anything to say about it, he declared, he would forbid the use of harsh or crude language on the part of all employees, high and low.

This caused a laugh in the office; but it came to pass that this young man eventually was given power to put into force that very rule. In one way or another some of the ideals of the young man had sifted into the sacred office of the senior partner—that cold, silent man who people said had no ideals himself except results in money.

In his capacity as assistant manager of operation at the retail store the young man became the romancer of the business.

"One thing we need to do," he said, for instance, "is to raise the individual ideals of our employees and foster their self-respect. Therefore we shall abolish the employees' entrances and allow them the free use of all doors."

Then one day he said:

"We shall raise the ideals of our customers by carpeting such and such sections of the store."

Amidst a storm of secret ridicule inside the house, and open incredulity outside it, the thing was gradually done. Not only in this, but in numerous ways, he set up drawing-room standards—unheard of in the mercantile life of the age. In certain sections of the store men customers began instinctively to remove their hats. Refinement animated the organization and customers alike. Customers became guests. A score of little attentions were bestowed. A floorman would step up to an overheated woman customer and say to her:

"Madam, permit me to have a boy check your wraps."

In the old days, when the retail salesmanship was as crude as the wholesale salesmanship had been, the salespersons were often guilty of certain vulgarities in their language:

"You'll find it in the gents' furnishings."

"At the other end of the store, lady."

"Get busy there, Lulu!"

"Who's the new guy over in the linens?"

All these things rasped on the refined ears of the assistant operation manager, and wherever he saw or heard anything of the sort he proceeded to set up a new and high ideal. Not that his ideals were easily enforced, but they were made the rigid test of employment in the store; and within a few years the old atmosphere was gone almost wholly. The reports to the senior partner showed amazing profits.

The young man kept finding new standards, and frequently they seemed to have the tinge of the romantic and sentimental. He observed on one occasion that a salesgirl in the store, while doing some shopping on her own account, was treated with gross incivility by another salesgirl. Immediately he followed out his usual custom in the kind of order he issued. He believed in no compromise with the right method:

"Salespersons, when shopping in this store for themselves, become guests of the store and are to receive the same treatment in every respect that is given regular customers."

Shortly afterward a clerk was dismissed for saying to one of these shopping salesgirls: "Go chase yourself; you ain't got no rights anyway."

Manners and Salaries

In former days salespersons were employed to sell certain stocks, and haughtily refused to wait on customers of other stocks. The assistant operation manager set up an ideal which many of the experts said was not only a practical impossibility but a dream. He ordered that all salespersons should be subject to the instructions of floormen in this respect, and could be called on the instant to serve in any stock.

Formerly the salaries of the sales force were gauged almost altogether on their weekly sales, but now this idealist proceeded to mark them also according to the nearness of their approach to the ethical standards he set for them; and many a salesman or saleswoman drew a wage chiefly for the refining influence he or she exerted, and for the example thus brought to bear upon the store. Thus, one kindly old man was for years on the pay roll almost solely for this reason.

Men said that the senior partner was a man absolutely without sentiment; yet, hiding back there in his lair, he looked out of the chinks and furtively watched the assistant operation manager while he was struggling with the evolution of these strange and unbusinesslike ideals.

And then one afternoon this mysterious and ferocious senior partner sent over to the young man a partnership agreement to be signed, and added another member to that inner group of men who did things right.

There is, however, another side to this curious organization of mercantile geniuses. It shows the chief again in absolute autocracy, but from the other angle.

A certain junior partner's periodic term of partnership expired. He was a man who had risen from nothing to the management of a branch retail house. His reports to the senior partner showed fair results, but not so favorable as earlier results had been. The taut line had slackened.

On each previous expiration date he had received from the senior partner's secretary a new agreement to be signed, extending his lease of partnership another year. But now, instead of the agreement he got a check for almost two million dollars.

No letter came with it from the chief, but merely a perfunctory note from the secretary. The junior partner had seen other junior partners pass out by the same route, so he quietly took his check down to the bank and deposited it. Then he cleaned out his desk, said good-by to the associates of many years, and became a private citizen.

To-day you will find him in the directory with "Capitalist" after his name.

"Yes, I'm one tired man tonight!"

"Any Campbell's Tomato Soup in the house? That's what I want!"

He *knows*.

And there are thousands just like him everywhere, every night—tired, hungry business men, fagged out with the day's work—who know that the one thing they want most and first is

Campbell's Tomato Soup

They know from experience its delightfully tonic and appetizing quality. They know that its stimulating effect is wholesome and natural; and that it helps to strengthen and build them up in a genuine way.

How about *your* men folks? Do they know this important fact—or do you know it for them? Are you prepared to welcome them tonight with a warming, nourishing plate of this delicious soup? Why not phone your grocer for a dozen right now?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
	Mutton	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Enchanted Homes

Transformed by Billiards

This grand old game was once the sport of royalty alone. Yet these are days when Carom or Pocket-Billiards reigns supreme in mansion and cottage alike.

Look about you—learn how home folks love the boundless pleasures of Billiards. Learn how they prize its physical benefits, too.

Each evening in the billiard room a round of gaiety ensues. Men's cares are lost amid the thrilling rivalry. Each winning shot brings back the old-time bloom to mothers' cheeks.

Here growing girls develop gracefulness and charm. And Billiards keeps boys home, quickens their wits and makes them *great big-hearted little men!*

Real BRUNSWICK Home

Billiard Tables

"GRAND," "BABY GRAND" and "CONVERTIBLES"

Real Brunswick regulation tables, modified only in size and design to harmonize with home surroundings. Quick-acting Monarch cushions, genuine Vermont slate bed, fast Imported billiard cloth—all the most scientific playing qualities embodied.

No Home Too Small

The "GRAND" and "BABY GRAND" are built of handsome San Domingo mahogany, richly inlaid. They add immensely to the beauty of the home.

"CONVERTIBLE" models in oak or mahogany. Changed in a moment from full-fledged Carom or Pocket Billiard Tables to perfect Library and Dining Tables.

Factory Prices—20c a Day

Brunswick's 9 great factories, now building for thousands, have cut the cost of these elegant tables to a fraction of prices of ten years ago.

And our popular purchase plan—*terms as low as 20c a day*—lets you pay monthly as you play.

30-Day Trial—Outfit FREE

Learn the delights of billiards first hand. Test any table 30 days in your own home, as hundreds have done.

And remember we give a *complete high-class* Playing Outfit FREE—Balls, Cues, Rack, Markers, Spirit Level, Cue-Clamps, Tips, Table Cover, expert book on "How to Play," etc.

Our famous book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," shows these tables in actual colors, gives low prices, easy terms and full details. Mail the coupon at once and have this interesting book by return mail free.

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with details of your 30-day trial offer.

Name

Address

TISH'S SPY

(Continued from Page 6)

And, sure enough, about the middle of the afternoon he appeared and stared in at us. The man watched us for quite a time, smoking a cigarette as he did so. Then he came in and bent down over Tish.

"You didn't take the children out for the picnic, did you?" he said.

"I did not!" Tish snapped.

"I'm sorry. Never saw the place look so well!"

"Look here," Tish said, putting down her beads; "what were you doing there that night anyhow? You don't belong to the family."

He looked surprised and then grieved.

"You've discovered that, have you?" he said. "I did, you know—word of honor! They've turned me off; but I love the old place still, and on summer nights I wander about it, recalling happier days."

Hutchins closed her book with a snap, and he sighed.

"I perceive that we are overheard," he said. "Sometime I hope to tell you the whole story. It's extremely sad. I'll not spoil the beginning of your holiday with it."

All the time he had been talking he held a piece of paper in his hand. When he left us Tish went back thoughtfully to her beads.

"It just shows, Lizzie," she said, "how wrong we are to trust to appearances. That poor boy ——"

I had stooped into the aisle and was picking up the piece of paper which he had accidentally dropped as he passed Hutchins. I opened it and read aloud to Tish and Aggie, who had wakened:

"'Afraid you'll not get away with it! The red-haired man in the car behind is a plain-clothes man.'"

Tish has a large fund of general knowledge, gained through Charlie Sands; so what Aggie and I failed to understand she interpreted at once.

"A plain-clothes man," she explained, "is a detective dressed as a gentleman. It's as plain as a pikestaff! The boy's received this warning and dropped it. He has done something he shouldn't and is escaping to Canada!"

I do not believe, however, that we should have thought of his being a political spy but for the conductor of the train. He proved to be a very nice person, with eight children and a toupee; and he said that Canada was honeycombed with spies in the pay of the German Government.

"They're sending wireless messages all the time, probably from remote places," he said. "And, of course, their play now is to blow up the transcontinental railroads. Of course the railroads have an army of detectives on the watch."

"Good heavens!" Aggie said, and turned pale.

Well, our pleasure in the journey was ruined. Every time the whistle blew on the engine we quailed, and Tish wrote her will then and there on the back of an envelope. It was while she was writing that the truth came to her.

"That boy!" she said. "Don't you see it all? That note was a warning to him. He's a spy and the red-haired man is after him."

None of us slept that night, though Tish did a very courageous thing about eleven o'clock, when she was ready for bed. I went with her. We had put our dressing gowns over our nightrobes, and we went back to the car containing the spy.

He had not retired, but was sitting alone, staring ahead moodily. The red-haired man was getting ready for bed, just opposite. Tish spoke loudly, so the detective should hear.

"I have come back," Tish said, "to say that we know everything. A word to the wise, Mister Happier Days! Don't try any of your tricks!"

He sat, with his mouth quite open, and stared at us; but the red-haired man pretended to hear nothing and took off his other shoe.

None of us slept at all except Hutchins. Though we had told her nothing she seemed inherently to distrust the spy. When, on arriving at the town where we were to take the boat, he offered to help her off with Aggie's cat basket, which she was carrying, she snubbed him.

"I can do it myself," she said coldly; "and if you know when you're well off you'll go back to where you came from. Something might happen to you here in the wilderness."

"I wish it would," he replied in quite a tragic manner.

[As Tish said then, a man is probably often forced by circumstances into hateful situations. No spy can really want to be a spy, with every brick wall suggesting, as it must, a firing squad.]

Well, to make a long story short, we took the little steamer that goes up the river three times a week to take groceries and mail to the logging camps, and the spy and the red-haired detective went along. The spy seemed to have quite a lot of luggage, but the detective had only a suitcase.

Tish, watching him, said his expression grew more and more anxious as we proceeded up the river. Cottages gave place to logging camps and these to rocky islands, with no sign of life; still, the spy stayed on the steamer, and so, of course, did the detective.

Tish went down and examined the luggage. She reported that the spy was traveling under the name of McDonald and that the detective's suitcase was unmarked. Mr. McDonald had some boxes and a green canoe. The detective had nothing at all. There were no other passengers.

We let Aggie's cat out on the boat and he caught a mouse almost immediately, and laid it in the most touching manner at the detective's feet; but he was in a very bad humor and flung it over the rail. Shortly after that he asked Tish whether she intended to go to the Arctic Circle.

"I don't know that that's any concern of yours," Tish said. "You're not after me, you know."

He looked startled and muttered something into his mustache.

"It's perfectly clear what's wrong with him," Tish said. "He's got to stick to Mr. McDonald, and he hasn't got a tent in that suitcase, or even a blanket. I don't suppose he knows where his next meal's coming from."

She was probably right, for I saw the crew of the boat packing a box or two of crackers and an old comfort into a box; and Aggie overheard the detective say to the captain that if he would sell him some fishhooks he would not starve anyhow.

Tish found an island that suited her about three o'clock that afternoon, and we disembarked. Mr. McDonald insisted on helping the crew with our stuff, which they piled on a large flat rock; but the detective stood on the upper deck and scowled down at us. Tish suggested that he was a woman hater.

"They know so many lawbreaking women," she said, "it's quite natural."

Having landed us, the boat went across to another island and deposited Mr. McDonald and the green canoe. Tish, who had talked about a lodge in some vast wilderness, complained at that; but when the detective got off on a little tongue of the mainland, in sight of both islands, she said the place was getting crowded and she had a notion to go farther.

The first thing she did was to sit on a box and open a map. The Canadian Pacific was only a few miles away through the woods!

Hutchins proved herself a treasure. She could work all round the three of us; she opened boxes and a can of beans for supper with the same hatchet, and had tea made and the beans heated while Tish was selecting a site for the tent.

But—and I remembered this later—she watched the river at intervals, with her cheeks like roses from the exertion. She was really a pretty girl—only, when no one was looking, her mouth that day had a way of setting itself firmly, and she frowned at the water.

We, Hutchins and I, set up the stove against a large rock, and when the teakettle started to boil it gave the river front a homy look. Sitting on my folding chair beside the stove, with a cup of tea in my hand and a plate of beans on a doily on a packing box beside me, I was entirely comfortable. Through the glasses I could see the red-haired man on the other shore sitting on a rock, with his head in his hands; but Mr. McDonald had clearly located on the other side of his island and was not in sight.

Aggie and Tish were putting up the tent, and Hutchins was feeding the tea grounds to the worms, which had traveled comfortably, when I saw a canoe coming up the river. I called to Tish about it.

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Such shoes bend and crumple the bones—see X-Ray—causing corns, bunions, callouses, ingrowing nails, falling arch, etc.—perpetual foot torture, which affects your whole system.

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That shoe is the good-looking, roomy-toed Educator

Made for Men, Women, Children. Always that same good, comfortable shape year after year. Always the same fine workmanship. Prices from $1.35 up to $5.50.

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"An Indian!" she said calmly. "Get the beads, Aggie; and put my shotgun on that rock, where he can see it." She stood and watched him. "Primitive man, every inch of him!" she went on. "Notice his uncovered head. Notice the freedom, almost the savagery, of the way he uses that paddle. I wish he would sing. You remember, in Hiawatha, how they sing as they paddle along?"

She got the beads and went to the water's edge; but the Indian stooped just then and, picking up a Panama hat, put it on his head.

"I have called," he said, "to see whether I can interest you in a set of books I am selling. I shall detain you only a moment. Sixty-three steel engravings by well-known artists; best hand-made paper; and the work itself is of high educational value."

Tish suddenly put the beads behind her back and said we did not expect to have any time to read. We had come into the wilderness to rest our minds.

"You are wrong, I fear," said the Indian. "Personally I find that I can read better in the wilds than anywhere else. Great thoughts in great surroundings! I take Nietzsche with me when I go fishing."

Tish had the wretched beads behind her all the time; and, to make conversation, more than anything else, she asked about venison. He shrugged his shoulders. J. Fenimore Cooper had not prepared us for an Indian who shrugged his shoulders.

"We Indians are allowed to kill deer," he said; "but I fear you are prohibited. I am not even permitted to sell it."

"I should think," said Tish sharply, "that, since we are miles from a game-warden, you could safely sell us a steak or two."

He gazed at her disapprovingly.

"I should not care to break the law, madam," he said.

Then he picked up his paddle and took himself and his scruples and his hand-made paper and his sixty-three steel engravings down the river.

"Primitive man!" I said to Tish, from my chair. "Notice the freedom, almost the savagery, with which he swings that paddle."

We had brought a volume of Cooper along, not so much to read as to remind us how to address the Indians. Tish said nothing, but she got the book and flung it far out into the river.

There were a number of small annoyances the first day or two. Hutchins was having trouble with the motor launch, which the steamer had towed up the day we came, and which she called the Mebbe. And another civilized Indian, with a gold watch and a cigarette case, had rented us a leaky canoe for a dollar a day.

[We patched the leak with chewing gum, which Aggie always carries for indigestion; and it did fairly well, so long as the gum lasted.]

Then, on the second night, there was a little wind, and the tent collapsed on us, the ridgepole taking Aggie across the chest. It was that same night, I think, when Aggie's cat found a porcupine in the woods, and came in looking like a pincushion.

What with chopping firewood for the stove, and carrying water, and bailing out the canoe, and with the motor boat giving one gasp and then dying for every hundred times somebody turned over the engine, we had no time to fish for two days.

The police agent fished all day from a rock, for, of course, he had no boat; but he seemed to catch nothing. At times we saw him digging frantically, as though for worms. What he dug with I do not know; but, of course, he got no worms. Tish said if he had been more civil she would have taken something to him and a can of worms; but he had been rude, especially to Aggie's cat, and probably the boat would bring him things.

What with getting settled and everything, we had not much time to think about the spy. It was on the third day, I believe, that he brought his green canoe to the open water in front of us and anchored there, just beyond earshot.

He put out a line and opened a book; and from that time on he was a part of the landscape every day from ten A. M. to four P. M. At noon he would eat some sort of a lunch, reading as he ate.

He apparently never looked toward us, but he was always there. It was the most extraordinary thing. At first we thought he had found a remarkable fishing place; but he seemed to catch very few fish. It was Tish, I think, who found the best explanation.

FEB. 22nd

Indian Day

—an annual event in motorcycle affairs

INDIAN DAY is, in effect, a national motorcycle show that every person can attend, no matter where he lives. Go to any of the 2800 Indian dealers on Washington's Birthday and you will find the new 1915 models on view.

See the Nine Big Innovations which the Indian features for the coming year—great points of motorcycle progress.

Join in the discussion of motorcycle matters of general interest. Meet the motorcycling personalities of your locality. Make the Indian headquarters your club room on Washington's Birthday.

Indian Day was a tremendous success last year—full of interest and entertainment—an experience of real value to the enthusiasts of the two-wheeled motor-vehicle.

Open house—plenty of fun—at every Indian wigwam on Indian Day. The date is **FEBRUARY 22nd.**

Come at the hour most convenient.
Stay as long as you like.

See newspapers for your local dealer's special announcement.

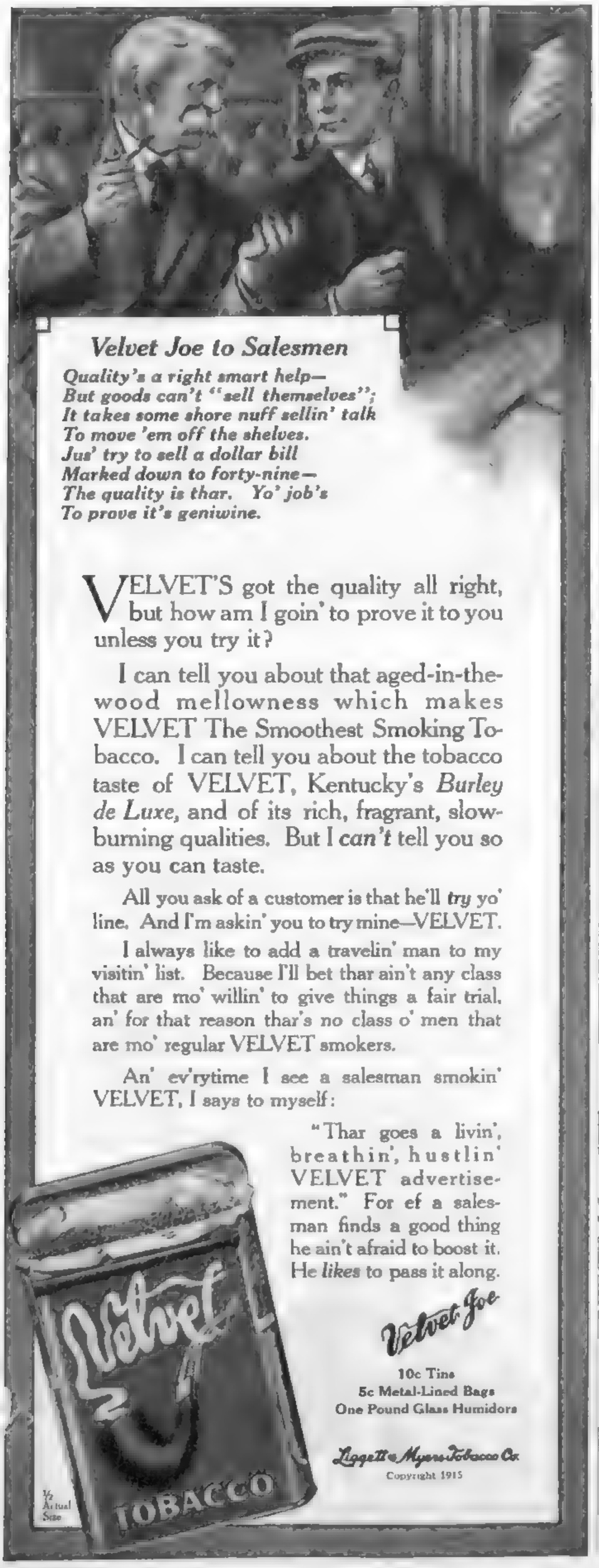
HENDEE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World)

701 State Street Springfield, Mass.

Branches and Service Stations: Chicago Minneapolis Kansas City San Francisco Atlanta Dallas Toronto London Melbourne

1915 Indian Big Twin
One Speed $225, Two Speed $260, Three Speed $275



Velvet Joe to Salesmen

Quality's a right smart help—
But goods can't "sell themselves";
It takes some shore nuff sellin' talk
To move 'em off the shelves.
Jus' try to sell a dollar bill
Marked down to forty-nine—
The quality is thar. Yo' job's
To prove it's geniwine.

VELVET'S got the quality all right, but how am I goin' to prove it to you unless you try it?

I can tell you about that aged-in-the-wood mellowness which makes VELVET The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco. I can tell you about the tobacco taste of VELVET, Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe*, and of its rich, fragrant, slow-burning qualities. But I *can't* tell you so as you can taste.

All you ask of a customer is that he'll *try* yo' line. And I'm askin' you to try mine—VELVET.

I always like to add a travelin' man to my visitin' list. Because I'll bet thar ain't any class that are mo' willin' to give things a fair trial, an' for that reason thar's no class o' men that are mo' regular VELVET smokers.

An' ev'rytime I see a salesman smokin' VELVET, I says to myself:

"Thar goes a livin', breathin', hustlin' VELVET advertisement." For ef a salesman finds a good thing he ain't afraid to boost it. He *likes* to pass it along.

Velvet Joe

10c Tins
5c Metal-Lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyright 1915

"He's providing himself with an alibi," she stated. "How can he be a spy when we see him all day long? Don't you see how clever it is?"

It was the more annoying because we had arranged a small cove for soap-and-water bathing, hanging up a rod for bath towels and suspending a soapdish and a sponge holder from an overhanging branch. The cove was well shielded by brush and rocks from the island, but naturally was open to the river.

It was directly opposite this cove that Mr. McDonald took up his position.

This compelled us to bathe in the early morning, while the water was still cold, and resulted in causing Aggie a most uncomfortable half hour on the fourth morning of our stay.

She was the last one in the pool, and Tish absent-mindedly took her bathrobe and slippers back to the camp when she went. Tish went out in the canoe shortly after. She was learning to use one, with a life preserver on—Tish, of course, not the canoe. And, Mr. McDonald arriving soon after, Aggie was compelled to sit in the water for two hours and twenty minutes. When Hutchins found her she was quite blue.

This was the only disagreement we had all summer:

Aggie's refusing to speak to Tish that entire day. She said Mr. McDonald had seen her head and thought it was some sort of swimming animal, and had shot at her.

Mr. McDonald said afterward he knew her all the time, and was uncertain whether she was taking a cure for something or was trying to commit suicide. He said he spent a wretched morning.

At five o'clock that evening we began to hear a curious tapping noise from the spy's island. It would last for a time, stop, and go on.

Hutchins said it was woodpeckers; but Tish looked at me significantly.

"Wireless!" she said. "What did I tell you?"

That decided her next move, for that evening she put some tea and canned corn and a rubber blanket into the canoe; and in fear and trembling I went with her.

"It's going to rain, Lizzie," she said, "and after all, that detective may be surly; but he's doing his duty by his country. It's just as heroic to follow a spy up here, and starve to death watching him, as it is to storm a trench—and less showy. And I've something to tell him."

The canoe tilted just then, and only by heroic efforts were we able to calm it.

"Then why not go comfortably in the motor boat?"

Tish stopped, her paddle in the air.

"Because I can't make that dratted engine go," she said, "and because I believe Hutchins would drown us all before she'd take any help to him. It's my belief that she's known him somewhere. I've seen her sit on a rock and look across at him with murder in her eyes."

A little wind had come up and the wretched canoe was leaking, the chewing gum having come out. Tish was paddling; so I was compelled to sit over the aperture, thus preventing water from coming in. Despite my best efforts, however, about three inches seeped in and washed about me. It was quite uncomfortable.

The red-haired man was asleep when we landed. He had hung the comfort over a branch, like a tent, and built a fire at the end of it. He had his overcoat on, buttoned to the chin, and his head was on his suitcase. He sat up and looked at us, blinking.

"We've brought you some tea and some canned corn," Tish said; "and a rubber blanket. It's going to rain."

He slid out of the tent, feet first, and got up; but when he tried to speak he sneezed. He had a terrible cold.

"I might as well say at once," Tish went on, "that we know why you are here ——"

"The deuce you do!" he said hoarsely.

"We do not particularly care about you, especially since the way you acted to a friendly and innocent cat—one can always judge a man by the way he treats dumb animals; but we sympathize with your errand. We'll even help if we can."

"Then the—the person in question has confided in you?"

"Not at all," said Tish loftily. "I hope we can put two and two together. Have you got a revolver?"

He looked startled at that.

"I have one," he said; "but I guess I'll not need it. The first night or two a skunk hung round; two, in fact— mother and child—but I think they're gone."

"Would you like some fish?"

"My God, no!"

This is a truthful narrative. That is exactly what he said.

"I'll tell you what I do need, ladies," he went on:

"If you've got a spare suit of underwear over there I could use it. It'd stretch, probably. And I'd like a pen and some ink. I must have lost my fountain pen out of my pocket stooping over the bank to wash my face."

"Do you know the wireless code?" Tish asked suddenly.

"Wireless?"

"I have every reason to believe," she said impressively, "that one of the great trees on that island conceals a wireless outfit."

"I see!" He edged back a little from us both.

"I should think," Tish said, eying him, "that a knowledge of the wireless code would be essential to you in your occupation."

"We—we get a smattering of all sorts of things," he said; but he was uneasy—you could see that with half an eye.

He accompanied us down to the canoe; but once, when Tish turned suddenly, he ducked back as though he had been struck and changed color. He thanked us for the tea and corn, and said he wished we had a spare razor—but, of course, he supposed not. Then:

"I suppose the—the person in question will stay as long as you do?" he asked, rather nervously.

"It looks like it," said Tish grimly. "I've no intention of being driven away, if that's what you mean. We'll stay as long as the fishing's good."

He groaned under his breath.

"The whole d——d river is full of fish," he said. "They crawled up the bank last night and ate all the crackers I'd saved for to-day. Oh, I'll pay somebody out for this, all right! Good gracious, ladies, your boat's full of water!"

"It has a hole in it," Tish replied and upturned it to empty it.

When he saw the hole his eyes stuck out.

"You can't go out in that leaky canoe! It's suicidal!"

"Not at all," Tish assured him. "My friend here will sit on the leak. Get in quick, Lizzie. It's filling."

The last we saw of the detective that night he was standing on the bank, staring after us. Afterward, when a good many things were cleared up, he said he decided that he'd been asleep and dreamed the whole thing—the wireless, and my sitting on the hole in the canoe, and the wind tossing it about, and everything—only, of course, there was the tea and the canned corn!

We did our first fishing the next day. Hutchins had got the motor boat going, and I put over the spoon I had made from the feather duster. After going a mile or so slowly I felt a tug, and on drawing my line in I found I had captured a large fish. I wrapped the line about a part of the engine and Tish put the barrel hoop with the netting underneath it. The fish was really quite large—about four feet, I think—and it broke through the netting. I wished to hit it with the oar, but Hutchins said that might break the line and free it. Unluckily we had not brought Tish's gun, or we might have shot it.

At last we turned the boat round and went home, the fish swimming alongside, with its mouth open. And there Aggie, who is occasionally almost inspired, landed the fish by the simple expedient of getting out of the boat, taking the line up a bank and wrapping it round a tree. By all pulling together we landed the fish successfully. It was forty-nine inches by Tish's tape measure.

Tish did not sleep well that night. She dreamed that the fish had a red mustache and was a spy in disguise. When she woke she declared there was somebody prowling round the tent.

She got her shotgun and we all sat up in bed for an hour or so.

Nothing happened, however, except that Aggie cried out that there was a small animal just inside the door of the tent. We could see it, too, though faintly. Tish turned the shotgun on it and it disappeared; but the next morning she found she had shot one of her shoes to pieces.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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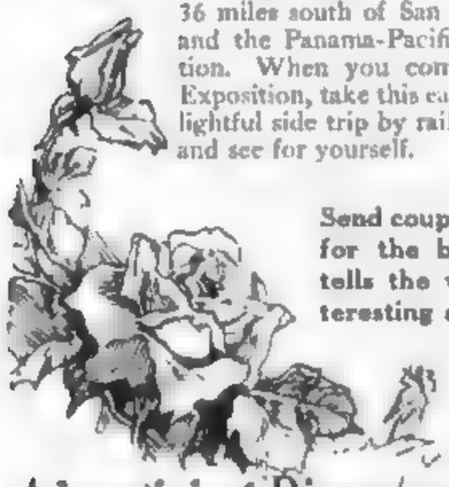

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What Next?

Night Sight

NIGHT telescopes four times as effective as those that have long been in use by marine officers have been perfected comparatively recently and are now in practical service. It hardly seems possible that a telescope could be of much use in bringing nearer or making more distinct a distant ship or building at night, but the modern night glasses do give an astonishing amount of assistance to the eye.

Under the old theory, any attempt to magnify a distant object very much—over three or four diameters, for instance—would be disastrous, because only so much light could come to the eye from the distant object; and spreading this scanty light over a wide space by much magnifying would simply result in blurring the object, making indistinct objects even less distinct.

The new glasses avoid this trouble by using the principle of adapting the pupil of the eye to the amount of light. Everyone is familiar with the changing pupil of a cat's eye—a narrow slit by day and a big disk by night—opening up at night to admit all the light obtainable. The old night glasses focused the light to a point, and the light entered the eye of the observer practically as a point.

The new glasses focus the light into a pencil one-fifth of an inch in diameter, because it has been found that the pupil of the human eye will admit a pencil of dim light of that width at night. Consequently the eye can take better advantage of such light as there is, and the modern night telescopes can magnify to eight diameters safely. Tests have shown them to be four times as effective as the old night glasses.

Blasting With Water

WATER cartridges in place of dynamite cartridges, to blast out rock, have been developed so that they are now coming into use for mine or surface work where an ordinary explosive has disadvantages, such as fire or danger to people near by.

Holes are drilled in the rock, as though for dynamite blasting, and the water cartridges shoved in like sticks of that explosive. The cartridges are steel cylinders with knobs along the side, so constructed that when water is pumped into the steel cylinder by a hand pump the side knobs will be pushed out. Enormous pressure can be exerted by slowly pumping water into the tubes, and consequently the knobs will be pushed out and out until they split the rock.

This is only a new application of the old principle of the hydrostatic press.

Fighting Diphtheria

A STRIKING instance of the sure and exact way in which modern science proceeds to stop a diphtheria epidemic was recently shown in Germany. The disease appeared in a kindergarten, several cases being discovered. Instead of simply closing down the school and watching the children for the first symptoms of the disease, it was decided to find out by the latest methods just what children were infected and then to isolate those children.

A bit of mucus was taken from the throat of each child and examined for diphtheria germs. This test showed several suspicious cases. Each of these suspected children was then tested by means of a diphtheria reaction method, which consisted of injecting under the skin a few drops of a specially prepared fluid to discover whether any little disturbance followed. The children who showed by reaction that they really had diphtheria were then given the ordinary serum treatment, with excellent results, because it was applied at such an early stage.

One week later the tests were all repeated again on the children who did not show the disease on the first trials. In all, eight children were found who had been infected; and all were promptly cured, with the result that no child in that kindergarten was acting as an innocent distributor of diphtheria.

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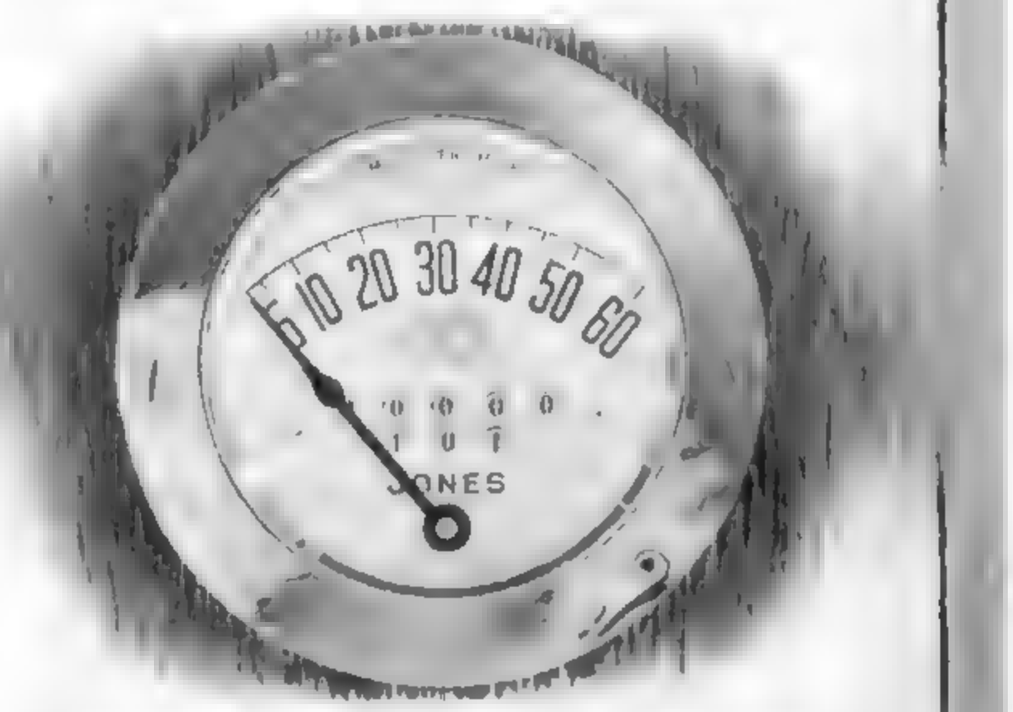

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Model 32 "New Six"—$1400

This new Chalmers "Six" is the result of a demand that has sprung up for a quality car at $1500 or less.

This car is just as distinctive a model as is the "Light Six" or the "Master Six." It is not a cheaper edition of these two famous Chalmers "Sixes." It is a *new* car created solely to meet a recognized demand.

Because it is somewhat smaller and lighter than either of the other "Sixes" it was necessary to develop a different kind of construction.

For instance, a unique type of spring suspension was developed. It gives this lighter, smaller car all the easy riding quality characteristic of the "Light Six" and of the "Master Six."

Even the motor—because of the type of the car—is of *different* construction. It is of unusually small bore and extra long stroke—a high-speed motor that produces a wonderful amount of power on a minimum consumption of gasoline.

Throughout this car there is evidenced the same care and skilled workmanship you find in the "Light Six" and the "Master Six." The materials, too, are of equally high quality.

In a word—it is a Chalmers car—with all that means—at $1400.

Model 26 "Lig

This is probably the most famous "Light Six" on the market.

It is a notably beautiful car of practical mechanical perfection.

Its owners will tell you that during the past season it has proved the most economical to own of any in its division.

This remarkable economy is not due to any great saving in gasoline. For there are several "light sixes" that probably con-

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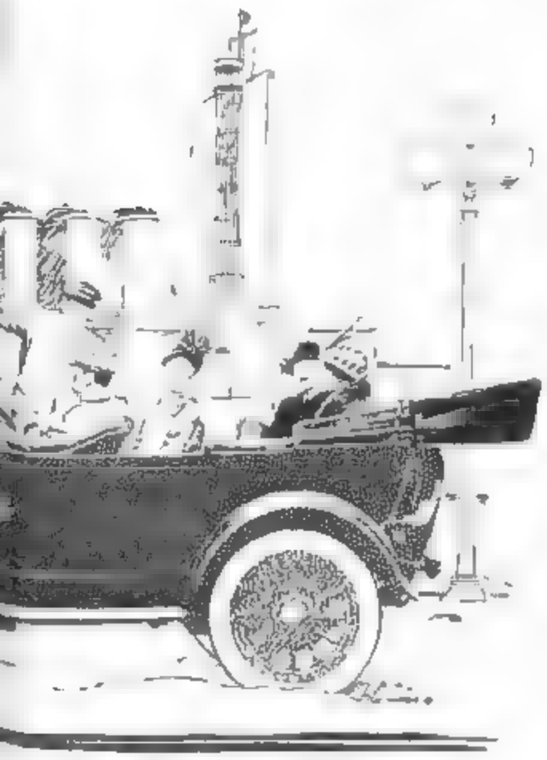

ıt Six"—$1650

sume as little gasoline in a season's driving. Nor does it make its big saving in oil. But oil is a minor expense anyway. A gallon will last you for hundreds of miles.

Where it excels in economy is in its elimination of repair expense. It but rarely needs the slightest attention, because of its thoroughly unusual ability to endure the hardest road service and still "stay put"—keep "sweet"-running.

It is our belief that no car today—in its price class—gives as much automobile value as this "Light Six" at $1650.

The "Master Six"—$2400

In the Chalmers "Master Six" the top note in quality car building is sounded.

It offers the fullest luxury in power, size, comfort and convenience. It is doubtful if any car on the market at any price can claim mechanical superiority over this model. In beauty, too, it is unsurpassed.

This "Master Six" is built in two bodies. The Torpedo seats five people, has but a single door in the center on either side; the front seats are divided by an aisle and the lines are extremely "racy" and smart. The body is a wonderfully handsome example of the foreign "boat" type of design.

The seven-passenger body is produced simply to accommodate you who desire a car of finished perfection with the greatest passenger capacity. The lines are the same as the Torpedo.

In a car of this size you most naturally desire power. And this "Master Six" possesses well-nigh limitless power, together with marvelous flexibility.

The great master motor can be throttled down to almost imperceptible motion—or can whirl you along at 70 miles an hour.

Proper balance and adjustment of parts, correct design and the highest quality construction known to the automobile industry have won for this Chalmers "Six" the title of "The Master Six of Them All."

Write us for our free "Economy" booklet. It gives complete description of all Chalmers cars.

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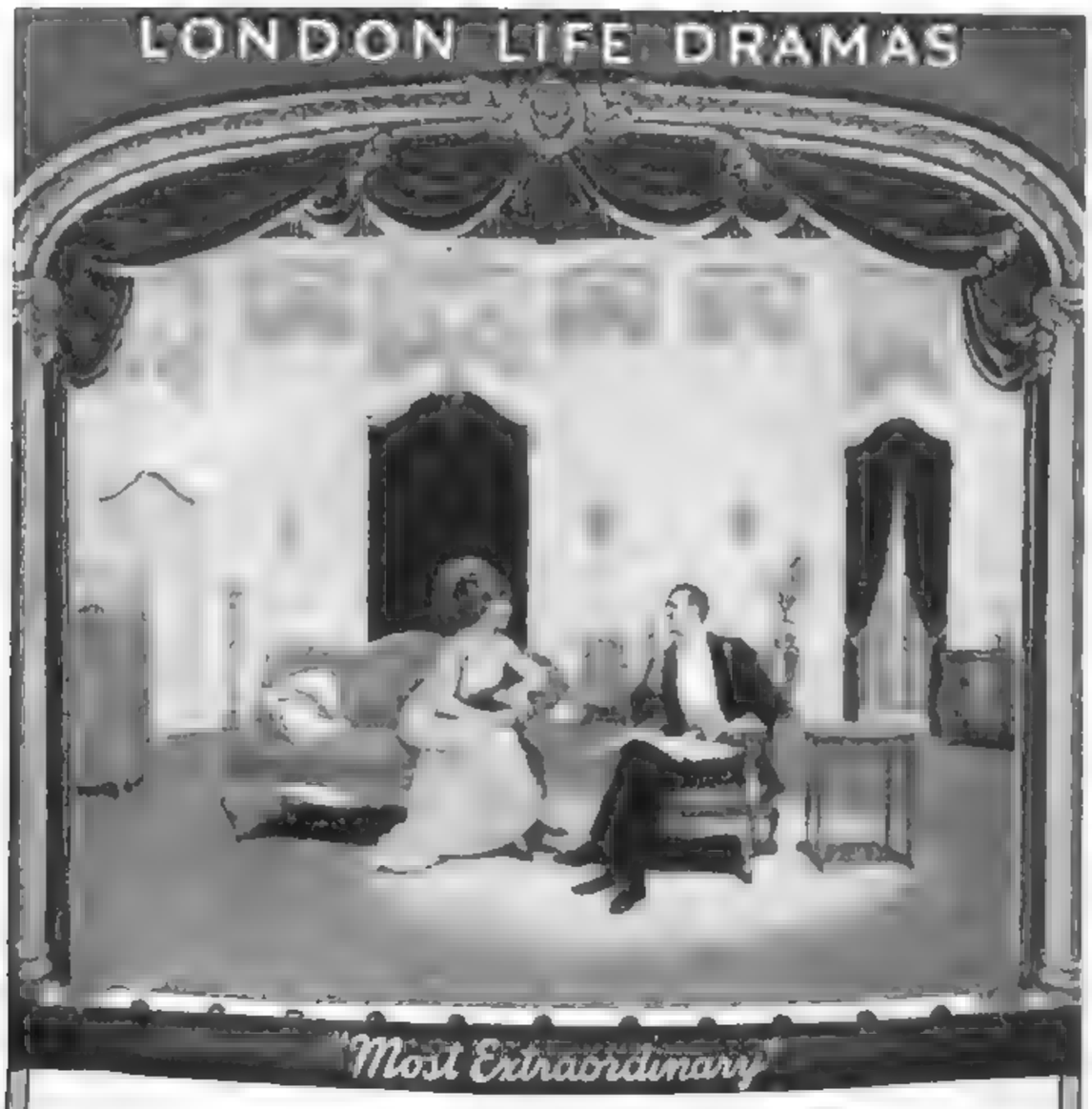

SHE—What a deliciously fragrant cigarette!

HE —Only the rarest cigarette should be lighted in the presence of a queen.

SHE—Silly! And what is the name of this extraordinary cigarette, pray?

HE —It's London Life—and it's *most* extraordinary, really!—the best that ever was!

SHE—But I'm afraid you have very expensive tastes. These cost about twenty-five cents, don't they?

HE —No. That's the wonderful part of it. They cost only ten cents for ten.

SHE—Only ten cents! I must tell Brother Bob about them!

HE —He'll bless you every time he smokes one.

LONDON LIFE

CORK TIP
CIGARETTES
10 Cents Here—
10 Pence There

Amargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

A NATION ON THE WATER WAGON

(Concluded from Page 12)

somebody translated one of his little stories for me. An anecdote of his, I thought, presented the new and sobered Russia more convincingly than all the words of the Prime Minister and Minister of Finance.

Every winter something like ten per cent of the houses in villages and a large number of the inhabitants were destroyed by fire. They did not have any means of putting out the flames, and the inhabitants were too intoxicated to bestir themselves actively. Two months after the temperance law became effective a delegation from a certain village visited a merchant of a larger neighboring town. They said they had come to buy a fire extinguisher. The merchant did not display that cordiality which employers in this country demand of their salesmen. He shook his head, while his hands remained in his pockets. For a fire extinguisher, or any other article of merchandise from his store, any of the no-account people of that unenterprising town would have to pay cash, and the price was a thousand rubles.

The spokesman for the delegation put his own hands into his pockets. They would pay cash, he said. The merchant observed that he did not believe it and would be pleased to see the money. The spokesman drew his hand from his pocket and there was in it more than his town treasury had seen before for many years. The merchant was fired with a new interest.

"Where did you get it!" he demanded, handing down the fire extinguisher.

"We have money, now that we have no vodka."

They never miss an opportunity to laud their own and the nation's reform. "We are going to fix up our village now." This community was actually beginning to turn its attention toward civic improvement!

A Swedish friend supplemented this with the story of a man who each year drives him from a certain small station of the Trans-Siberian Railroad to his shooting lodge. In years past he has been so dirty and drunken that the gentleman has scarcely felt justified in intrusting himself to the driver's care. This season he sat upright on his box and held his whip perpendicularly from its base on his knee. His shirt was clean and his horse had new harness.

"What's the matter with you?" If the speaker reproduced the manner of speech accurately, the man had reproached the driver for his reform. "You are a different man!"

The driver slapped his left hip.

"I have money in my pocket and my son's in school. It's because there's no more vodka." He was delighted with his reform.

One Law for High and Low

So likewise was the man who had been considered to be the heaviest drinker in Moscow. Some of the town authorities called attention to him as a public character deserving to be interviewed along with the Prime Minister. He was working in an electrical shop; and he said from behind the black grease that covered his weak face like a mask:

"I could not give it up myself, but I'm glad it's been taken away. I bought my youngest boy overshoes last night. I signed the paper which went to the Czar asking that he should not sell vodka any more."

There are scores of such stories, all illustrative of the same truth and all disturbingly similar to anecdotes furnished by our own civilization. A young man graduated from the School of Rights, which is open only to sons of noblemen. When he was twenty-one he married; and, because he was inclined to dissipation, his father got him a position with the temperance society—and out of a month of thirty days he was away twenty intoxicated. The society kept him because his father was a patron, and they paid the boy's wife for the days when he reported for work. In June he was away nearly all the month—and in August he did not miss a day. He also signed the paper that went to the Czar.

One morning in July the streets of a city in which a refinery was located ran with vodka. The government, in its white ardor for reform, emptied its liquor kegs into the thoroughfares. People from a town near by heard of what was happening and ran for miles to the city with tin cups in their hands. Some put their mouths into the muddy rivulets of vodka and drank from the ruts in the road. Some caught up pailfuls to take home. That was a conspicuous night in the history of the town, and there was no money in the treasury. Three months passed; the temperance law prevailed; and the town treasurer, instead of announcing his customary deficit, reported sixty-five thousand rubles in the safe!

Meantime Nikolai Nicholaievitch wandered into a restaurant one night and saw two of his officers sitting before a bottle of champagne. This was in Warsaw, before the summer's supply of wine had run out. As commander in chief of the army Nikolai was the one who suggested the first order for temperance to the Czar, and he did it for the protection of the army. He is a big man six feet four inches tall, and with a voice that can be heard above four bands. He does not argue and he does not extenuate. Also, he has not the most delicate of manners. When he saw his officers so engaged he walked up to them, slapped them in the face, pulled off their epaulets and put them in the ranks, with the observation that laws were made for officers as well as people. Those men have no chance to rise again.

Anecdotes are endless regarding the intoxicated Russia of the past and the present sober Russia. Still more interesting than these is the prophecy of what Russia will be, provided her present high attitude is maintained. If she has advanced so greatly in three months, where will she be in three years and in three hundred? Her closest critics say that since the Japanese War she has progressed more than in all her previous history; and they aver that this represents a slack pace in comparison with the stride she is working up to now.

Her masses of people are said to be restricted chiefly by an absence of initiative and ideals. They do not see the straight course and they progress in spirals. They have not learned to be simple. They are children, with all of the mental complexity of a child.

The Complex Russian Mind

We observed it first one evening during a visit to a newspaper office. I was told that a daily at one time ran a temperance crusade in certain of its columns, and in others defended the liquor industry. At the same time an organ of the government made the periodic statement that a little alcohol was a good thing for the human system. At length this paper—so the story came to me—was absorbed by the other, but maintained its editorial independence to an extent, with the result that three distinct attitudes toward temperance were said to be represented in the same paper.

Russian ways are devious. One day I annexed a fair proportion of the army and a large percentage of the civil population, who essayed to direct me to an address. Though we had not one word in common, even I, who stood in front of my hotel without recognizing it, knew the place when we arrived.

The number was boldly chiseled on a wide front door. Still my guides beckoned me another way. We passed into a courtyard dotted with low, forbidding doors, through one of which they led me, up two dark flights of stairs, to the kitchen of my hosts.

These and countless similar stories led to a deduction that one of the keenest men in Russia says is quite correct. The Russian can see anything except the obvious. He can walk any path if it is not too straight. He can perform any mental process except the simpler ones.

He has never learned simplicity; in fact, he has never learned much of anything at all.

The people have been deadened and kept down. A great many influences contribute slightly to this, and one big influence contributes a great deal. I have it on the authority of one of the sharpest native critics of Russia. The national drink has deadened the brain of the nation.

No one ever said the Russian peasant was not clever; and he will learn to use his cleverness when he becomes sober After that no one can predict how high his course may run.

In 1861 he was freed from serfdom. After the Japanese War he was freed in certain constitutional ways.

With the present war he stands to gain mental freedom and his first real emancipation.

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And yet here it is today, the class and standard-maker of the market, with the price for this season fixed at $1295.

How can Chandler do it when similar cars still sell from two to five hundred dollars higher?

The Chandler Company has made money from the day that *first* of the light sixes took the road. The Chandler has *pointed the way*, every step of the way. And now, with maximum production, with an overhead expense so small that it astounds other manufacturers, with no old loads to carry and no old scores to wipe out, and with our working capital of *real money*, we have set this record breaking price.

The Chandler for the new season is identically and positively the same model the whole country admired so much at $1595. We will continue it throughout the season at the new price.

At this new price, the pioneer Chandler retains absolutely every feature of construction and quality that has made it a leader of light sixes. You will find all these features on the Chandler, and not on any other six selling for less than $2000.

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Enclosed silent chain for driving motor shafts.
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Imported annular ball-bearings throughout.
Oiling system completely contained within the motor; no outside piping.
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Luxurious streamline body, with clean running boards.
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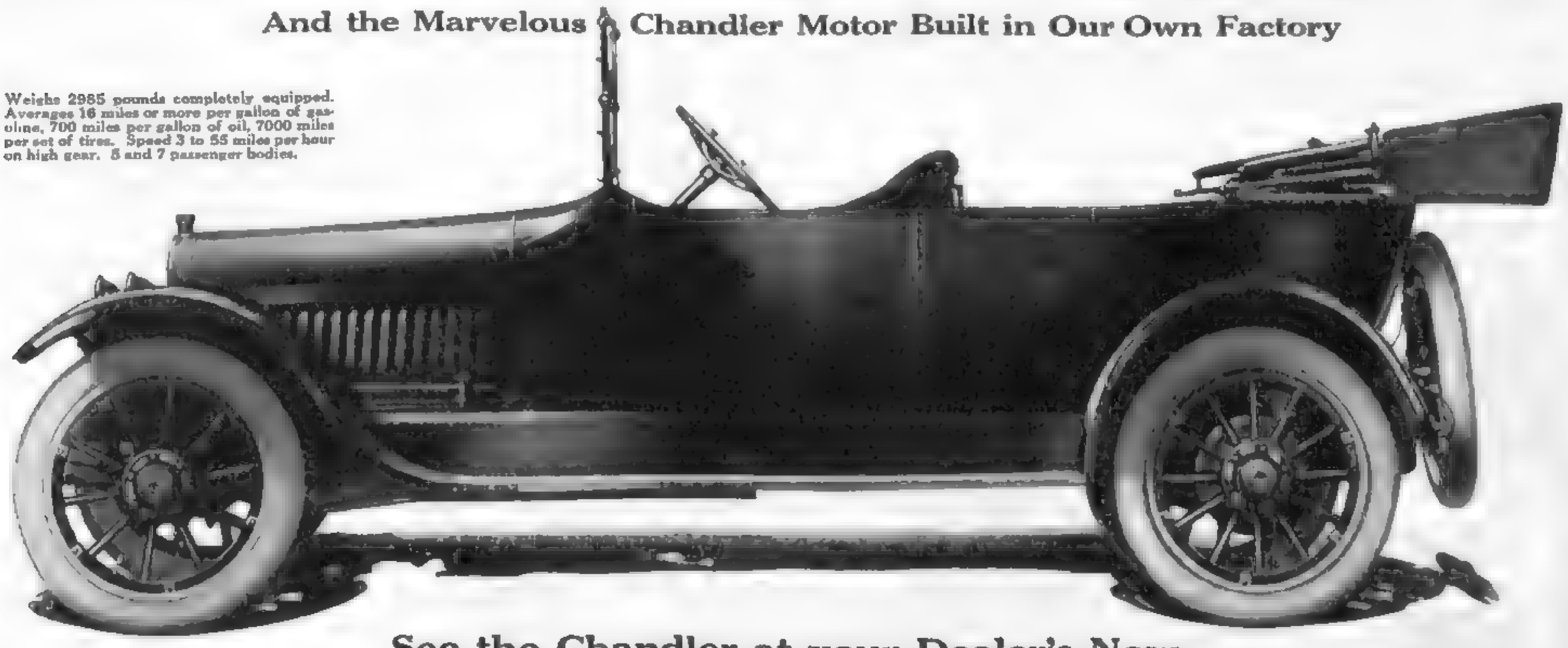
Weighs 2985 pounds completely equipped. Averages 16 miles or more per gallon of gasoline, 700 miles per gallon of oil, 7000 miles per set of tires. Speed 3 to 55 miles per hour on high gear. 5 and 7 passenger bodies.



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I want you to use the Rapid Fireless Cooker [illegible] way for 30 days. Then I want you to take a look at the cooker yourself and if you [illegible] the Rapid Fireless cooker is a marvel of the world, why then you [illegible] better meals, more wholesome cooked, and [illegible] work than you ever did before, why send it right back and I will return your money without argument.

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RUGGLES OF RED GAP

(Continued from Page 20)

Yet it was only too plain that his lordship now realized what had been the profound gravity of the situation, and I was glad to see that he meant to end it without any nonsense.

"Silly ass, old George, though," he added as the Belknap-Jacksons approached. "How a creature like that could ever have fancied him! What, what!"

His hosts were profuse in their apologies for having so thoughtlessly run away from his lordship—they carried it off rather well. They were keen for sitting at the table once more, as the other observant diners were lingering on, but his lordship would have none of this.

"Stuffy place!" said he. "Best be getting on." And so reluctantly they led him down the gantlet of widened eyes. Even so, the tenth Earl of Brinstead had dined publicly with them. More than repaid they were for the slight the Honorable George had put upon them in the affair of the pianoforte artist.

An hour later Belknap-Jackson had me on by telephone. His voice was not a little worried:

"I say, is his lordship, the earl, subject to spells of any sort? We were in the library, where I was showing him some photographic views of dear old Boston, and right over a superb print of our public library he seemed to lose consciousness. Might it be a stroke? Or do you think it's just a healthy sleep? And shall I venture to shake him? How would he take that? Or should I merely cover him with a traveling rug? It would be so dreadful if anything happened when he's been with us such a little time."

I knew his lordship. He has the gift of sleeping quite informally when his attention is not too closely engaged. I suggested that the host set his musical phonograph in motion on some one of the more audible selections. As I heard no more from him that night I dare say my plan worked.

Our town, as may be imagined, buzzed with transcendent gossip on the morrow. The Recorder disclosed at last that the Belknap-Jacksons, of Boston and Red Gap, were quietly entertaining his Lordship, the Earl of Brinstead, though since the evening before this had been news to hardly anyone. Nor need it be said that a viciously fermenting element in the gossip concerned the apparently cordial meeting of his lordship with the Klondike person, an encounter that had been watched with jealous eyes by more than one matron of the North Side set. It was even intimated that, if his lordship had come to put the creature in her place, he had chosen a curious way to set about it.

Also there were hard words uttered of the Belknap-Jacksons by Mrs. Effie and severe blame put upon myself because his lordship had not come out to the Flouds.

"But the Brinsteads have always stopped with us before," she went about saying, as if there had been a quite long succession of them. I mean to say only the Honorable George had stopped on with them, unless, indeed, the woman actually counted me as one. Between herself and Mrs. Belknap-Jackson, I understood, there ensued early that morning by telephone a passage of virulent acidity, Mrs. Effie being heard by Cousin Egbert to say bluntly that she would get even.

Undoubtedly she did not share the annoyance of the Belknap-Jacksons at certain eccentricities now developed by his lordship which made him at times a trying house guest. That first morning he arose at five sharp, a custom of his which I deeply regretted not having warned his host about. Discovering quite no one about he had ventured abroad in search of breakfast, finding it at length in the eating establishment known as Bert's Place, in company with engine drivers, plate layers, milk persons and others of the common sort.

Thereafter he had tramped furiously about the town and its environs for some hours, at last encountering Cousin Egbert, who escorted him to the Floud home for his first interview with the Honorable George. The latter received his lordship in bed, so Cousin Egbert later informed me. He had left the two together, whereupon for an hour there were heard quite all over the house words of the most explosive character. Cousin Egbert, much alarmed at the passionate beginning of the interview, suspected they might do each other a mischief and for some moments hovered about with the aim, if need be, of preserving human life. But as the uproar continued evenly, he at length concluded they would do no more than talk, the outcome proving the accuracy of his surmise.

Mrs. Effie, meantime, saw her opportunity and seized it with a cool readiness which I have often remarked in her. Belknap-Jackson, distressed beyond measure at the strange absence of his guest, had communicated with me by telephone several times without result. Not until near noon was I able to give him any light. Mrs. Effie had then called me to know what his lordship preferred for luncheon. Replying that cold beef, pickles and beer were his midday fancy, I hastened to allay the fears of the Belknap-Jacksons, only to find that Mrs. Effie had been before me.

"She says," came the annoyed voice of the host, "that the dear earl dropped in for a chat with his brother and has most delightfully begged her to give him luncheon. She says he will doubtless wish to drive with them this afternoon, but I had already planned to drive him myself—to the country club and about. The woman is high-handed, I must say. For heaven's sake, can't you do something?"

I was obliged to tell him straight that the thing was beyond me, though I promised to recover his guest promptly should any opportunity occur. The latter did not, however, drive with the Flouds that afternoon. He was observed walking abroad with Cousin Egbert, and it was later reported by persons of unimpeachable veracity that they had been seen to enter the Klondike person's establishment.

Evening drew on without further news. But then certain elated members of the Bohemian set made it loosely known that they were that evening to dine informally at their leader's house to meet his lordship. It seemed a bit extraordinary to me, yet I could not but rejoice that he should thus adopt the peaceful methods of diplomacy for the extrication of his brother.

Belknap-Jackson now telephoning to know if I had heard this report—canard, he styled it—I confirmed it and remarked that his lordship was undoubtedly by way of bringing strong pressure to bear on the woman.

"But I had expected him to meet a few people here this evening," cried the host pathetically. I was then obliged to tell him that the Brinsteads for centuries had been bluntly averse to meeting a few people. It seemed to run in the blood.

The Bohemian dinner, although quite informal, was said to have been highly enjoyed by all, including the Honorable George, who was among those present, as well as Cousin Egbert. The latter gossiped briefly of the affair the following day.

"Sure, the cap had a good time all right," he said. "Of course he ain't the mixer the judge is, but he livens up quite some now and then. Talks like a bunch of firecrackers going off all to once, don't he? Funny guy. I walked with him to the Jacksons' about twelve or one. He's going back to Mis' Kenner's house to-day. He says it'll take a lot of talking back and forth to get this thing settled right, and it's got to be right, he says. He seen that right off." He paused as if to meditate profoundly.

"If you was to ask me, though, I'd say she had him—just like that!"

He held an open hand toward me, then tightly clenched it.

Suspecting he might spread absurd gossip of this sort, I explained carefully to him that his lordship had indeed at once perceived her to be a dangerous woman; and that he was now taking his own cunning way to break off the distressing affair between her and his brother. He listened patiently, but seemed wedded to some monstrous view of his own.

"Them dames of that there North Side set had better watch out," he remarked ominously. "First thing they know, what that Kate Kenner'll hand them—they can make a lemonade out of!"

I could make but little of this save its general import, which was of course quite shockingly preposterous. I found myself wishing, to be sure, that his lordship had been able to accomplish his mission to North America without appearing to meet the person as a social equal, as I feared indeed that a wrong impression of his attitude

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would be gained by the undiscerning public. It might have been better, I was almost quite certain, had he adopted a stern and even brutal method at the outset, instead of the circuitous and diplomatic. Belknap-Jackson shared this view with me.

"I should hate dreadfully to have his lordship's reputation suffer for this," he confided to me.

The first week dragged to its close in this regrettable fashion. Oftener than not his hosts caught no glimpse of his lordship throughout the day.

The smart trap and the tandem team were constantly ready, but he had not yet been driven abroad by his host. Each day he alleged the necessity of conferring with the woman.

"Dangerous creature, my word! But dangerous!" he would announce. "Takes no end of managing. Do it though; do it proper. Take a high hand with her. Can't have silly old George in a mess. Own brother, what, what! Time needed, though. Not with you at dinner if you don't mind. Creature has a way of picking up things not half nasty."

But each day Belknap-Jackson met him with pressing offers of such entertainment as the town afforded. Three several times he had been obliged to postpone the informal evening affair for a few smart people. Yet, though patient, he was determined. Reluctantly at last he abandoned the design of driving his guest about in the trap, but he insistently put forward the motor car. He would drive it himself. They would spend pleasant hours going about the country. His lordship continued elusive. To myself he confided that his host was a nagger.

"Awfully nagging sort, yes. Doesn't know the strain I'm under getting this silly affair straight. Country interesting no doubt, what, what! But, my word—saw nothing but country coming out. Country quite all about, miles and miles both sides of the metals. Seen enough country. Seen motor cars, too, my word. Enough of both, what, what!"

Yet it seemed that on the Saturday after his arrival he could no longer decently put off his insistent host. He consented to accompany him in the motor car. Rotten judging it was on the part of Belknap-Jackson. He should have listened to me. They departed after luncheon, the host at the wheel. I had his account of such following events as I did not myself observe.

"Our country club," he observed early in the drive. "No one there, of course. You'd never believe the trouble I've had ——"

"Jolly good club," replied his lordship. "Drive back that way."

"Back that way," it appeared, took them by the detached villa of the Klondike person.

"Stop here," directed his lordship. "Shan't detain you a moment."

This was at two-thirty of a fair afternoon. I am able to give but the bare facts, yet I must assume that the emotions of Belknap-Jackson as he waited there during the ensuing two hours were of a quite distressing nature. As much was intimated by several observant townspeople who passed him. He was said to be distrait; to be smoking his cigarettes furiously.

At four-thirty his lordship reappeared. With apparent solicitude he escorted the Klondike person, fetchingly gowned in a street costume of the latest mode. They chatted gayly to the car.

"Hope I've not kept you waiting, old chap," said his lordship genially. "Time slips by one so. You two met, of course, of course!" He bestowed his companion in the tonneau and ensconced himself beside her.

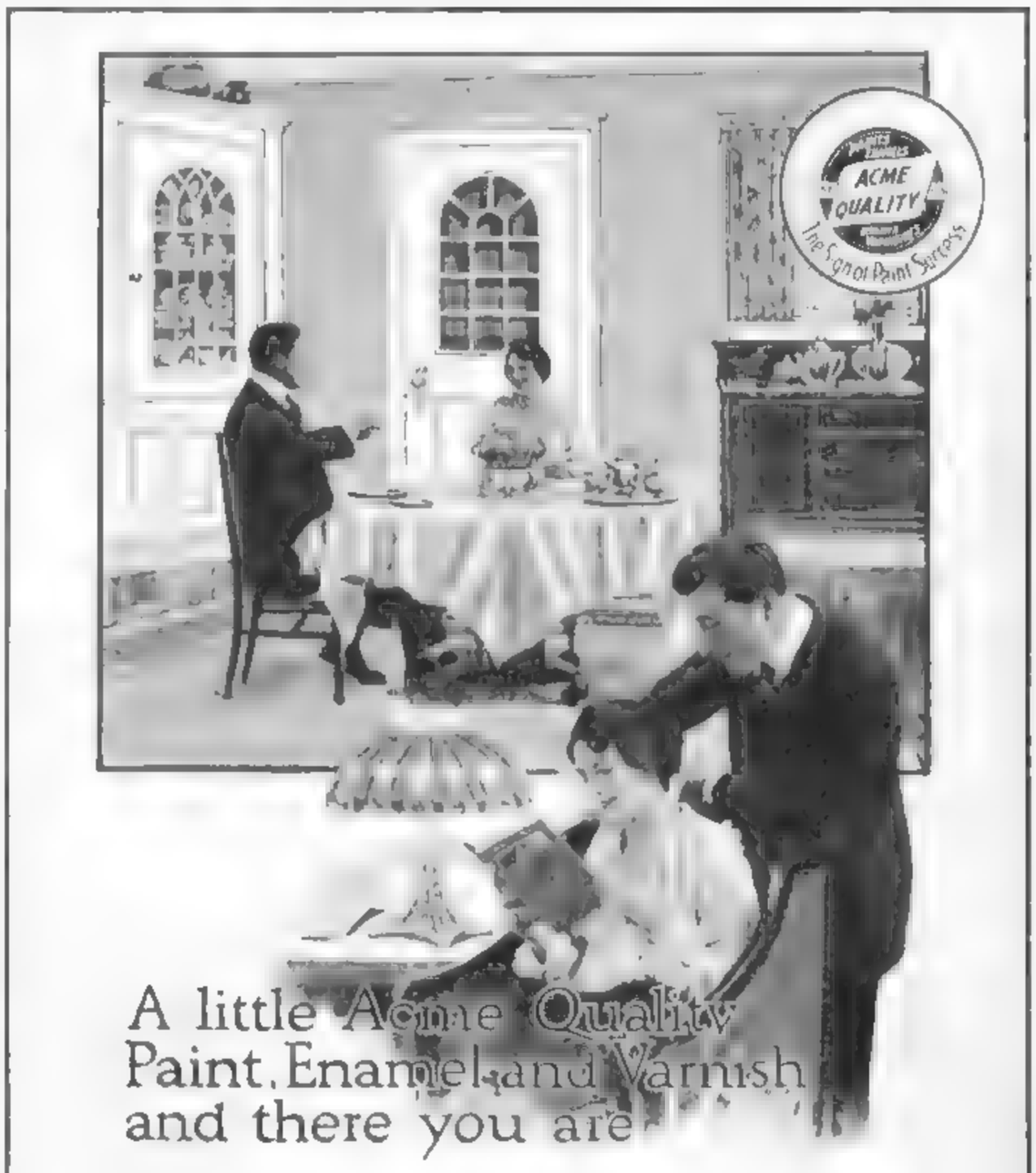
"Drive," said he, "to your goods shops, draper's, chemist's—where was it?"

"To the Central Market," responded the lady in bell-like tones, "then to the Red Front store and to that dear little Japanese shop, if he doesn't mind."

"Mind! Mind! Course not, course not. Are you warm? Let me fasten the robe."

I confess to have felt a horrid fascination for this moment as I was able to reconstruct it from Belknap-Jackson's impassioned words. It was by way of being one of those scenes we properly loathe, yet morbidly cannot resist overlooking if opportunity offers.

Into the flood tide of our Saturday shopping throng swept the car and its remarkably assembled occupants. The street fair gasped. The woman's former parade of the Honorable George had been as nothing to this exposure.



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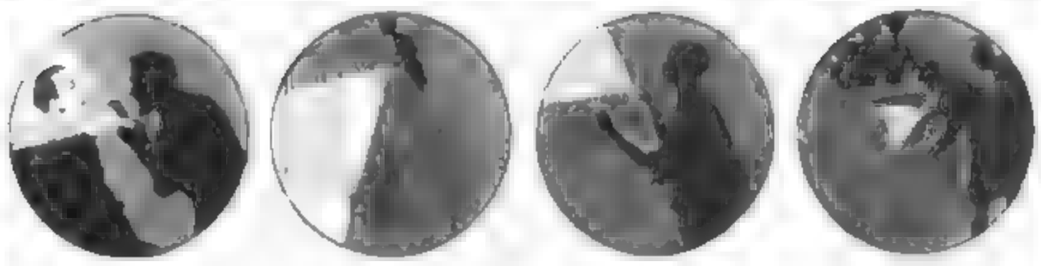

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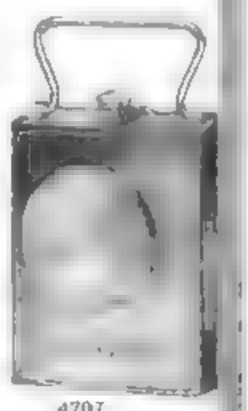

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"Poor Jackson's face was a study," declared the Mixer to me later.

I dare say. It was still a study when my own turn came to observe it. The car halted before the shops that had been designated. The Klondike person dispatched her commissions in a superbly leisured manner, attentively accompanied by the Earl of Brinstead bearing packages for her.

Belknap-Jackson at the wheel stared straight ahead. I am told he bore himself with dignity even when some of our more ingenuous citizens paused to converse with him concerning his new motor car. He is even said to have managed a smile when his passengers returned.

"I have it," exclaimed his lordship now. "Deuced good plan—go to that Ruggles place for a jolly fat tea. No end of a spree, what, what!"

It is said that on three occasions in turning his car and traversing the short block to the Grill the owner escaped disastrous collision with other vehicles only by the narrowest possible margin. He may have courted something of the sort. I dare say he was desperate.

"Join us, of course!" said his lordship as he assisted his companion to alight. Again I am told the host managed to illumine his refusal with a smile. He would take no tea—the doctor's orders.

The surprising pair entered at the height of my tea hour and were served to an accompaniment of stares from the ladies present. To this they appeared oblivious, being intent upon their conference. His lordship was amiable to a degree. It now occurred to me that he had found the woman even more dangerous than he had at first supposed. He was being forced to play a deep game with her and was meeting guile with guile. He had, I suspected, found his poor brother in far deeper than any of us had thought. Doubtless he had written compromising letters that must be secured—letters she would hold at a price.

And yet I had never before had excuse to believe his lordship possessed the diplomatic temperament. I reflected that I must always have misread him. He was deep after all. Not until the two left did I learn that Belknap-Jackson awaited them with his car. He loitered about in adjacent doorways, quite like a hired fellow. He was passionately smoking more cigarettes than were good for him.

I escorted my guests to the car. Belknap-Jackson took his seat with but one glance at me, yet it was eloquent of all the ignominy that had been heaped upon him.

"Home, I think," said the lady when they were well seated. She said it charmingly.

"Home," repeated his lordship. "Are you quite protected by the robe?"

An incautious pedestrian at the next crossing narrowly escaped being run down. He shook a fist at the vanishing car and uttered a stream of oaths so vile that he would instantly have been taken up in any well-policed city.

Half an hour later Belknap-Jackson called me:

"He got out with that fiend! He's staying on there. But can nothing be done?"

"His lordship is playing a most desperate game," I hastened to assure him. "He's meeting difficulties. She must have her dupe's letters in her possession. Blackmail, I dare say. Best leave his lordship free. He's a deep character."

"He presumed far this afternoon—only the man's position saved him with me!" His voice seemed choked with anger. Then, remotely, faint as distant cannonading, a rumble of laughter reached me.

It was the Mixer, perhaps in another room. The electric telephone has been perfected in the States to a marvelous delicacy of response.

I now found myself observing Mrs. Effie, who had been among the absorbed onlookers while the pair were at their tea, she having occupied a table with Mrs. Judge Ballard and Mrs. Doctor Martingale. Deeply immersed in thought she had been, scarce replying to her companions. Her eyes had narrowed in a way I well knew when she reviewed the social field.

Still absorbed she was when Cousin Egbert entered, accompanied by the Honorable George. The latter had seen but little of his brother since their first stormy interview; but he had also seen little of the Klondike woman. His spirits, however, had seemed quite undashed. He rarely missed his tea. Now as they seated themselves they were joined quickly by Mrs. Effie, who engaged her relative in earnest converse. It was easy to see that she begged a favor. She kept a hand on his arm. She urged. Presently, seeming to have achieved her purpose, she left them and I paused to greet the pair.

"I guess that there Mrs. Effie is awful silly," remarked Cousin Egbert enigmatically. "No, sir; she can't ever tell how the cat is going to jump." Nor would he say anything more, though he most elatedly held a secret.

With this circumstance I connected the announcement in Monday's Recorder that Mrs. Senator Floud would on that evening entertain at dinner the members of Red Gap's Bohemian set, including Mrs. Kate Kenner, the guest of honor being his Lordship, the Earl of Brinstead, "at present visiting in this city. Covers," it added, "will be laid for fourteen." I saw that Cousin Egbert had been made the ambassador to conduct what must have been a business of some delicacy.

Among the members of the North Side set the report occasioned the wildest alarm. And yet so staunch were known to be the principles of Mrs. Effie that but few accused her of downright treachery. It seemed to be felt that she was but lending herself to the furtherance of some deep design of his lordship's. Blackmail, the recovery of compromising letters, the avoidance of legal proceedings—these were hinted at. For myself I suspected that Mrs. Effie had merely misconstrued the seeming cordiality of his lordship toward the woman and, at the expense of the Belknap-Jacksons, had sought the honor of entertaining him. If to do that she must entertain the woman, well and good. She was not one to funk her fences with the game in sight.

Consulting me as to the menu for her dinner, she allowed herself to be persuaded to the vegetable soup, boiled mutton, thick pudding and cheese which I recommended, though she pleaded at length for a chance to use the new fish set and for a complicated salad portrayed in her latest woman's magazine. Covered with grated nuts it was in the illustration. I was able, however, to convince her that his lordship would regard grated nuts as silly.

From Belknap-Jackson I learned by telephone—during these days, being sensitive, he stopped in almost quite continuously—that Mrs. Effie had profusely explained to his wife about the dinner.

"Of course, my dear, I couldn't have the presumption to ask you and your husband to sit at table with the creature, even if he did think it all right to drive her about town on a shopping trip. But I thought we ought to do something to make the dear earl's visit one to be remembered—he's so appreciative! I'm sure you understand just how things are."

In reciting this speech to me Belknap-Jackson essayed to simulate the tone and excessive manner of a woman gushing falsely. The fellow was quite bitter about it.

"I sometimes think I'll give up," he concluded. "God only knows what things are coming to!"

It began to seem even to me that they were coming a bit thick. But I knew that his lordship was a determined man. He was of the bulldog breed that has made Old England what it is. I mean to say I knew he would put the woman in her place.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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(Continued from Page 23)

make no head or tale of it & then he points at me & says hock the kiser & I just laughed at him & then he pulls out a gun & points it at me & says hock the kiser so what could I do Ed & I had to get up & holler it but I bet I wouldent of never done it only for the gun & they isent no dutch man could make me do nothing with there bear fists.

Well Eddy the same thing come off 4 or 5 or 6 times & the last couple times I was a sleep & the gard had to waken me up & finely in come Klinke & it must of been a long a bout midnight & he come up to me a long with the gard & says some thing to the gard & then asked me was I sorry & I says what for & he says you know what for you insulted the emper of Germ. & I says I dident mean to insult no body & he says all right then come a long with me & your pretty lucky to not get shot for what you done.

Then I & him walked out & he says the best thing you can do is beat it out of town & I says where would I go & he says you better beat it for Austin & I says I aint going no wheres with out my wife & prof. Baker & he says they all ready went & I says when & he says we sent them a way from here in a auto mobile but they only been gone a bout 6 hrs. & if you run fast you might catch up with them & then I says aint you going to give me no auto mobile & he says I should say not your lucky to be a live & then he give me a peace of paper & says it was my pass sport & thats the last I seen of him. only before he left me he says dont let yourself be seen a round here tommorow or no time or its all off with you.

Well Eddy I started out of town but how did I know which way to go & evry little wile theyd be a dutch solder jump out at me from behind a tree or some thing & hold me up & make me show them the peace of paper & I wasent geting no wheres & it was dark is pitch & finely I snuck in where Im at & now its morning again but I dont dare go out or them officers might see me & I dont know where Minnie & prof. Baker is at or whats going to happen to me & there a fine team to go runing off & leave me here & if a man cant trust his wife & his friends who can they trust. Nobody Ed. I dont know will I get this letter maled but if I do get it maled & you dont here no more from me you will know how it come off.

Your Bro.,
LARRY M. BURNS.

AUSTIN, BELL. Sept. 1. 19.14.

BRO. EDDY. I dont know weather you got my last letter or not but it dont make no diffrunts Ed because now I guess we will get home all o k & I can tell you what happend to me when I see you but I dont know when will that be unlest you can get a way & come to Chgo. because we aint going to stop off at no Det. or no wheres else but if we ever get to N. Y. city wear going strate home.

I told you in my last letter which I dont know if you got it or not a bout me being a prissoner & the dutch men haveing me locked up in jale & I bluffed them in to leaveing me out & if it hadent of been for me haveing all the nerve in the world Id of probly been there yet or may be shot as a spy & I was in hideing pretty near a hole day in a house in Brussels but finely I snuck out & started for here where Im at now only they spell it Ostend over here but that dont make no diffrunts.

Ed I wont never for get my trip comeing here as long is I live & they aint no danger of me for geting it for a wile any way because my feets so sore there a bout ready to drop off & I dont know how far I walked but I walked over ½ the way from Brussels here & the rest of the time I was rideing in farmers waggons & could of road all the way may be but I dident have no money & I dont know how far is it from here to Brussels but its far enough & I dident have nothing to eat the hole trip accept just a couple peaces of bread that I beged off of farmers just like a bum.

Well Ed I couldent tell you in a hunderd yrs. all I went threw but I will tell you when I see you because they isent time to write it all. I come in here last night pretty near dead & went up to the america counsils place & they give me some soup & some brandy & I layed down & the counsil asked me who was I & I told him & he says your wifes been up here evry day to know had we herd any thing a bout you & I know where shes at & will send for her & I says never mind sending for her because I dont want to see her or no body else but he dident pay no a tension.

Pretty soon in come Minnie & prof. Baker & Minnie beggun screeking & throwing on a lot of aggony & I says cut it out & dont come near me you run off & left me & I dont want nothing more to do with you & then prof. Baker told me to shut up & I told him to shut up him self & we had it back & 4th.

Finely he told me how it come off & heres how it come off, & it wasent there falt Ed because they tride to make the dutch officers leave them wait for me so as they could bring me a long in the auto mobile & the dutch officers says no I would half to be punnished for insulting the emper of Germ. & they would give me a good scare & then make me walk to Austin & they promussed they wouldent do nothing to me but just scare me & Minnie says couldent her & prof. Baker wait till theyd scared me & then take me a long in there auto mobile & the dutch officers says no & if you dont hurry up & get out of town your self some things libel to happen to you so thats why they come a way & leave me but what do you think of them dutch officers Ed geting swelled up & thinking they scared me. Fine chance eh Ed. But they made me walk all right & I wisht there feet was as sore is mine.

Well Ed prof. Baker borryed the money off of the america counsil & wear going to dover Eng. on a boat to-night & then wear going to catch a boat for N. Y. city as soon is theys 1 leaveing & it cant leave to soon to suit me & prof. Baker says if wear lucky we should ought to be in N. Y. city in a little over a wk. & then Minnie says O lets stay a little wile in London & in joy our self because they aint no war there & I says no & they wasent no war in Belljum neither & if Londons a new trull country like Belljum I dont want to go no wheres near it & we aint going to stay in no London or no wheres else but wear going to N. Y. city as soon is we can & then we wont get in to no more trouble.

Minnie says I guess we better not stop in London at that because youd probly want to tell them some storys & youd probly wind up by insulting king Geo. & get us all in bad & may be get us all shot & then I told them how clost I come to geting shot in Brussels & Minnie says you dont half to tell us that because you was ½ shot before you left us & we talked a wile longer & finely I says I wanted a place to sleep & Minnie says you look like you should ought to sleep in the bath tub & I says is that so. & she seen she was going to far so she shut up.

Well Eddy this towns full of refuges thats been drove out of there homes & there all looking for boats to take them some wheres & theys going to be some crowd on the boat over to Eng. but prof. Bakers got things fixed up so as we cant get crowded off but will have rms. to our self & its a bout time he done some thing after interduceing us to them dutch officers & geting us in to all that trouble.

I dont care if the oceans ruff or smoth going back Ed because Im going to stay in bed all the way & you wont here nothing more from me till we get to N. Y. city & may be not then. This has been some trip Ed. & if my hare aint gray it aint this trips falt.

Your Bro.,
L. M. BURNS.

CHGO., ILL. Sept. 11. 19.14.

BRO. EDDY. Excus this pencill Ed & all so for not writeing to you before & I would of wrote you from London Eng. or from N. Y. city or some wheres only I figured on acct. of us comeing home from Eng. on the 1st. boat that we would get to the U S as soon is a letter would & thats why I dident write you nothing from London while we was there & we wasent in N. Y. city only long enough to go from the boat to the station where we took the train at & we just got here this a m & I went right down to the place from the station & I went right down there because I wanted to see how was things geting a long & what do you think Ed? Louis Shaffer wasent down to the station to meet us or he wasent up to the place & Joe harding that was on watch says he hadent been a round for 2 or 3 days.

Jiffy CURTAINS

180,000 More Cars Will Be Jiffy'quipt in 1915

If the car you buy carries Jiffy Curtains, you may accept the fact as indicating the manufacturer's effort to give you full value.

The cars named here *can* be equipped with side-curtains that cost less.

Yet their builders pay *more* for Jiffy Curtains because they know they are investing in increased customer satisfaction.

Jiffy is regular curtain equipment on more than 180,000 of the 1915 cars.

This seems to be convincing evidence not only of Jiffy superiority, but also of the leading car manufacturers' knowledge of their customers.

In case Jiffy Curtains are not furnished with *your* new car, you can have them fitted merely by asking for them. Insist if necessary.

Write us for the name of the nearest top concern that can make a set for your old car.

Jiffy Auto Curtain Company, Detroit, Mich.

The following named cars are regularly equipped with Jiffy Curtains

Abbott-Detroit
Austin
Columbia Knight
Chandler Six
Dodge Brothers
FIAT
Grant Six
Hupmobile
Howard Six
Hudson
Inter-State
Keeton
Kissel Kar
Knox
Krit
Lewis
Lexington
Locomobile
Lozier
Lafayette
Lyons Knight
Marmon
Mitchell
Monarch
National
Oldsmobile
Page
Peerless
Pierce-Arrow
Pilot
Pope-Hartford
Regal
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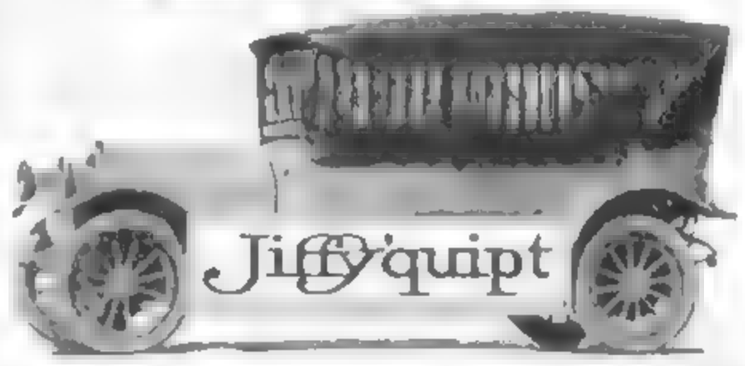
Stevens-Duryea
Studebaker
Willys-Knight
Winton

Made in Canada
Fisher
Ford
Hupmobile
Studebaker

Very Distinguishing Features



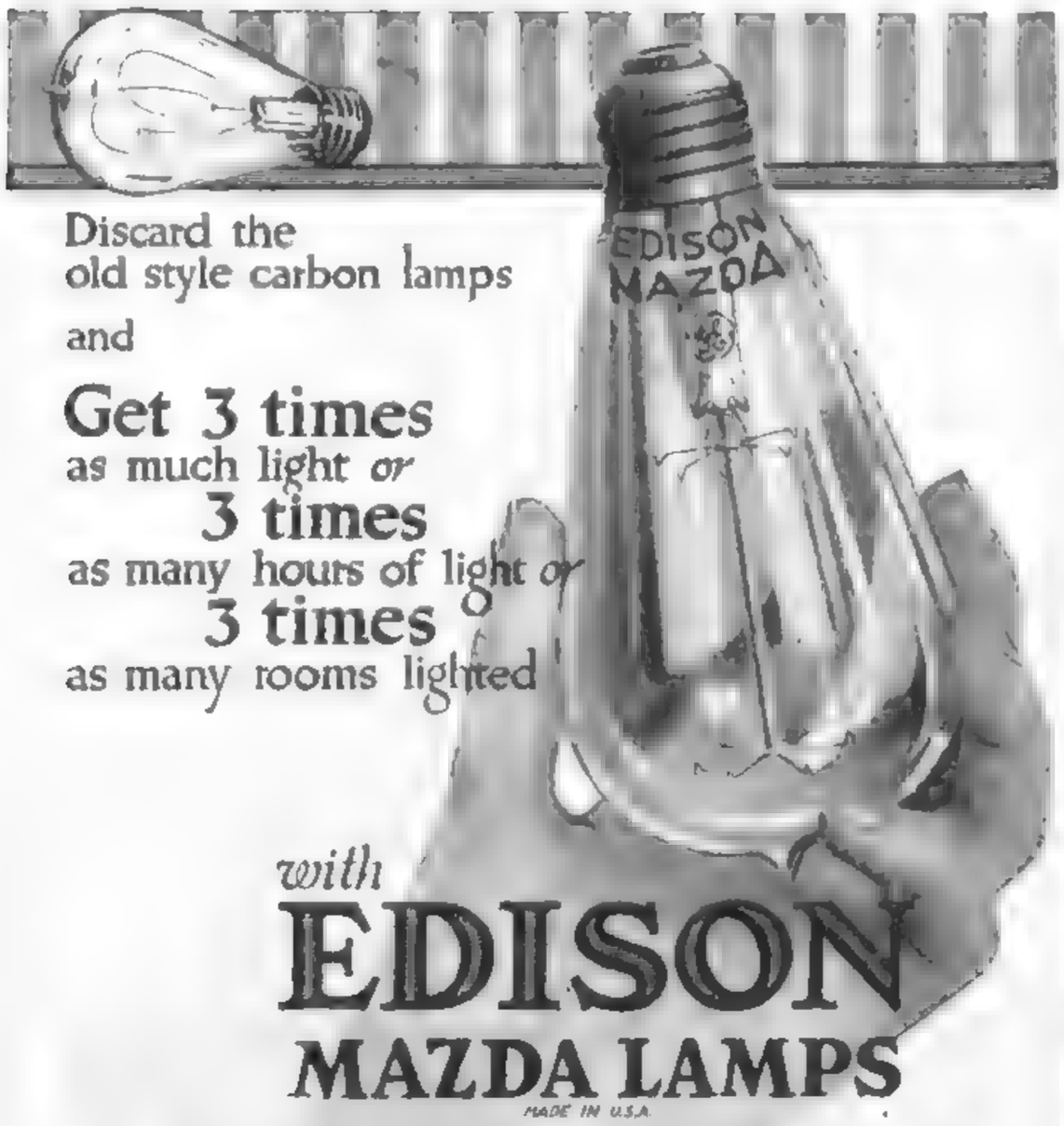
"The Rubbers of a Gentleman"

Protect your feet without over-heating them.

NOTE THIS:—You can depend on the dealer who sells "EVERSTICK" to carry the best of everything.

EVERSTICK
TRADE MARK
INVISIBLE RUBBER

Insist upon the genuine "Everstick" for sale by discriminating Dealers



Discard the
old style carbon lamps
and

Get 3 times
as much light *or*
3 times
as many hours of light *or*
3 times
as many rooms lighted

with
EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS
MADE IN U.S.A.

Use EDISON MAZDAS in *every* socket, too. It's the only way to make the most of every dollar's worth of electricity.

And it makes electric light cost so little that you can have not only this *better* light—and all you want of it—but other conveniences of electricity, too—electric flatirons and cooking appliances and fans and motors that make housework so much *easier*.

But see your "lighting man." He will help you choose the right sizes. They come in a handy carton, 5 in a row. And if your home isn't wired for electric light, ask him how you can have it done at little cost and less inconvenience.

Be sure the MAZDA Lamps you buy bear the name EDISON.

EDISON LAMP WORKS
OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
General Sales Office, Harrison, N. J. Agencies Everywhere

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FEW PEOPLE KNOW

that the largest club in the world is composed entirely of girls. It was formed "with one idea: to make money," and its members through it have earned hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Any girl may join. There are no dues and no entrance fee. The doings of the girls are chronicled in a little magazine sent free to members. Let me tell about it. Address

MANAGER, THE GIRLS' CLUB
THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Insure Your Outstanding Accounts

The highest scientific development of Credit Insurance is provided in the American "Actual [illegible] Bond and the American Normal Average" Bond

Our service is for Manufacturers and Wholesalers only

Make it impossible to lose money thru customers going bankrupt or into the hands of Receivers. Write us for full particulars regarding the bond you can buy which limits your losses to a certain amount. If your losses are greater—we pay you the difference up to the face value of the bond.

We have paid out over $9,000,000 since issuing these bonds—nine million that otherwise would have been a total loss. You need this protection, its cost is small and its value great. Drop us a line now asking for full particulars. At least, let us send you

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a folder we have published reproducing a few letters received from some of our bondholders.

The American Credit-Indemnity Co.
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415 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri
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Agencies in all leading cities

Thats a fine thing for a man to do when you leave him in charge of your place but thats a bout all I should ought to of expected from a dutch man & I hope hes quit because that will save me from the trouble of fireing him because I wouldent have no dutch men a round my place after what I went threw & the sight of 1 of them makes me sick. But I cant tell weather I been doing a good busness or a rotten business till I see Louis Shaffer & hes got the bank book & all the rest of it & I dont know nothing till I see him but Joe says they been doing good busness & the summer gardens been doing grate & evry things o k as far is I could see & its a bout time I was haveing a little luck eh Ed?

Well Ed we come acrost from Austin to dover on a boat & I wisht you could of saw it because they must of been a thousand people on the bord of it & they was room for a bout 2 or 3 hunderd & they was hanging over the sides & evry wheres else & I expected evry minut to see the boat sink down in the bottom of the water & then when we got over to dover we had to stand up in the train all the way to London & then we had to lay a round London 2 days and then an other train to south Hampton where the boats leaves from but finely they was 1 going & we took it but we had to pay extra on acct. the crowd going & we got rotten rooms on the boat at that & we was 7 days comeing acrost & they was the longest 7 days I ever seen because wed spent all the money we borryed on the boat fair & they wasent no games on the boat but even if they had of been I couldent of got in to them.

But who do you think was on the boat Ed. mr. & mrs. Chambers & them 3 girls & they says they figgured it out we must be dead on acct. of us being down in Belljum where all the fighting was at & they was mighty supprised to see us & wanted to here all a bout it & I says let prof. Baker tell you a bout it but prof. Baker says mr. Burns is the best 1 at telling storys & let him tell you all a bout it.

So they wouldent have nothing else but I must tell them all a bout it & I give them the hole story & told them a bout me geting locked up in prisson by the dutch men & busting my way out of prisson & how they was going to shoot me as a spy if I hadent of knocked down the gard & broke out & a bout the dutch officer trying to flirt with Minnie & a bout me busting him in the jaw & geting a way with it right in front of the hole dutch army & a bout the Belljum woman that they was going to burn up her house & I stood up in front of the house & told them I would kill the 1st. man that started some thing & they seen I was in ernest & beat it a way from the house & a bout the canon balls just missing us when we was walking down Main st. Brussels.

I told them evry thing we seen & done & the girls wouldent hardly leave me for a minut they was so exited over what was I telling them but mr. & mrs. Chambers wouldent lissen to none of it & wouldent stay a round where we was at & I guess they was sore they picked out holland where they wasent no exitemunt or nothing. If it hadent of been for me telling them storys a bout the war we would of had a rotten trip because they wasent nothing doing at all on the boat & if I told them storys onct I must of told them a hunderd times because they kept after me to tell them again.

Prof. Baker says the storys kept geting better the more I told them but that was just my way of telling them Ed & I will try & remmember evry thing we went threw so as I can tell you & Kate when I see you & I wisht youd come over and pay us a visit so as you could here all a bout it. I bet they will be a crowd down to the place to-night because our name was in the paper where we got back from europe & all the boys will want to here the dope & I guess Im the 1 that can give it to them eh Ed.

Well Ed I dont know if Im glad we made the trip or not because it cost me a hole lot of money & I was figgureing up on the train comeing home & it cost me a bout 8 hunderd dollars all to gather & that includs all expenses including $140 for the fair acrost the ocean & $150 comeing back acrost the ocean & a hunderd dollars r r fair on this side of the ocean comeing back & 4th. to N. Y. city & back & all expenses includeing what I lost in the poker game & I wouldent of never lost it if the cards had broke good a couple of times. & besides the 8 hunderd dollars Minnie lost some of her close & only brung a bout ½ of them with her a way from Brussels.

She says shes got to have a hole new out fit & how much will that cost me godd knows I dont & for all my money what did I see. Nothing but a hole lot of water & 3 or 4 1 horse towns that you could stick them in the Chgo. river with out over flowing the banks & a lot of scared Belljums & a bout 3 times as many dutch men is they is in milwaukee & you could go up to milwaukee 3 times & see as many dutch men is we seen & it wouldent cost you over 10 dollars & thats not saying I would want to throw a way 10 dollars or $.10 cents to look at dutch men tho Id give up $.75 cents to see 1 or 2 of them say hands Wagner or Frank Schulte.

But still in all I cant say the trip was waisted & probly we seen more exitemunt then wed of saw if we took the reglar tour No. 2 like it was in the book & besides that I had the satisfaction of showing them dutch men that I wasent afrade of there hole army.

But what do you think now Ed? We hadent no sooner got home than Minnie puts it on me that on acct. of our trip geting broke up by the war she realy had an other trip comeing & would I take her up to black Lake Mich. where her sisters been all summer & I says black Lake wheres that? & she says its up in Mich. near holland. Near Holland I says.

I should think youd got enough of being near holland because when we was in Belljum we was near holland & look at the time we had.

She says yes but they wont be no danger of us getting in trouble up to this place if youll just keep your mouth shut & not tell no funny storys & I says shut up your self & quit talking a bout trips because Ive herd enough a bout trips & next time you want to go vissiting you can go over on the north side & vissit the animuls in lincoln pk. but you wont never get me to go a long with you because Im not never going out of the 3d. ward again & she says it wouldent be fare to the rest of the city for you to stay in 1 ward & I says your to smart & she dident say nothing back.

Well Ed I hope you & Kate can come over & pay us a vissit & may be you could come when prof. Bakers here because he promussed he would come to Chgo. when he got a chance & I says to him dont for get our No. & he says you bet I wont because I will want to here you tell some more storys so you see Eddy he likes them storys of mine pretty well even if the dutch men dont.

Write & let us know how are you geting a long Ed & take care of your self & dont take no bad money. Kindest to Kate.

Your Bro., LARRY M. BURNS.

(THE END)

Easy Waterproofing

A QUICK and easy method of waterproofing clothing has been devised by a French scientist as his contribution to the comfort and health of the French troops in the field.

Old coats can be made waterproof as easily as uncut cloth, and the whole operation is simpler than dyeing. He explained his method to the French Academy of Sciences, with assurances that it was practical and satisfactory.

The requirements he set out to meet were: Waterproofing that would wear well in the rough usage of a campaign; that would not change the colors nor injure the fabric; that would leave the cloth permeable to air and perspiration, so that the waterproofed coats would not be uncomfortable; and, most difficult of all, that would permit the treatment of old coats without destroying or even injuring the buttons and other attachments.

Wool fat was his answer. With a little chloroform or carbon bisulphide the scientist reduces the wool fat to a liquid and this liquid is then diluted with gasoline or benzine in the proportion of one part of wool fat to from ten to twenty parts of gasoline or benzine.

The rest of the operation is simple: The old overcoat is dipped in the solution and allowed to remain there a few minutes. Then it is wrung out and dried by hanging on a line in the open air. The fibers are, as a result, lightly impregnated with the wool fat.

The Frenchman suggests that the complete uniforms of all the men at the front be given this treatment; and, as the French Government gives much weight to suggestions made in the Academy of Sciences, it is quite likely something will come of his idea.

These 3 dozen eggs cost $1.08

This pound package of Sun-Maid Raisins costs not over 15c.

These 36 Eggs

Have the Same Food Value as

This *Pound* *of* Sun-Maid Raisins

All Food Values based on Government Statistics as contained in U. S. Bulletin No. 28

Some Delicious Dishes to Make With This Fruit-Food

RAISIN PIE

Three eggs, 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup cream, sweet or sour (sour preferred), ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ package of seeded or seedless Sun-Maid raisins. Beat the yolks of eggs and the white of one, keeping the remaining two for frosting. Add sugar, cream, cloves and raisins. Bake in a rich pie crust in a slow oven. When done beat the whites of the two eggs until stiff; add two tablespoons of granulated sugar. Place in oven and bake until light brown. This will make one pie.

SPLENDID RAISIN CAKE

One-fourth cup butter or lard, 1 cup sugar, ½ cup milk, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1¼ cups flour, ½ package chopped Sun-Maid seeded raisins. Cream butter and add sugar gradually. Add beaten eggs and milk. Add the flour sifted with baking powder, vanilla and raisins. Bake in layer tins about 20 to 30 minutes. Filling—whip 1½ cups heavy cream until stiff, add ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, 1½ packages Sun-Maid seeded raisins (finely chopped).

RAISIN SALAD

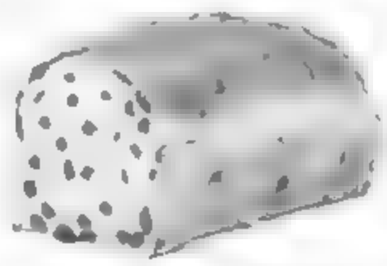
One cup celery cut in pieces, ½ cup of walnuts cut in pieces, ½ cup chopped Sun-Maid seeded raisins. Combine and serve on lettuce leaves with Mayonnaise dressing or Cream dressing.

STUFFED RAISINS FOR LUNCHES AND TEAS

Blanch almonds. Select large Sun-Maid cluster raisins and take out seeds. Slit raisins slightly and insert almonds and draw skin around to cover opening.

RAISIN CHOCOLATE COOKIES

Two eggs, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder sifted with flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ glass brandy, 1 cup Sun-Maid seedless raisins mixed together with walnuts, citron and candied orange peel, 4 tablespoons chocolate. Drop teaspoonful into pan and bake in a moderate oven about ten or fifteen minutes.

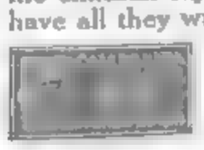


Get This From Your Baker

Your baker is probably one of the thousands who are now baking California Raisin Bread, using a prize recipe which we furnish.

The bread is plainly labeled so you can identify it—"California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins." (Note illustration below.)

You have never served a more healthful food, and the raisins make it delicious. See what the children say when they taste it. Let them have all they want. Here are food value and delicacy perfectly combined.



Ask your baker—today—about "California Raisin Bread, made with Sun-Maid Raisins."

(15)

Think of this, you housewives who want to serve nourishing food while cutting down the living cost:

One pound of Sun-Maid Raisins contains 1635 food-units of energy, the same as *three dozen* eggs. One pound of *beans* contains less than half as much food value. A pound of *peas* less than one-third. A pound of *potatoes* and a pound of *whole milk together* fall 925 points short. A pound of *lean beef* fails to equal it by 1055 food units.

Raisins—the Fruit Food

Raisins are the world's greatest fruit food—pure, *concentrated nutriment*. And they add a delicate flavor to scores of dishes that are plain without them.

Merely *2 ounces* of raisins in a dish of a certain widely used wheat-food for breakfast add incomparably to the flavor and increase the food value 102 per cent.

To bread, to puddings, to cakes, to pie, Sun-Maid Raisins bring a royal measure of healthfulness.

Have raisin sauce for breakfast. Serve Sun-Maid Raisins stewed, with cream.

The whole family would welcome more raisins. Let them have Sun-Maid Raisins in some attractive form every day.

Just Delicious Sun-Cured California Grapes

Sun-Maid Raisins are simply sun-cured grapes. But the grapes are the sweetest, tenderest and most luscious that California growa. We take only the best—the kinds too delicate to ship—and "sun-make" them into raisins. Sun-Maids are the cream of this marvelous crop.

They taste like confections—they are wholesome and pure.

In This Package

Ask for Sun-Maids in this package, and be sure you get them, for they cost no more than the common sort. Your dealer has them, or he can get them easily by sending to his jobber.

Ask for any of these three varieties. Sun-Maid *Seeded* (seeds extracted), Sun-Maid *Seedless* (from seedless grapes), Sun-Maid *Cluster* (on stems, not seeded) to serve as dessert with nuts.

FREE! RECIPE BOOK Worth 25 Cents

***Just write a post card*—we'll send you a beautiful book that tells 52 ways to make delicious raisin-foods and dainties. *Every housewife* needs just such a book in her kitchen. It's a 25-cent book—FREE if you SEND NOW.**

1 lb. Package—Price not over 15c.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO., 215 Madison Street, Fresno, Cal.

California Associated Raisin Co.
215 Madison Street
Fresno, Cal.

Send me, all charges prepaid, the special 7½-lb. box containing the 3 varieties of Sun-Maid Raisins. I enclose $1 for it. Also send your free Recipe Book.

Name

Street

City

State

This Big 7½-lb. Special Introductory Package Containing the 3 Kinds—$1

If your dealer hasn't this package now in stock send this coupon and enclose $1. This big special package, nearly the size of a suit box, will come to your nearest express office (if in U. S.) prepaid. It comes direct from the California vineyards and will show you how good Sun-Maid Raisins are. It contains the three kinds—7½ lbs. net. You'll want your dealer always to sell you Sun-Maid Raisins after you have tried the raisins in this box.

White-Leaded Nearly Two Centuries

The Ladies' Mount Vernon Association holds in trust the home of Washington as a place of interest to our nation. It bids fair to stand an imperishable shrine for all lovers of freedom. Mere years do not age it.

Mount Vernon, now 174 years old, is remarkably well preserved. It is protected against moisture and decay by a weather-proof coat of paint mixed of

Dutch Boy White Lead

and pure linseed oil — that well-known, reliable, lasting and economical paint.

Give your home the same protection. Your painter can mix the Dutch Boy White Lead and Dutch Boy Linseed Oil right on your premises and tint it any color you wish.

Would you like to see a simple test which will help make you paint-wise? We will send you materials and directions for such a test, together with booklet of practical suggestions and color schemes. Address our nearest office. *Ask for Painting Aids No. 71.*

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A Camping Tent

A splendid 7 x 7 eight-ounce duck wall tent and all the articles you use when you go camping next summer—all these you can secure *free of charge*. They will be given you in addition to your cash profits earned by selling *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. Thousands of boys and young men are making money, building up bank accounts, establishing business reputations for themselves—and at the same time winning bicycles, tool chests, cameras, rifles and other splendid prizes.

Let us tell you about it. Upon request, we will send you a complete catalogue showing over 600 different prizes you can win. Address *Box 752, Sales Division,*

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

BILLY FORTUNE AND THE MAN WHO DIDN'T CARE

(Continued from Page 15)

It was ten o'clock the next mornin' when I come to where he'd slept. There was nothin' there but the ashes of a brush fire. He'd built the fire for company and not to cook by. Anybody could have told he'd had nothin' to cook. He wouldn't be feelin' good to-day when I'd catch up with him, shy of supper and breakfast too, and stragglin' all by himself through the red rocks and the gray sagebrush. We'd got clear past the hills with trees on 'em, and there was nothin' in sight at all but just one tedious hill after another, clear as far as a man's eyes could reach. It was bad enough for me and a sight worse for him.

It wasn't any trouble to keep his trail. He was travelin' straight ahead, goin' by the sun, tryin' to make the river. He couldn't miss that if he'd just keep a-goin' and if somebody didn't catch up with him or head him off first. In another hour or so I'd found his next restin' place—a couple of cigarette butts and some match sticks. That would be the last sign of that kind I'd find. I could tell, because one of the cigarettes was only half smoked up—and he was a man that always smoked 'em as close to the end as he could get.

Besides, there was only two or three sticks. I knew what that meant—his matches had give out on him. He'd be travelin' now without a bit of company. I'd just have to trust to luck for knowin' that he wasn't gettin' away from me.

He didn't get away. A couple of miles farther on I caught my first sight of him. He was half a mile ahead, workin' up the side of a bald hill through a tangle of rocks. I guess he must have been pretty well wore out with his climbin', and woolly witted with the heat and the hunger and the weariness of it, because he didn't seem to hear me comin' for quite a spell after I'd first got my eyes on him.

I rode with my head down, just peekin' out from under the brim of my hat, so he wouldn't know I'd seen him. Pretty soon he took a look backward, and then he made a quick, scramblin' tumble for cover, droppin' down behind a ragged rock that was just barely big enough to hide him.

I never let on that I'd spotted him. Of course I could have run him down right there and had it over with; but that didn't suit me. I kept on right ahead, joggin' along easy and pickin' out the place for what I was figurin' on doin'. I could tell what Bow was doin'—workin' round his rock as I come up, so as to keep it between me and him.

I went on past him a couple of rods or so, goin' close up till he'd squirmed round to the sunny side and I was a little ways up the hill above him; and then I stooped over sideways, as though I was lookin' to see whether my cinch was tight.

"Whoa!" I says; and I kicked loose and threw myself down from the saddle. And then I fell, rollin' over and crumplin' up as though I'd lit on a rollin' stone. I made believe to try to jump up again; but then I fell back and grabbed hold of my knee.

"Darn the luck!" I says out loud. "I've sprained it!" I hadn't done any such thing, but I was wantin' him to think so. I commenced workin' my knee backward and forward, to feel how bad it was hurt: and then I let out a groan. "Oh, hell!" I says, real vicious and worried. "Don't it beat all! Now I just can't go on. I'll have to turn back soon as I've rested the pain out of it. Sufferin' Peter!"

I took my time about it, gettin' up slow and catchin' the ponies' bridles, and hobblin' over to where I could set down in the shade of a rough old ledge of rock. I rolled up my breeches leg and begun to feel of my knee real tender, rubbin' it and workin' with it; and then pretty soon I tore a strip out of the front of my shirt and wrapped the place up.

When I'd got that done I leaned back, with my shoulders against the rock, and fetched out my papers and tobacco for a smoke. And there I was, settin' in the shade, all comfortable and cozy. And there he was, spraddled out flat against the broilin' side of that rock, with the killin' sun beatin' down on him, like a piece of bacon on a hot skillet, and knowin' he couldn't stir an eyewinker to get away without me gettin' the drop on him. That was the way I'd wanted it to be.

He was a sight gamer than I'd figured. For as much as an hour he stayed right where he was, with me waitin'. It must have been fryin' the very heart out of him; but he didn't make a move. I had two slow cigarettes, and after that I edged over and got one of my canteens off the saddle and had a long drink, gurglin' and makin' a fuss over it. That didn't fetch him, either, though he was fair perishin' for it.

Then, when it got to be a little past noon, I built me up a little brush fire and unslung my saddlebags, and started gettin' my dinner ready—openin' up a can of beans and settin' 'em over the hot ashes, and layin' out my bread and a can of beef, and some more truck. I forget what-all there was, but it was a plenty. And then I begun eatin', stoppin' every little bit to take a pull at my canteen.

That was more than anybody could have stood. I hadn't took but six bites or so till here he come, raisin' right up from behind his rock in plain sight and commencin' to walk toward me. I tried to act surprised to death, grabbin' for my gun and coverin' him with it. He never even stopped to look at the gun. He was lookin' at me. He didn't take his eyes off of me till he'd stumbled over beside me and dropped down on the sand, pitchin' over sideways against me.

He was all in. His face was all blotchy—fire-red and ash-gray together; and his lips was purple and peelin'. He couldn't talk. He tried a couple of times, but he only made a rough sound, without any words to it. It didn't matter, because I knew what I had to do.

It took me an hour to work him out of it, layin' him out in the shade and givin' him water—dribblin' a few drops between his lips at a time and soppin' his face with a wet handkerchief, and gettin' him up gradual to where he could take little scraps of bread I'd soaked for him in the bean juice. I could see it was goin' to take time. It was past the middle of the afternoon before he'd had what I'd call a feed. Then by and by I passed him my papers and tobacco.

He took 'em the way he'd took everything I'd done for him yet, without speakin' a word. He kept perfectly still while he was rollin' his cigarette and gettin' a light. A man's habit is curious, ain't it? The next thing he did was to break the burnt match in three pieces and lay 'em down alongside of each other on the ground, lookin' at 'em with his crooked face all in a pucker, takin' a lot of pains to get 'em straight. He fooled with 'em so long that he let his smoke go out.

"Gimme a match!" he says. They was the first plain words he'd spoke to me; and it seemed as though they was goin' to be the last if I let him alone, because he appeared to be thinkin' about somethin' away off from me. I didn't care. I wasn't in any hurry; and I was bound he'd have to make the beginnin'.

He finished his cigarette by and by and flipped the butt away into the brush, and after that he bent down, with his face hid for a minute on his humped-up knees; but that didn't last. He straightened up again right away and turned round to me, lookin' at me fair and square. He'd never looked at me straight in the eyes before.

"Well," he says, "we've got this far now what's the rest of it?"

"I don't know," I says. "That's for you to say."

"What?" he says. He didn't seem to get me. He set and studied me a long time. "What do you mean?" he asks me. "You've got me; now what are you goin' to do with me?"

"Just whatever you think would be right," I says.

He sure didn't know what to make out of that. I guess he must have thought I was only foolin' with him to torment him. It did look that way, didn't it?

"You can do just the way you please," I says. "You can either come back with me or you can go on about your business. It don't make a mite of difference to me."

"Well," he says, "but, then, what did you come out and hunt me down for?"

"Oh, just for this," I says; "just so we could have a talk. It wasn't you I wanted. I just wanted to find out whether you're human."

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That cut right in under his skin. He fetched a quick, short breath, like a man will when he's got a sharp hurt he wasn't expectin'; and he began movin' his lips at me, without makin' a sound.

"You mean I can go if I want to?" he says pretty soon. "I can go just the way I am?"

"Sure!" I says. "I ain't goin' to detain you none."

"Even if I've got your money on me?" he says. "You know mighty well I've got your money. There's pretty near a couple o' hundred of it."

"I know," I says. "You can take it right along if that's the way you feel. I'm leavin' it to you."

"Well, by ——!" he says. "Say, I wish you'd tell me what it is you're hidin' from me."

"Not a thing on earth," I says. "I'm just leavin' the whole thing to you."

He was one dazed man. Real slow, as though he was movin' in a kind of dream, he run his hand down in his pocket and dragged out a bunch of money, settin' there and holdin' it in front of him, turnin' it over and over, and starin' at it. And then all of a sudden he got his eye on somethin' else. It was his gun.

While I'd been fussin' with him to get him roused up I'd watched my chance and dropped his gun down on the sand beside the fire, where he couldn't miss seein' it after a while; and there it laid now, with its black handle stickin' out of the holster. I'd took all the shells out it; but he didn't know about that. All he had to do was to reach out his hand and grab it from where he set. He didn't do it; he just took his foot and pushed it away from him as far as he could reach, and then he dropped the money down on the ground between us.

"Do you know how much there was in the box?" he asks.

"No," I says, "not without lookin' in my book. I'll take your word for it. I reckon you've counted it over a lot of times, these two days. A man would. He'd want to know what he'd got for his trouble."

He waited a long time, fidgetin' and breathin' hard.

"I know what you're expectin'," he says. "You been expectin' I'm goin' to give it back to you for lettin' me get away and savin' you trouble."

"No," I says; "that ain't it. I ain't doin' any expectin' at all about you. I'm just waitin'."

"You think I'm goin' to be grateful to you, like a dog," he says, "on account of what you've done for me here."

"No," I says; "I ain't doin' any thinkin' whatever. I'm just waitin'."

He give a short kind of laugh. It wasn't the way a man laughs when he's tickled over somethin' comical. It sounded more like sobbin'. He looked away from me and went back to the little pile of burnt match sticks between his knees, worryin' over 'em and scrapin' a little place clean on the sand so he could begin arrangin' 'em again. I was lettin' him alone till he wanted to talk some more. He got round to it in a few minutes.

"I wish it was so I could tell you somethin'," he says. "I do. You wouldn't believe it, most likely; but I'd sure like to tell you."

"Web, go to it!" I says.

He threw himself straight up and stuck his hand out at me so sudden it made me jump.

"Listen!" he says. "What do you reckon it was that made me come out from where I was hidin'? Because I was hungry? Because I was needin' water? I'd have died first! I was pretty near dead. The rest of it wouldn't have been so bad. It wasn't nothin' like that. It was seein' you settin' here. I couldn't help it. Listen!"

He'd got agoin' now, and was sort of on fire with it. I don't believe I could hardly have stopped him if I'd wanted to.

"Listen!" he says. "You'll think I'm lyin' to you, just so as to fool you. I ain't. I wouldn't have come out in a million years if it had been anybody but you. And you don't know why. It was just because you'd come pretty near actin' white with me once. It wasn't when you give me a job. It was that day you tried to make me think you hadn't dropped your tobacco for me to find.

"You don't know what I'm talkin' about, do you? Let me tell you: That's the only time in my life that I can remember when any livin' man ever done a single thing like that for me. I don't know what made you do it. I guess it wasn't because

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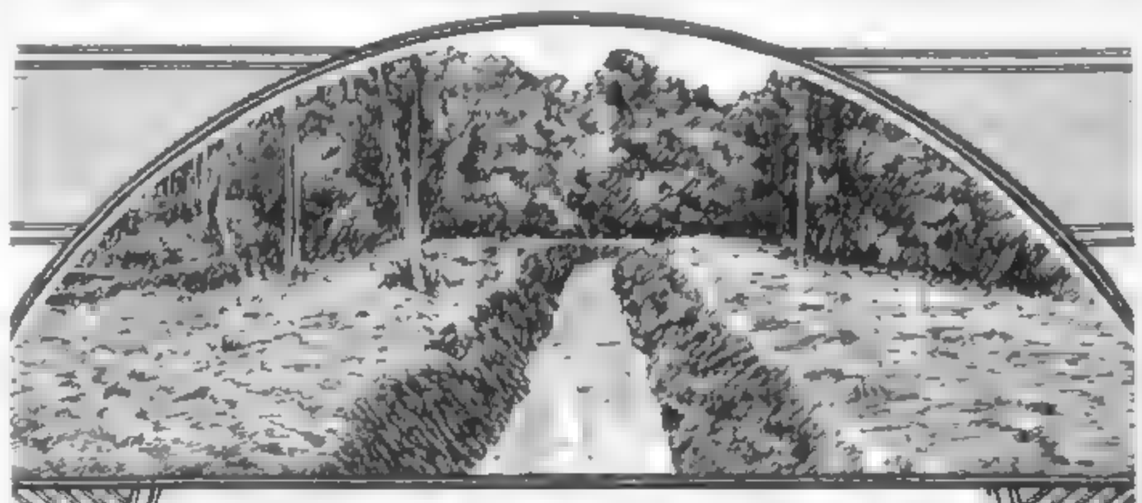

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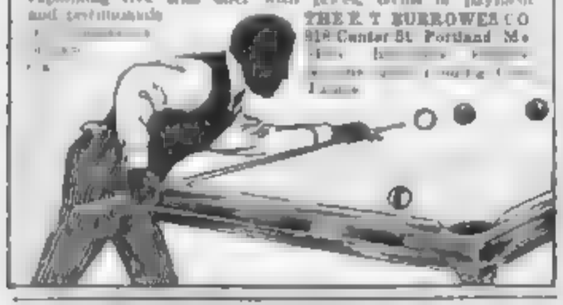

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you was so awful fond of me. But you done it, and I ain't ever goin' to forget it. Oh, I know pretty near what you think about me. You think I'm a rotten egg. You think that's all there is to me—just bein' rotten. You've got a right to think it. I've acted rotten with everybody round Wyoming; but it ain't rottenness that makes me do it. No, it ain't!

"Listen! There's never been a livin' soul in the world that's ever cared a damn about me. It's been that way ever since away back as far as I was old enough to know. My own daddy hated me. He hated me so bad we couldn't ever get along at all. And all the kids hated me. When I was little I'd have give one of my eyes for a boy of my own age to play with like boys do—tellin' things to each other, and stealin' for each other, and fightin' for each other. You know! I never had him. I don't know what the matter was at first. I guess it was me. Anyway, there was never anybody.

"Even the critters wouldn't take to me. I never had as much as a yellow pup that would make friends with me. It made me mean. You can see how that would be. It just made me so contrary that I was bound I'd show 'em I didn't care whether they liked me or not. And it's been that way all the time. I've been bein' mean for spite all my life—tryin' to show 'em I didn't care. But I did care! If there'd been just one person ——

"That's what made me steal your money. I didn't steal it only because I'm a thief; nor I didn't take it, like you've been thinkin' I did, so I could go and get drunk with it, and gamble with it, and raise the devil with it. It wasn't that. It was because I've found out that when I've got money on me I can always pick up somebody—a woman mostly, or a poor scrub of a man—that's willin' to act as though they cared as long as my money lasts. That's what I was aimin' to do with this—take it and hire somebody to be friendly toward me till it was gone. I just had to do it.

"You'll never know, because it ain't ever goin' to be the same with you; but them three weeks on the round-up, without nobody offerin' to say a dozen words to me the whole time—that got me to where I just couldn't stand it no more. You was the only one, just that one time—and I guess you didn't mean a thing by it; but that's what made me come out here for you. I had to, somehow."

He quit his talkin' then and gathered up his little sticks, real absent-minded, and begun to lay 'em over. Perplexed—ain't that what you call it when you ain't able to think? That certainly was the way he had me fixed.

"What's that you're doin' with them matches?" I asks him after a while.

He give another one of them short, dry laughs; and then he made a swift motion with his hand and knocked the pile clear away.

"I doit to amuse me," he says. "I've been doin' it for years and years—just makin' things the way they might be, mebbe; makin' little houses, with folks in 'em—folks that care—a woman, and some girls and boys."

There's where he quit, gettin' up onto his feet and brushin' the sand off his clothes.

"Well," he says, "let's get through with this. Do what you're goin' to do."

You tell me what you'd have said to him. No foolin' now! I guess mebbe you think you'd have set there and had one of these Christian talks with him, and told him you'd forgive him freely, and how plumb nice it would be if he'd reform and take to leadin' a better life and all that. That would have been perfectly proper, wouldn't it? But that way never come into my head.

"I don't know what I'm goin' to do, Bow," I says. "What would you do if you was me? On the square, now—supposin' it was like that—what would you do? Supposin' you was me, and supposin' I'd run the kind of a blazer on you that you've run on me—what would you want to do with me? Mind, I ain't askin' you what you're wantin' me to do now. I'm askin' you what you'd do."

He took his time in tellin' me. He didn't seem a mite eager to get to it. He was doin' some thinkin', standin' there and drawin' little shapes with the toe of his boot in the sand and brushin' 'em out again. What he said to me after a while come hard.

"I don't know," he says. "It's all mixed up. I guess I ain't able to think about it that way. I don't know what I'd do. There ain't but one thing I do know. A man has got to be responsible somehow. It don't do just to tell him to be responsible to himself. He's got to have somebody else to be responsible to. He's got to be responsible to folks! And he's got to know that folks are responsible to him."

Don't it sound ridiculous—us two out there in the sagebrush and goin' on like that? But it didn't seem so foolish to me right then.

"Oh, well!" Bow says after a bit, "what's the difference? Come on—let's go back."

"No," I says. Honest true, I hadn't figured it out the way I said it. It just come to me as I went along. "No," I says. "Here's the way it's goin' to be: There's your pony. And there's your gun. And here's some shells for it. And there's some grub on my saddle. There's enough to do you three or four days if you're careful. If I was you I'd keep on over the ridge, and then I'd take down the flat on your right; it'll get you to the river sooner than this way. And then I'd head up the river a ways and work back round the Buttes to Nine-Bar again, along the middle of next week, and ask for a steady job. That's what I'd do."

Crazy? Well, mebbe it was; but people do lots of crazy things. Anyway, I got him started off pretty soon; and then all the way back home I was real busy makin' up the lie I was goin' to tell 'em. I had time for fixin' a good one.

"It wasn't Bow Keester at all," I told 'em. "I caught the man over Willow way. It was a man I'd never set eyes on before—a short, fat man that was deaf and dumb, with great big red whiskers, and with a big piece gone out of his left ear. It looked as though it had been shot off. I caught him with the money on him, and I was bringin' him back—only last night he got loose. He must have sawed the rope off his hands on the edge of a rock, because here's the pieces of the rope I found this mornin'. But I got the money. I got every cent of it back!"

It's a cinch the boss didn't believe a word of it; but he let it go. He knows mighty well I don't ever lie to him if it's important; so he just lets me play my own hand other times. I didn't care a hoot whether anybody believed me.

It was right quaint the way it turned out with Bow. He stuck with me a year; and then the next summer he married a Swede girl that come out to the ranch to cook; and after that he took up a claim of his own down on Rawhide a ways. That was when I lost track of him for a while, except for hearin' sometimes that he was still there.

And then one day, a couple of years or so afterward, I happened to be down that way for somethin' and stopped at a new little log house to ask 'em for dinner. It was an awful snug sort of a lookin' place. They'd fixed a way to irrigate a little patch from a well, and there was a porch with green vines runnin' up over it, and a mess of red and yellow flowers in the yard, and a garden. You didn't have to be told that whoever lived there had home notions.

Well, it was Bow Keester that come to the front door when I knocked—not the same Bow I'd knew at first, but another one. The face of him showed that he'd found the very thing he'd been lookin' for. And that wasn't all. He had a little bit of a yellow-headed kid on each of his two arms, and there was two more of 'em, just exactly alike, hangin' to his breeches legs. Four of 'em! And you couldn't hardly have told 'em apart to save your life!

"Well, gee-whiz, Bow!" I says, when we was settin' down in the little parlor. "Them are never yours!"

"Mine!" he sung out; and the way he said it you'd have thought it was somethin' to be proud of. "Mine! Them two first ones is boys. Billy and Bow, their names are. And this one's Olga—no, I guess this other one must be Olga —— Darned if I know! Their mother can tell you when she comes in. But they're mine!"

He wrapped his arms round the two in his lap, braein' 'em up against him so as to leave his hands free for makin' a cigarette. When he'd got it lit I watched him flip the match stick straight out of the door, grinnin' over at me. That man wasn't buildin' them comical little dream-houses any more out of the burnt ends of his matches. That man had got what he'd been dreamin' about, and it suited him too. Don't you think it's real curious the way things happen?

More Than Dollars and Cents

HERBERT FLORER, son of Professor Florer, of the University of Michigan, sold *The Saturday Evening Post* in Ann Arbor. His father encouraged him to do so because he realized that the boy's profit in dollars and cents was only the least of the benefits to be derived.

Professor Florer wrote to us: "Recently in an address I mentioned the great work being done by *The Saturday Evening Post* for the lads of America. The boys are taught the value of money, they learn with surprising quickness how to read the character of the men they meet, and their association with men further their own independent individuality. They soon find out that manliness is a winning quality; that a genial smile is an asset, and that willingness to work is recognized by 'big men.'

"In this day of clamoring for a so-called practical education, it is interesting to note that the boy's only desire is not to work only with the hands but also to know the WHAT, the HOW and the WHY of things. This work teaches them how to observe the WHAT, to ascertain the HOW and to appreciate the WHY. It teaches them to think, to act, and, therefore, prepares them to become the useful citizens of tomorrow."

Let us tell you how an army of red-blooded boys like Herbert Florer are earning their own money, how they are thereby gaining a sense of the real worth of a dollar and how they are developing a sense of self-reliance and manhood.

Box 753, Sales Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Exhibit Palace—Carnation Milk Condensery in actual operation at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

Model Condensery opposite the Fine Arts Building

In the heart of the grounds of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, facing the Fine Arts Building, you will find the instructive exhibit which has been created through the co-operation of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Company, producers of Carnation Milk.

This great Exposition itself, designed to show to all the world the advances accomplished in the past quarter of a century, finds the people particularly interested in the story of good food products.

The prominence given the Carnation Milk display is indicative of the acknowledged standing of the company, its methods, and the quality of its product.

Here in actual operation, is the model condensery. The visitor can see here the actual methods by which pure, sweet, rich, fresh [illegible] evaporated, hermetically sealed and [illegible]. Every detail is carried out fait [illegible] in the [illegible] Milk is produced in the Exposition [illegible] marketed in just the same way.

In connection with the model [illegible] Carnation Stock Farms will be established [illegible] will be milk fed [illegible] Carnation Milk [illegible] by the [illegible] advances in the development of fine cattle and the improvement of milk production.

You, your family and friends will be doubly welcome at the Carnation condensery and at the exhibit of Contented Cows in the Live Stock Department of the Exposition. Come, without any more formal invitation, and make yourselves at home.

NOTE:—If you bring the baby or children with you to the Coast, order Carnation Milk on the dining car, and be sure of getting the same high quality milk every time for every meal and for every feeding of the baby.

What Carnation Milk Is

Clean—Sweet—Pure Milk *From Contented Cows*

Tall Size

Baby Size

Learn to know the flavor of purity

Don't expect Carnation Milk to taste just like raw milk. The sweetness and flavor of Carnation Milk, which you will learn to regard as delicious after you have tried it a few times, are due to a more concentrated flavor of the butterfat and other milk solids.

This is caused by the removal of part of the water, through evaporation and by the sterilization.

The sweetness and the flavor of Carnation Milk are also due to the original richness and purity of the fresh milk which is received daily.

Carnation Milk is unsweetened—nothing whatever is added to the pure, sweet, rich, fresh milk, and nothing is removed except a part of the water. Its wholesomeness is preserved by the sterilization.

Carnation Milk is put up in baby size and tall size cans. You can always be sure of the uniform high quality, purity and safety of Carnation Milk wherever you get it.

Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co. General Offices: SEATTLE, U. S. A.

How to use Carnation Milk

Carnation Milk is used in *every way* that you ordinarily use raw milk or cream.

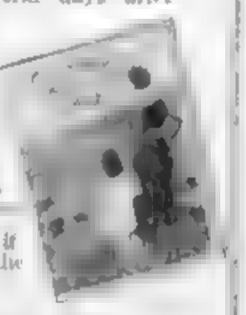
It is recommended by pure food experts for cooking and baking, as it imparts a rich flavor; it is convenient (always ready) and economical (less waste) for table use; doctors order it for invalids, babies and for growing children.

For oyster stews, for making ice cream and confections of various kinds, Carnation Milk is unequalled. It adds a delightful garnishment to your cup of coffee or cocoa—it can be used in place of cream for whipping.

As a seasoning for fresh and canned vege[illegible] delicious results. In the [illegible] ing dish dainties Carnation Milk will be found most satisfactory.

By keeping a supply of it on the pantry [illegible] you will always be ready for emer[illegible]cy. With Carnation Milk in the house, you need not be embarrassed when you have unexpected company, because of your milk supply.

Carnation Milk doesn't spoil as quickly as raw milk. It can be poured into the cream pitcher, or it may be used from the can as needed. It will keep several days after opening.



Our booklet "The Story of Carnation Milk" contains choice recipes and tells of the many ways in which Carnation Milk can be used for cooking and baking, in the chafing dish, in making [illegible] and dainties of va[illegible]

Send for this *free* booklet if you do not expect to visit the San Francisco Exposition.

Your grocer is the Carnation Milkman. Try a small can for your coffee—and a tall can for your cooking

Ends all these Nuisances

ISN'T it a nuisance to have to put air pressure on your gasoline by hand before you can get your car going; and then have to keep watching your air gauge to see that the air pump on the motor continues to *keep up* the air pressure?

Isn't it a nuisance to find that vibration has loosened some connection and let the pressure escape, and therefore—*no gasoline?*

Isn't it a nuisance that you can't use all the gasoline in the tank when your car is equipped with pressure feed—you must always put more gasoline in before you run anywhere near out,—it means an extra load of gasoline that your car always has to carry but can never use?

Isn't it a nuisance when you fill your reservoir to have to use a wrench to fasten down the filler cap so as to make it air-tight? And many times when you get back in the car find you can't get pressure enough, so have to get out and hunt all over your gasoline system to find the trouble?

Isn't it a nuisance when you come to a steep hill to find that you have not pressure enough to force the gasoline to the carburetor—and then have to turn around and back up?

The Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System now solves all gasoline feed problems and saves you work, time, nuisance and expense.

Stewart Vacuum Gasoline System

What it is, and does—

It is a small tank, 4½ inches by 9 inches high; installed under the hood on the dash or motor; and connected to the manifold, carburetor, and gasoline supply reservoir.

The suction of the motor through the manifold draws the gasoline from the rear reservoir to the small tank under the hood, from which the gasoline falls in a positive, even flow to carburetor.

No preliminary hand pumping air into gasoline tank before starting car. No depending upon a motor driven air pump to keep up the pressure after you start.

No air gauge to watch; no air lines to keep tight; no air-tight connections necessary anywhere.

Saves 10% to 15% gasoline. No forcing gasoline through carburetor wastefully.

No pressure to upset correct working of carburetor. No over-rich mixture to cause sluggish motor and carbonization.

Supplies gasoline to carburetor unfailingly, under all conditions, even on steepest grades, because of its being located so close to, and above, carburetor.

Allows carburetor to be installed close up against intake manifold, where it gets benefit of motor's heat, and where it is most easily gotten at for adjustment.

Permits removal of reservoir from under seat, or out of cowl, to rear of car—conceded to be the proper location for gasoline reservoir.

Works absolutely automatically—once on your car you can forget it.

The Stewart System has proved one of the most notable developments of recent automobile history.

It was one of the most talked about improvements on exhibition at the big New York and Chicago Automobile Shows.

Horseless Age says: "Although it was unheard of a year ago, it has already been adopted by 25.6 per cent of all car manufacturers for regular equipment. The figures show that it replaces pressure feed in the majority of cases, but there has been a marked drop in the use of gravity feed." (Because it enabled car manufacturers to use the low streamline body design now so fashionable.)

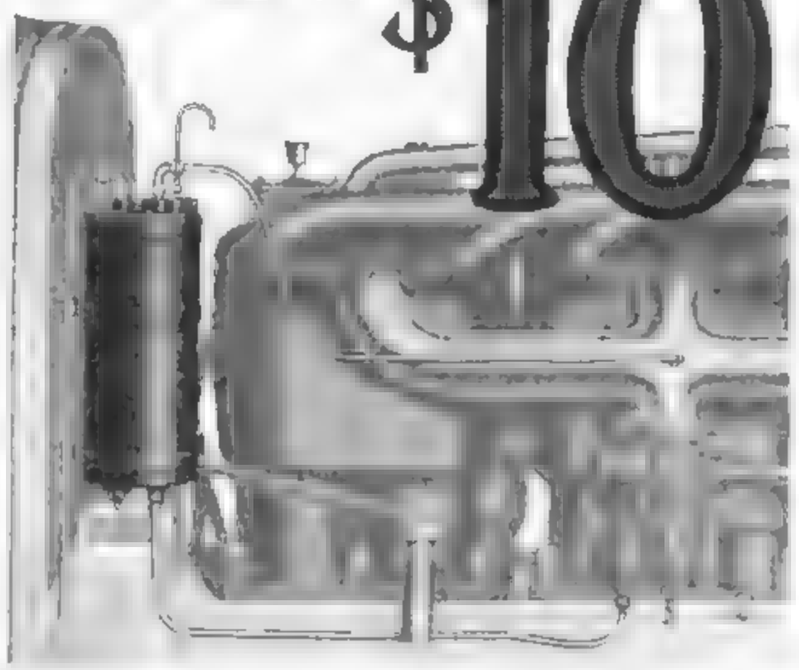
Thousands of car owners everywhere are eliminating the troubles of pressure and gravity systems by replacing them with the Stewart System on their cars.

It can be installed on any car—old or new—in an hour by anyone.

Install this system on your car. Try it for 30 days. If not satisfactory, get your money back. Stewart Products are fully guaranteed.

Catalogue on request.

Now $10



Hill Climbing Made Easy

Cut shows car climbing 29% grade, a steeper grade than will be found nearly anywhere that cars travel. Note (by dotted line) that with the Stewart System there is a constant gasoline supply always above carburetor, insuring constant feed to carburetor on a hill of even this exaggerated grade

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

Executive Offices: 1998 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago Factories: Chicago and Beloit, U.S.A.

17 BRANCHES—Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, K[illegible] City, Los Angeles, M[illegible]is, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, San Francisco, Lo[illegible]

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Listen to the Tone of the big Stewart Warning Signal

The tone is splendid—different—clear, loud, long, penetrating. Highest grade construction throughout. Easiest operated. Graceful, symmetrical lines. Black enamel and nickel (Black and brass for Ford cars.) Special models for motorcycles and automobile trucks

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Tremendous sales have enabled us to cut prices an average of 40% on **Stewart Speedometer Parts.** When buying parts, insist that they carry this trade-mark—

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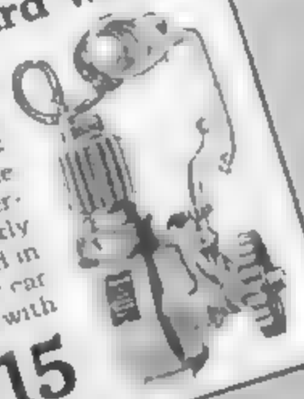
Genuine trade marked Stewart Pinions at 25c ea.; Flexible Shafts $3, Swivel Joints $2.50. Other parts at similar reductions. Insist on material stamped with the well known Stewart trade-mark. Otherwise it is a substitute

"Always on the Job!"

Let the Stewart Tire Pump do your hard work



With an engine right beside you that does all the other work, why break your back with a hand tire pump? The Stewart power pump, operated by your engine, quickly fills any size tire. Installed in an hour by anyone on any car—old or new. Complete, with 15 ft. highest grade hose, air gauge, bracket and gears

$15

WHY I HAVE GONE INTO MOVING PICTURES

(Continued from Page 17

for herself; she does not have to be told by the director. Her experience has been so varied and her observation so keen that she knows the value of posing.

John Bunny, another moving-picture actor, has held his own against the onrush of stage favorites. Bunny's face—one might almost say his ugliness—is his fortune. He was a fairly good comedian on the legitimate stage. When he was with the original cast of 'Way Down East he got fifty dollars a week. Now he gets fifteen hundred. It is claimed that, next to Mary Pickford's, Bunny's is the best-known face in the world to-day. When this actor entered the Polo Grounds during the last World's Championship session he was received like Woodrow Wilson. Everybody was shouting "There Goes Bunny!"

I happened to be in London while he was preparing his pictures there, and I can assure you that no matter where he went he made as big a sensation as Queen Alexandra, George V or Jack Johnson. If he entered a shop to buy a hat or a pair of socks or a collar the crowd in front fairly swarmed the place. It was the same in Birmingham, Dublin and Paris. Bunny is as big a proposition in China as he is in America or in Europe. This is easy to understand when you realize that the great moving-picture favorites may be playing to a hundred different audiences, in all parts of the globe, at the same moment and continuously.

The foreign moving-picture actor has far less vogue than the American. Maurice Lindau, for instance, who was killed in the French Army, was very popular in Germany, France and Russia; but he was practically unknown in this country. This was due to the fact that, though other countries in the world take American subjects, very few foreign films find any favor in our eyes. Cabiria and Quo Vadis, both taken in Italy, a Danish film called Sealed Orders, and a very few others, are the rare exceptions. Our moving-picture audiences do not care for foreign acting, though to my mind it is superior to our own. Our fans pick their own favorites—Mary Pickford, Alice Brady, Robert Warwick, and the rest.

In this respect they are like the regular theatergoer, preferring plays like The Man of the Hour, Mother, The Man From Home, The Gentleman From Mississippi, The Dollar Mark and The Pit, to Damon and Pythias. Quo Vadis succeeded because of the great vogue of the book. Cabiria's success was due to the fact that it was the last word in moving pictures. This picture would have cost in the United States a quarter of a million dollars, but it cost only a fraction of that sum in Italy, since in that country they can engage mediocre actors and fine artists for from a dollar to five dollars a day. In the United States an actor of the same quality as the five-dollar-a-day man in Italy might cost a thousand dollars a week.

The Demand for Feature Pictures

As the craze for feature pictures grew in this country the demand for the legitimate actor increased and his salary was raised correspondingly. William Farnum, who, before going in for the moving pictures, got from two to three hundred dollars a week, received a thousand dollars a week for six weeks and a bonus of fourteen thousand dollars for making a picture of The Spoilers. Dustin Farnum's salary as a star was probably five hundred dollars a week. He now receives a thousand dollars a week for picturing himself, and an interest in the profits of the film.

Wilton Lackaye, whose salary in the theater was from five hundred to seven hundred dollars a week, also gets a thousand dollars a week and an interest in the films in which he is pictured. Ethel Barrymore got ten thousand dollars in cash and part of the profits for making the picture of a play written for her by Augustus Thomas. Some of the people of the legitimate stage get as high as twenty-five hundred dollars a week from the moving pictures. Do you wonder, then, that it costs more to produce a picture here than in Italy?

As a matter of fact these enormous salaries have brought the cost of producing films up to a larger amount than producing plays for the regular theater. It is nothing now for a picture maker to pay from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand dollars for the making of a film, which some time ago was considered a very big price for the production of even a big musical comedy.

Because of the high salaries paid by the moving-picture theaters the legitimate actor is disappearing from the stage; in fact, if one were to leave out the stars he would find it impossible to make four full ideal casts from all the other actors and actresses in the United States.

Here is a very important particular in which the moving-picture theater has the advantage over the regular theater: When the director takes his moving picture—actors, effects and scenario—he does it once for all. He puts the best that is in him on the screen—gets it just the way he wants it; and the camera never changes. It is always there just as he presented it. It wears out only when the film it is printed on gets old—that is the only way the director's work can be spoiled.

But in nine cases out of ten, in the regular theater, a great director puts his whole heart and brain into his work and makes a great production. Very good; but let it once get away from his eyes, in the hands of actors and actresses on tour, and let him see it three months afterward, in Chicago or New Orleans, and he will be heartily ashamed of it. It will have run down; it will have been added to, changed; liberties will have been taken with it, and all the other things done that cause a fine play to deteriorate. But the camera, as I say, presents the work as it comes from the mind—now and forever.

Competition With the Legitimate

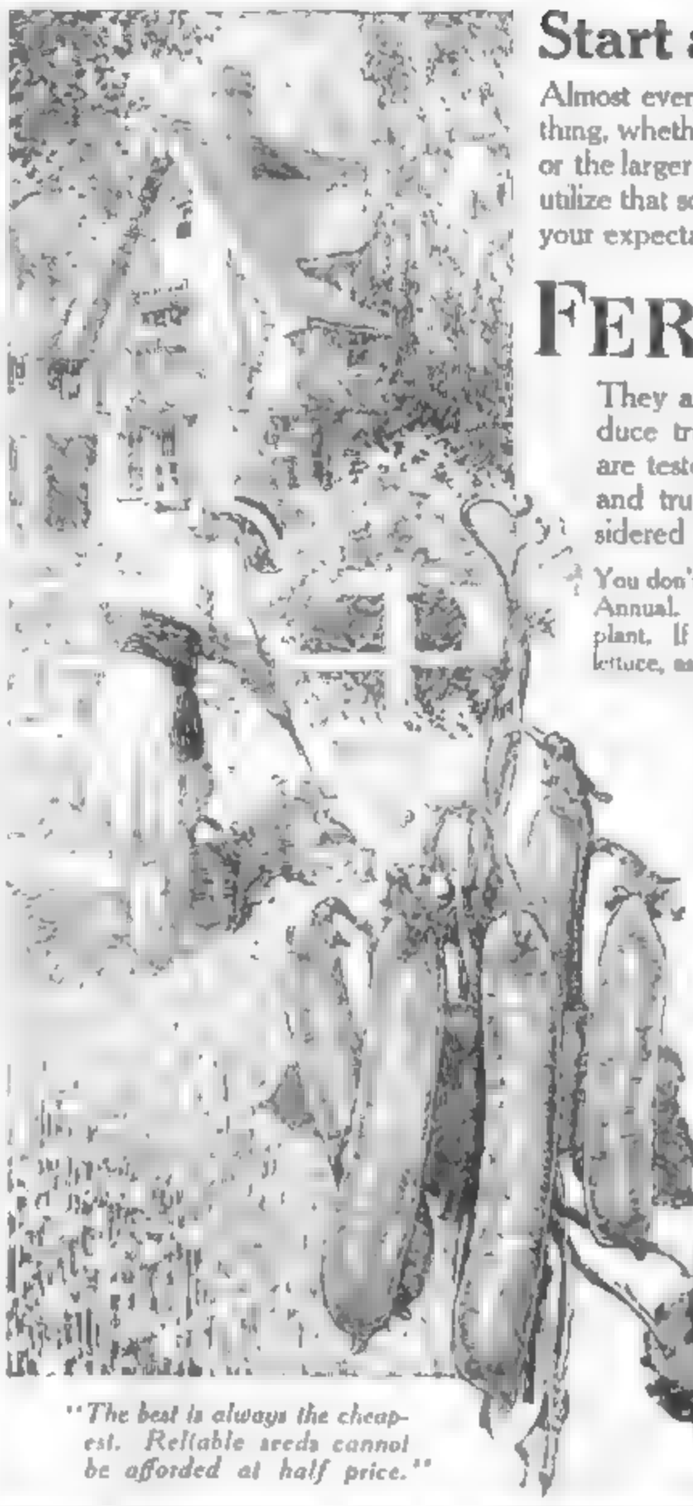
With the coming of the feature film it was inevitable that a certain practice should develop which would operate against the legitimate theater. The moving-picture man now advertises and lithographs his show quite the same as does the theater man. For instance, he gets out a twenty-eight-sheet stand, an eight-sheet stand, or what not, and also folders and postal cards. When he goes into a place he distributes these to the greatest advantage. As he often forgets to tell the public that his is a moving-picture show they frequently visit it under the misapprehension that it is a legitimate attraction.

Here is a case that shows the harm this practice works to the regular theater: Marie Dressler is to open to-night at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater—a two-dollar house—in a play called A Mix-Up. At the same hour she is advertised to appear at another theater—Marie Dressler in Tillie's Punctured Romance—at ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents. The management of the latter theater omits to mention the fact that its show is a picture. Lee Shubert told me that, finding there was no interest in the opening of Marie Dressler at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, he had called up a number of his regular first-nighters and asked whether they were coming to see the new show. Their answer was that they did not care to see moving pictures.

And so the thing goes on. Pick up a newspaper and you will find that Charles Frohman presents Billie Burke, in Jerry, at the Olympic Theater, in St. Louis—a two-dollar house; at the same time Charles Frohman is billed in exactly the same type as presenting John Emerson, in The Conspiracy, at ten cents, in several other theaters of the same town. Or Charles Frohman is presenting William H. Crane, in David Harum, for ten cents in one theater; and at the same time Charles Frohman is presenting William H. Crane, in The New Henrietta, at some two-dollar house a few miles away.

There is another curious condition that gives the moving-picture business a great advantage over the legitimate: In almost every city in the country moving-picture theaters are allowed to operate on Sunday, a privilege that is not allowed the legitimate theater in the East. By their Sunday performances the moving-picture houses very nearly pay their rent for the entire week. One house, which is one of the gigantic picture theatres in the city of New York, quite pays its weekly rent with Sunday work.

Now by what system of reasoning do those who make the laws in the East claim



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that it is a crime for Ethel Barrymore, Sarah Bernhardt, Madame Réjane or William Faversham to act in the flesh on Sunday nights, and not a crime to exhibit them acting in the very same play in the film houses?

The moral question apart, however, let me state that, from a business standpoint, the advantage the Sunday performances give the moving-picture theater over the legitimate is almost incalculable—as anybody who has ever paid rent for a Broadway theater will know.

Naturally the great factor in the moving-picture business is the fan. In this respect this form of entertainment may be compared to baseball; but there are a hundred times more fans in the moving-picture theaters than there ever were in the national game. You see, the film pictures are running all the year round, whereas baseball is played only when the seasons permit.

These fans greedily eat up all the published stuff about moving pictures—and this stuff in the last few months has grown from mere paragraphs to whole pages—and root for their favorites quite as much as the fellows who sit on the bleachers in summer time and yell for Eddie Sweeney when they see him sliding to second base. In the first place the pictures are much cheaper than baseball; and, as compared with the theater, the fan knows he is getting good things all the time instead of only once in a while.

To cater, then, to the fan is the prime object of the picture maker. Experts claim that the cranks who pay their way into the moving-picture theaters day in and day out prefer their pictures without talk, because the silent shows cover so much more ground than the legitimate in the same length of time. The operator can give them one hundred and ninety scenes where in the spoken play it would be impossible to give more than twelve scenes at the most.

The Photo-Play's Universal Appeal

In other words, one can do in pantomime in a foot or so of film more than he could do in ten minutes if his characters talked. The wise ones calculate that the talking picture will not be successful, since dialogue will prevent the great rapidity of action and covering of ground demanded by the fan.

In the making of the great scene in The Pit the director went to the Board of Trade in Chicago, studied the whole day's doings, and reproduced in the pit scene, not a few minutes of action, as he would have done in the legitimate, but twenty or thirty minutes of action. He was able to rush other men into the picture and so get the panic scene much better than it was done in the play.

One may show a fire start and grow to a great conflagration in much less than a minute; or he could show the burning of a man at the stake, give the howling mob, and all the details of it. You could never do that in a theater, because the audience would not sit patiently and see the thing develop. In the theater you must go right to the climax and cannot show the various phases of progress.

Again, a great following in moving pictures is made up of persons who do not speak English—the Swede, the Pole, and the like. A man gets off a ship from Russia, walks up Water Street, stops at a moving-picture play and understands everything he sees; but he would not enter an English-speaking legitimate house, because the talking would confuse him.

Not only the legitimate play but even the pantomime, which is designed largely for children, suffers from the moving pictures, because through pictures the child can grasp a situation quite as readily as through the dumb show of the clown and pantaloon, and get much more for his money.

The shows in which music plays a large part are in no danger from the film pictures at present. The gentleman who wants to hear singing, or see dancing and look at pretty girls, must go where he can get that sort of thing; and singing and dancing cannot be reproduced successfully in pictures.

There are half a dozen men conducting offices in New York, with all sorts of inventions connecting the projecting and the talking machines. If they could do this successfully they would encroach on musical comedies; but not until they can do something more than scratch off the voice from a piece of wax will the film picture interfere with grand or light opera or burlesque.

The most deplorable feature of the whole business is that the theater is becoming degraded. Decent men and women, with

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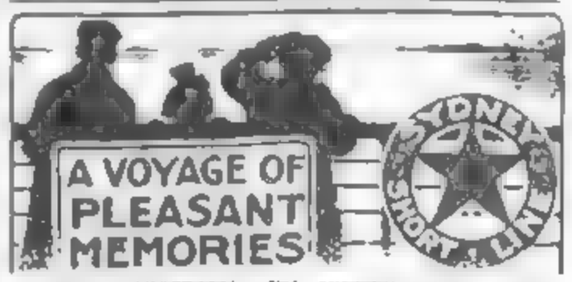

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The three most popular garden flowers the world over were all named and introduced by us within the [illegible], a record without a parallel. This year we add to the trio another novelty equally [illegible] and as way over the [illegible] as quickly as the others did and take its place everywhere as the foremost garden annual

The Chinese Woolflower is [illegible] and easy growth, two feet high, with [illegible] of woolly substance [illegible] through the season, [illegible] and showy of all [illegible].

[illegible] 50 cts. per pkt. of 40 to 50 seeds; 3 pkts. for 50 cts., [illegible] and GIANT SUMMER [illegible].

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children, are losing their touch with it. As De Wolf Hopper said, parents do not ask themselves, Where shall we go to-night? but Where can we go to-night?

The theatergoing public is responsible for this condition. There would be no smut—no trash—on the American stage if the public did not want it.

Of course you can find decent plays, like Peg o' My Heart, and Daddy Longlegs, and Sinners, which are successful; but these are exceptions.

It is a fallacy and an outrage for the magazines to keep pounding the managers for the utterly unworthy plays that are put on. They should pound the public.

These plays, however, are driving the theater to the dogs; and that is the reason men like Frohman, Belasco, myself, and a few others, who look on their work as an art, have turned to moving pictures—for, you see, moving pictures, because of the censorship that has been established all over the country for their benefit, cannot degenerate in tone, like the legitimate theater. In Chicago, for instance, one can put on a rotten play, but he cannot show a rotten picture—the censor will not let him.

What is to be the end of it all? That is hard to answer; but it is probable that the old law of supply and demand will not fail in this case. The moving-picture man has got all the novels in the world and all the plays for a thousand years back to pick from; while the poor devil who is producing for the theater must get something new all the time.

The Prophecies of a Producer

Twenty features are being released every week—that is, a thousand and forty carefully selected works a year. At such a rate, how long is the supply of old novels and plays going to last? It is a question of arithmetic. The American playwright is producing perhaps one play a week, and his European brother, owing to the decimation of the ranks by the war, may produce nothing for some years to come. In brief, then, the moving-picture business is living on its principal.

Again, things move in cycles—particularly public taste. A vogue for melodrama is succeeded by one for music; then comes the problem play, which holds the boards for a few years and is succeeded by a vogue for farce.

Just now we have a frightful plethora of musical comedies and reviews. Presently the people will get tired of farce and go back to melodrama.

The way of the feature film will grow harder and harder until the time comes when five or six legitimate stars will be required to make such a picture draw. They must have a Wilton Lackaye, an Ethel Barrymore, a Mary Pickford, a William Faversham and a Sarah Bernhardt, all on one bill—which was just what happened in the theater.

In another way history will repeat itself in the matter of the moving pictures. If one body of men ever succeeds in controlling them those men will act just as the theater men did when they got control of the theaters of the country. The one aim of those gentlemen was to get things cheaply. They tried to squeeze the producer, which was very largely responsible for bringing about the condition of the theater to-day. In other words they killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

The booking agent in the moving-picture business is going to do the same thing. He is a salesman; he knows nothing about art in the picture, nothing of the literature of the world, nothing of the excellency of acting. The film is to him the same as butter, shoes, leather, pants or pork; but he can organize his forces, establish branch selling offices throughout the country, and get good men to handle his products. This man does not believe in art. His slogan is: "Make them as cheap as you can and sell them as high as you can!"

Consequently the fellow who wants to do what is best—who looks on moving pictures as an art—is slowly but surely being shoved out of the business by the coming of these crude mercenaries, and what happened to the regular theater will happen to the moving pictures.

The salesman and the promoter will get control, the film business will deteriorate and go through the same process the theater is going through now; and then in time, at the other end of the cycle, the legitimate theater will come back to its own.

"You Can't Go Wrong With a 'Feist' Song"

"I Want to Go to Tokio"

Let Joe McCarty and Fred Fischer take you on the pleasantest trip in many a day—To Tokio.

See the little sweetheart, "Ho, Yo-San," across the sea—beneath the bamboo tree, sitting on a Jap-a-(k)nee.

There have been many quaint Japanese songs written before, but never one so good as "I Want to Go to Tokio."

Here's how good a song "Tokio" is: You sing it at a party or "song-fest"—it is good for *all night*. "I Want to Go to Tokio" is *that good!*

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"I didn't raise my boy
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By [illegible]

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"Why Not Sing Wearin' of the Green" Blanche Ring's [illegible]

"One Idea About the Girls." Eddie Morton's big hit
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"The Aba Daba Honeymoon." Ruth Roye's big success.
Beautiful Roses. Song and Hesitation Waltz
You're Here and I'm Here." Song and one-step
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Economy with Luxury

THE PARSON OF PANAMINT

(Continued from Page 10

Nevertheless, he don't like it one little bit, for he ain't a gambler an' winnin' don't excite him like it does most people. He's just a human preacher sparrin' with Satan for a soul, an' the thought o' winnin' a lot of unclean money is plain repugnant to him. Not for all the wealth o' Panamint will he touch a cent o' the wages o' sin. Still, he's a human bein'—an' as curious as a pet coon. He's just nachelly got to see how rich he is if he ain't got a conscience; so he starts countin' the money without drawin' down his ten-dollar bet, which is still ridin'.

Chappie, not bein' familiar with sportin' parsons, gives Philip a look o' admiration an' sorrer combined; an', takin' it for granted the parson's game for another little whirl on the nine, he spins his ball an' sings his little song again. She repeats! Chappie shoves three hundred an' fifty dollars more across to Philip.

"Parson," he says, "you're a lucky man; but as there's only luck in odd numbers, as a rule, an' you've won three times hand runnin' on the nine, yore luck's due to change. It's time to shift yore bet. Durned if I don't believe you've jinksed my wheel so bad you could win on the hoodoo number!"

"What's that?"

"The thirteen."

Philip looks at Chappie, an' he's tempted. He's only foolin', but he sees that Chappie is dead serious. Consequently, because it's only innercent pastime to Philip, like a boy playin' marbles, he shoves his bet over on to the thirteen. You see his play, don't you, son? He wants to lose it on the hoodoo number an' retire gracefully when his winnin's is all back in Chappie's tray.

The ball drops into the thirteen pocket! Chappie gets out his white handkerchief an' wipes his corrugated brow, as the feller says, meantime eyin' the parson suspicious like. On his part, Philip, enjoyin' the knowledge that he's got Chappie fannin' the air, grins back at him—an' Bud Deming, seein' the dinero in front o' the reverend, strolls over to poke some fun at the foreman o' his roulette wheel.

"Hello, Chappie!" he says. "The parson got you goin' south?"

"No," says Chappie; "but, all the same, he's luckier'n a fool. If I hadn't held him to the limit first off I'd be raidin' one o' the other games for more cash right now."

"What?" says Bud, aimin' to be agreeable an' pleasant, "is the ten-dollar limit annoyin' our clerical friend?"

"He wants to pyramid his bets, startin' right in," complains Chappie. "Plays a dollar on the nine, ketches it, an' lets her ride. I had to pinch him down."

"That so?" says Bud. "Well, the roof is off! Anything the parson wants in this house goes while I'm the proprietor."

"Spread my bets for me, Bud," says Philip. Gawd bless him, he's a lamb!

"He'll win wherever you spread 'em," Chappie warns Bud.

"We'll see," says Bud.

An' he places a hundred on the double-O, a hundred on the green, an' a hundred on the even; whereupon Chappie spins the ball an' she drops into the green double-O, winnin' all three bets. The green an' the even pays double, an' the double-O pays thirty-five to one.

"That's what you get for interferin', boss," says Chappie carelesslike.

He reaches into the dinero an' shoves hundred-dollar bills acrost to the parson until the place begins to look like a patch of alfalfa. An' still the bets goes ridin' as they lay.

Again Chappie spins the ball; again from force o' habit he sings:

Roun' she goes an' roun' she goes;
An' where she stops nobody knows ——

An' then he waits, holdin' the tune while the ball circles slower an' slower. In a second she's due to run off the right o' way an' go slippin' an' bumpin' among the pegs an' pockets before settlin'.

"Finish yore little song, ol' timer," says the parson.

The ball commences to bump, with the double-O so clost to hand it's even money the ball drops into it, when Chappie sings the last line:

An' nobody gives a turiloo, turilee-addy!

The ball drops into the double-O, hesitates—an' pops out into the next pocket, when, accordin' to all the laws o' averages, she should have stayed in the double-O! Chappie gives a sort o' suckin' sob an' rakes in the three hundred dollars.

Now all this is just the most wonderful luck in the world, an' Chappie an' Bud ain't never seen or heard o' nothin' like it; but the parson, bein' free from superstition an' previous experience, don't see nothin' so very wonderful in it, because he knows the Lord ain't on the side o' no gambler, an' if he stays with the game long enough he's bound to lose all he's got. However, he's smart enough to see he's built a fire under Chappie; so he says:

"Now that's a heap better, Chappie. Don't that last turn prove to you there ain't no luck in usin' the name o' the Lord in vain?"

"It shore does look that way," says Chappie; "but I happen to know the Lord ain't got nothin' to do with it. There ain't nothin' on earth can control that little ball 'ceptin' the law o' averages, an' yore luck's been runnin' beyond the wildest dreams o' average."

Havin' won a bet at last Chappie's feelin' cheerful again.

Now the parson knows he ain't goin' to take the money, even if he wins it; so consequently he figgers this is all innercent fun an' no harm to nobody. He sees Chappie an' Bud are takin' him dead serious, an' he's so almighty human he can't help havin' a little fun with them by a-testin' o' their nerves. Besides, he's plumb anxious to get rid o' the wealth he's accumulated an' remove himself from the occasions o' sin. He figgers he's been lingerin' there too long already, as it is; an', since his luck's had one setback, he 'lows as how the tide has turned, an' if he crowds his hand he'll go bust in five minutes.

"My friends," he says, "I'm only a parson, I know, an' gamblin' ain't my long suit; but, nevertheless, when I'm out for a little mild mental relaxation I likes to bet 'em as high as a hound's back, an' this suspense is aggervatin' to me. I'll bet every dollar before me on number thirteen an' let the tail go with the hide; an' if you're a dead game sport, Bud, you won't take a dare like that from a preacher."

"Boss," says Chappie, "you goin' to let this sportin' parson back you down?"

Now Bud, he knows just as well as Chappie that it ain't in nature to beat a roulette wheel if a man stays with it. Also, the parson's playin' the hoodoo number an' the chances is thirty-five to one against him, not countin' the hoodoo; an' as Bud's as superstitious as any gambler, an' as game as the best, he takes the parson up.

"I'll go you, parson," he says; "only I warn you in advance if you win you got upward o' one hundred an' fifty thousand dollars comin' to you, an' I ain't got that much money."

"Bet the house, lock, stock an' barrel," says the parson, "an' we'll call it square at that!"

"Fair enough," says Bud. "Spin the ball, Chappie, an' be right sure you don't take the name o' the Lord in vain. I ain't lookin' to bust the hoodoo on that number."

Now for the first time the Reverend Philip Pharo gets wise to the fact that Chappie an' Bud's as superstitious as two Chinamen, an' this knowledge amuses him a heap.

Consequently, for purposes o' plain human enjoyment, he thinks he'll enter into the sperrit o' the evenin' an' make out as how he's somethin' of a conjurer with a roulette wheel.

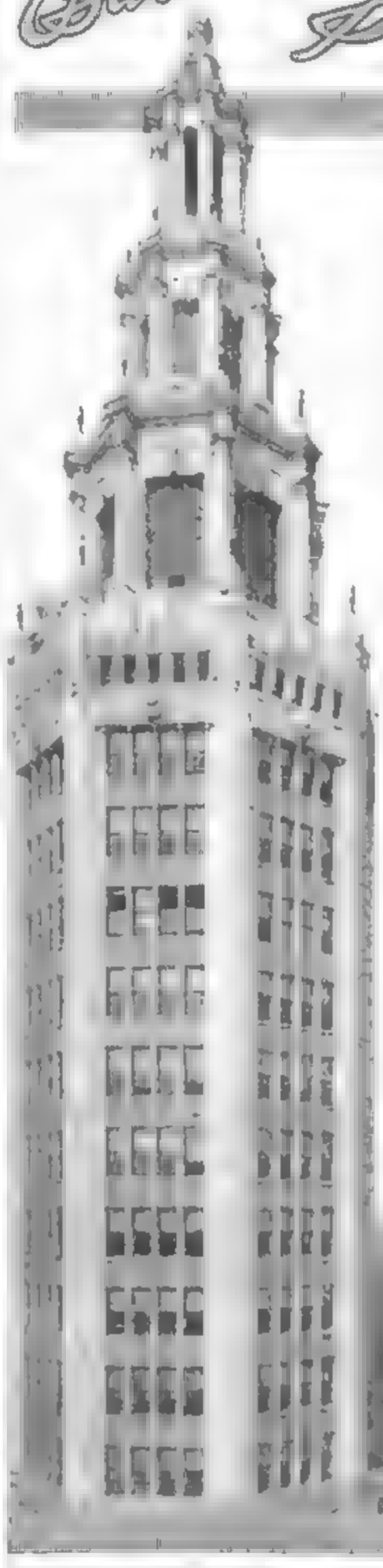
"'Twon't do you no good whatever, Bud," he says. "I'm goin' to jinks the wheel." An' he runs his finger clear round it an' chants a line, which he tells me afterward he swipes from a play: "'Roun' her form I draw the awful circle of our solemn church!'"

Then he spills somethin' in a furrin language—it's Greek, which Philip's learned in college; but Chappie an' Bud don't know it, an' both are some apprehensive as Chappie spins the ball an' sings his song.

Son, there ain't nothin' like that parson's luck ever seen. The ball pops straight into the thirteen pocket first thing—an' stays there! The Reverend Philip Pharo's busted the bank! Bud Deming's a pauper, an' Chappie Ellerton's workin' for the preacher, who's the sole proprietor o' a gamblin' hall!

Chappie Ellerton's as white as a miller an' Bud Deming's face is as yaller as an old cheese. But he's game, is Bud—none

Barrett Specification Roofs



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Owners wake up to this fact when they begin to pay bills for repairs and damage caused by leaks.

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It is for this reason that most of the great manufacturing plants and textile mills of the country, the great railroad terminals and skyscrapers carry roofs of this type. Some of these are from twenty to thirty years old and are still in serviceable condition.

A copy of The Barrett Specification, with roofing diagrams, mailed free on request to any one interested.

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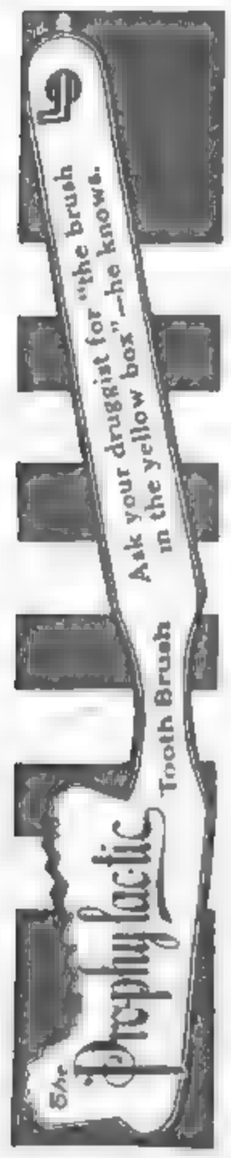

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Brush your Teeth Up and Down — Not This Way

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Send for interesting Free Book on the Care of the Teeth.

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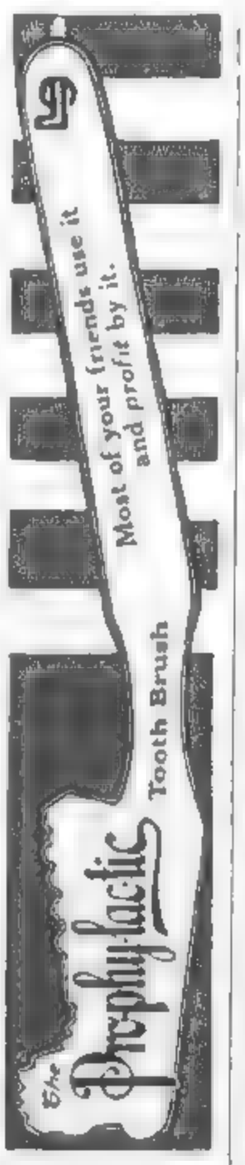

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more so. He just steps back an' bows to the parson with all respect.

"Parson," he says, "the shack is yours. All hands was paid off at six o'clock tonight an' the title's clear. I don't suppose there's nothin' for me to do round here 'cept to state that it shore was poor jedgment on my part havin' only one entrance to my place of business."

Well, son, Philip just stands there, with his mouth wide open, like a kid seein' things at night. Chappie Ellerton is absolutely overcome an' stands starin' at Philip, with his mouth open; an' Bud's the only cool man at the table, for he's been busted many a time an' oft, as the poet says, an' the prospect don't worry him none providin' he can find a job right away. It occurs to Bud that the quickest way to do this is to ask Philip for it—which he done; an' that brings the Reverend Philip Pharo out of his trance.

"Why, Bud, you blessed ol' sinner," he says, "what-all d'ye suppose I am?"

"You might be just smeared with nigger luck from heels to hair, but I doubt it," says Bud. "However, that ain't neither here nor there. This here place is a payin' property; an', since it ain't the kind of a place that can be run by a preacher or ex-preacher, it stands to reason you got to have a manager for it. Though I ain't fixin' to throw bouquets at myself, I been runnin' this house with tolerable success up till now, an' I'll leave it to Chuckwalla here if I ain't square."

I've just dropped in an' I'm not conversant with the lay o' the land; so I don't ask no questions, but proceed to give Bud a reputation.

Now Philip wants to assure Bud he don't want the place nohow an' wouldn't tech it for a million dollars, because the whole thing starts with a little innercent joke between him an' Chappie Ellerton; but, knowin' the kind of a gambler Bud is, the boy figgers he'll mebbe hurt his feelin's by pressin' his property back on to him in the presence o' third parties.

While he's figgerin' a graceful way out Chappie Ellerton still further complicates matters by quotin' a little Scripture:

"'Them that lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.' An' truer words than them was never spoke. Bud, this here sportin' parson warns me startin' out exactly how this fiesta's goin' to end! The age o' miracles ain't past yet, an' I don't have to have the parson's church fall on me before I take the hint. Me, I'm through gamblin' forever! Parson, be a good feller an' give me a job slingin' hash in the restauraw till I can get a road stake together." An' that's the first intimation Panamint ever has that Chappie's jewelry ain't what she's cracked up to be.

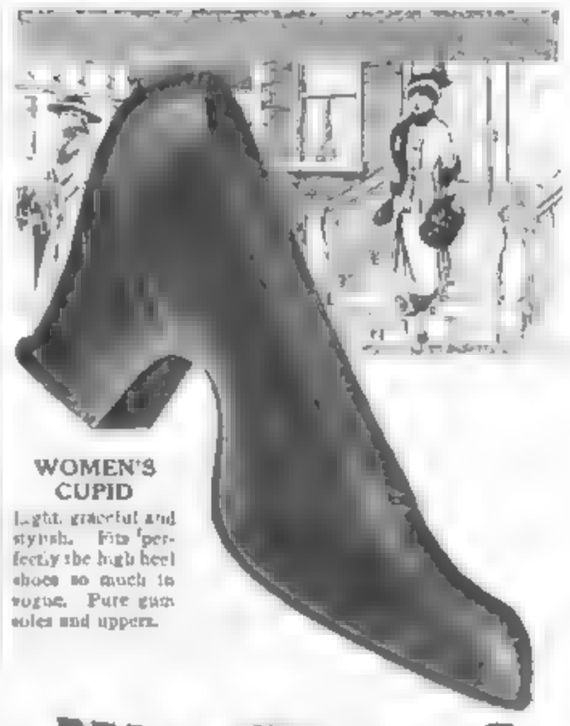
Now, son, mark the fix that remark puts Philip in—from Philip's p'int o' view. Startin' out, he's made up his mind there's somethin' awful good in Chappie Ellerton an' he's goin' to bring it out. Bein' a parson, nobody knows better'n Philip that the Almighty moves in devious ways His wonders to perform; an' here He is proclaimin' in plain English that this brand, Chappie Ellerton, is ready to be hauled out o' the fire! To Chappie the fact that Philip busts the bank ain't nothin' unusual, but the way the play comes up it is! He's regardin' it as a good, broad hint from the Almighty to quit gamblin'—an' he's quit. Mebbe he's superstitious.

Well, all right, but if his superstition makes a good man out o' him, then Philip's ready to praise Gawd for installin' the superstition into this gambler. He's got Chappie funnin' for fair, an' it occurs to him if he catches Chappie on the rebound, as the feller says, he's got him.

On the other hand, if he lets on his winnin' Bud's gamblin' house is just plain nigger luck, an' he ain't invoked the aid o' the Lord nohow, he disillusions Chappie, an' mebbe the young feller goes to gamblin' again. Also, this newly acquired property o' his is the haunt o' sinners o' both sexes; an', with him bein' boss as well as pastor, he gets closer than ever to them. An' he's smart enough to know you got to get awful close to a sinner to get his confidence in anything ree-ligious.

It does appear to Philip that he ain't got nothin' to gain by declinin' his winnin's, an' he's got a whole lot to lose. On the other hand, since he never means to possess this deadfall, Bud ain't got nothin' to lose—only he don't know it. Then, again, Philip's tempted to think the Lord has delivered Bud Deming's place into his hands in order that he may close it up! However, Philip's

(Continued on Page 57)



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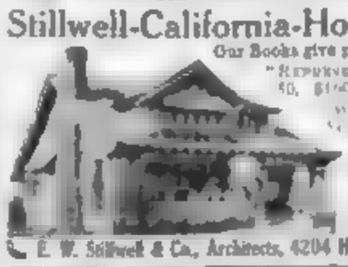

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REMINGTON UMC

For FAIR Price-Lists ——— —— that can be "taken SERIOUSLY"

* * *

THIS is a deliberate Attempt to cut the "Haggle" out of Tire buying and selling,—for Consumers.

It is also an Attempt to set right,—***with the Public,***—thousands of well-intentioned Retailers of Tires and Auto-Accessories.

These have, by circumstances, been ***forced*** into the gradual adoption of a most Unwholesome Custom, Viz:—that of selling "PRICE-LISTS" instead of selling ***Tires,*** to Consumers,—of selling ***Discounts*** OFF ***Price-Lists,*** instead of selling ***Mileage*** and ***Service*** in Tires.

It is ***not*** an Attempt to make things harder for the ***kind*** of Tire Manufacturer whose Product apparently ***cannot*** be sold ***without*** the doubtful Expedient of the ***Padded*** Price-List.

—Said Expedient consisting of an alleged "Price-List" which is purposely ***printed*** "UP" so that it may then be deliberately ***discounted*** DOWN by the Dealer,—to provide "a Special Bargain" to the Consumer who is Unwary, or who is too busy to ***investigate*** Values.

This Attempt is being made also with a sincere desire to save the Retailer of Tires from the ***consequences*** of further growth of that Padded Price-List CUSTOM which is inciting Consumers to patronize CUT-PRICE SPECIALISTS and band together to maintain "Supply Depts." with which to fight what they, erroneously, consider EXTORTIONATE Prices and Profits ***supposed*** to be charged by Retailers, on "Price-List" basis.

Without the PADDED Price-Lists, which in some cases show as much as 55% Retail Profit on Tires (as much as $11.00 Profit on a single 34 x 4 Plain-Tread Tire), the "CUT-PRICE SPECIALISTS" would have no reason for existence, could not make headway, nor threaten to ***cut the market from beneath the Dealer's feet.***

* * *

WITH the ***Padded*** Price-Lists, and the bitter Price-Cutting conditions that ***abnormal*** profits always invite,—the Dealer makes, in the end, much ***less*** profit, on average, than the normal and reasonable one to which he is entitled.

Thus he loses ***three*** ways, through the ***Padded*** Price-List Custom.

1st. Through the impairment of his legitimate Market and Volume, by "Cut-price Specialists," and by Consumers' Supply Depts.

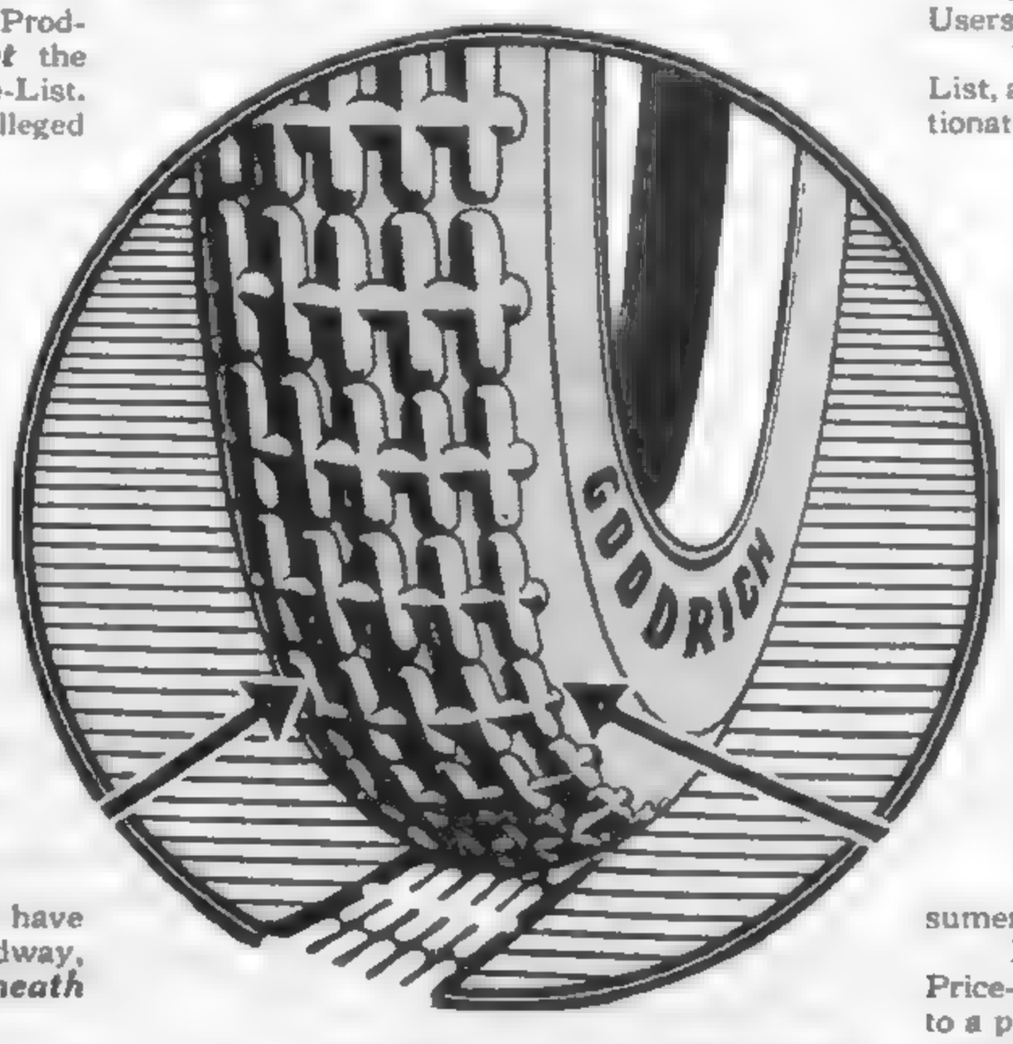
2nd. Through obtaining a ***lower*** AVERAGE ***profit*** per Tire during the year, because he must ***meet*** the keen price-cutting Competition which ***excessive profits*** always invite.

3rd. Through the heavy increase in the cost of Selling Tires, for Salesman's Time, when each Customer feels that he must Shop-around a number of different Dealers' Stores, in order to find out ***which*** will give him the ***largest Discount off*** the Price-List of the Tire he wants to buy.

More costly and dangerous to the Dealer than all three of these is the ***Undermining of Public Confidence,*** in the ***kind*** of Store that is popularly believed to have ***several Prices*** for the same article—[an ***unreliable*** method of Selling Goods].

That, and the TO-MORROW, which comes out of it, is the DEALER'S side of the Case.—

The CONSUMER'S side now claims our Attention.



Compare these Goodrich "Fair-List" prices, showing tremendous reductions, with prices you have previously paid. For instance, old price on Goodrich 34 x 4, Smooth Tread, $24.35. Present "Fair-List" price, $19.40. Ask your dealer for Users' Net Price List, showing prices on all sizes.

SIZE	PLAIN TREAD	SIZE	SAFETY TREAD
30x3	$9.00	30x3	$9.45
30x3½	11.60	30x3½	12.20
32x3½	13.35	32x3½	14.00
33x4	19.05	33x4	20.00
34x4	19.40	34x4	20.35
36x4½	27.35	36x4½	28.70
37x5	32.30	37x5	33.90
38x5½	43.80	38x5½	46.00

TIRES are often ***Emergency*** needs! If the car owner can step into an Auto-Accessory Store,—a Garage—or Repair Shop,—in the ***neighborhood*** of his need, and there get the Tire he wants, PUT ON ***in 20 minutes,*** it is worth a great deal to him to ***continue his outing*** without laying up his Car while he ***awaits Shipment*** and Delivery of same Tire, on his Telegraphed order.

But, if Auto-Owners do ***not*** patronize Auto-Accessory, or localized Tire Dealers, these must go out of business, and such ***convenient*** Sources of Supply would then be missed more by Tire-Users than by anyone else.

That is ***why*** the adoption of a FAIR Price-List, and the cutting out of the seemingly Extortionate ***Padded*** Price-Lists, means so ***much*** to both Consumer and Retailer of Tires.

That is why WE take the RISK of lining up the entire Tire Manufacturing Industry against us,—in a sincere effort to put the Selling and Buying of Tires on the same sound, safe, and progressive basis that practically all ***other*** Merchandise is to-day retailed upon.

* * *

OF course there will still be wide differences in the ***Value to Consumers,***—as great as the difference in the Facilities, Capacity, and Skill of each Manufacturer.

It is not expected, nor required, that Price-Lists shall accurately gauge ***relative*** Values, but only that they shall accurately and reliably ***measure*** the Value which each Manufacturer ***intends*** to give Consumers, for the amount each Consumer invests in his Tires.

It is not desired that the Manufacturers' Price-List shall cut the ***Dealer's*** margin down to a profit on which he cannot afford to do business and ***make money.***

It is only expected, urged, and desired, that the Retail Profits offered by Price-Lists shall be ***moderate*** enough to be ***bona-fide.***

—Not preposterous "Paper-Profits," that ***cannot*** come true without ruin to the future of the Retailer's business, but ***actual*** Profits that he ***actually makes,*** and that ***reduce*** his selling cost, per Tire, to the minimum that ***moderate Profits*** and the "One-Price System" can alone make ***feasible.***

That is our Hope, and Wish, for the future of the Tire Industry.

WE set the pace, to-day, by List-Pricing ***our own*** Tires so as to carry a moderate but REAL profit to the Retailer, instead of the Visionary "Get-rich-quick" profits, of 30% to 55%, that other Tire Price-Lists ***offer,*** but ***cannot deliver,*** when the price-cutting such huge margins ***invite*** does the settling.

THE B. F. GOODRICH CO., Akron, O.

February 1, 1915

GOODRICH FAIR-LISTED TIRES

(Continued from Page 54)

broad-minded. He don't aim to cram his religion down nobody's throat agin their will. So right off he resolves to play a waitin' game.

"All right, Bud," he says; "you're my manager, an' you name yore own salary. Chappie, Bud'll fix you up with that job in the restauraw. An' now, if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I'll just mosey along back to the parsonage. This grub I've got in this basket'll be gettin' cold; an', moreover, I greatly fear Crabapple Thompson has a bottle hid out, an' if I ain't there to steady the ol' rascal he'll get drunk on my hands. Thank you for a pleasant five-minutes' entertainment." An', smilin' cordial to all hands, the Reverend Philip Pharo dusts out o' that gamblin' house like the devil's at his tail a-wallopin' him at every jump.

I get the story o' what's happened from Bud an' Chappie; an', on account o' bein' able to guess Philip's attitood toward gamblin' an' knowin' him better'n them, I see it ain't goin' to do the parson no good to have the news leak out. Also, I know Philip just nachelly don't intend to consider himself the owner o' Bud's place, for I can see by the light in his eye he's bustin' with laughter 'way back inside; so I warns Bud an' Chappie to go slow an' not spread the news yet awhile. An' as both gents is smart enough to see they're goin' to be deviled out o' camp on account o' workin' for a preacher, they're right glad to keep their business to themselves.

Somethin' tells me Philip wants to see me an' talk things over, for whenever he's in doubt or trouble the boy allers comes a-runnin' to his ol' Bill-pardner; so I takes a little pasear up to the parsonage. I find Philip on his knees in his front room, prayin' Gawd to forgive him. Also, he don't neglect to thank the Lord for plantin' the seed o' redemption in Chappie Ellerton's heart, an' prays that Chappie'll be given the strength to hold to his high resolve; an', as a grand wind-up, he asks the Almighty to direct him in the predicament he's in. I can hear him prayin' out loud as I come in.

"Well, Philip," I says, "pendin' a tip from On High, take a little advice from Chuckwalla Bill. You stay away from that gamblin' hall hereafter, unless you're aimin' to cause fits among yore flock."

"I got justification for my course right here," he says, an' lays his hand on his Bible.

"I know it," I says—which I don't; but I'm willin' to take that boy's word for anything. "But you stay away, an' have yore grub sent up by Crabapple Thompson hereafter. Meantime we'll let Chappie an' Bud suffer under yore little joke until you've had a chance to get Chappie into church oncet. Then I'll quietly slip the word to Bud just how you regard this here transaction, an' I'll make him understand it all right."

"Will you do that, Chuckwalla?" he says, greatly relieved; an' I promised.

Well, Crabapple Thompson's drunk that night, an' he stays loaded three days, which naturally throws such a burden o' work on Philip he's kept right close to the parsonage. Come Sunday mornin' an' time to hold service, his consumptive gambler is that far gone the parson figgers he dassent leave him alone; so he ambles down Amethyst Avenoo to Jake Russell's shanty.

He's aimin' to ask Jake's wife to step up to the parsonage an' play nurse while he's holdin' services; but Jake Russell's wife she meets him with such a dignified front compared to former receptions that he ain't got the heart to state his errand, an' merely says he hopes she'll be on hand to lead in the singin'—which this same female has a voice like a desert canary—an' moseys along to Tom Cahill's cabin. Tom's wife don't attend Philip's church, an' not havin' one of her own in Panamint, her Sundays is free to her; so Philip figgers she'll oblige him, which she does, an' he goes down to the church an' mounts the pulpit.

I'm in church that mornin' myself; for I been hearin' some gossip, an' I'm there out o' curiosity to see what's goin' on. The first thing Philip notices when he turns round to preach his sermon is what I've noticed—an' that is that the male attendance this mornin' has increased fifty per cent, an' the percentage o' women has dwindled no little.

The next thing he notices is that Chappie Ellerton is settin' up in the front row; but he don't notice somethin' else, which I do an' that's Bud Deming an' Sunflower Sadie a-settin' away over in a dark corner an' lookin' an' feelin' outer place.

Well, son, the parson chooses for his text that mornin' the story about the shepherd that loses a sheep, which he leaves the rest o' the flock an' goes back lookin' for the lost sheep till he finds him; an' how there was more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than ninety-nine just men that need no repentance.

He ain't noways pertinent an' particular in his remarks; but, all the same, Chappie knows the parson means him, an' he's plumb interested right off. Philip gradually works away from the text an' pretty soon he's off on his fav'rite rampage, a-pleadin' for a broader viewp'int in religion an' more charity an' humanity toward sinners, then he sees Chappie's eyes just a-poppin' with interest, an' he gets worked up an' plumb inspired, an' tears loose regardless. If I'm a ree-ligious man at the time—which I ain't never been an' never will—it's even money he brings tears to my eyes with that sermon.

It shore did lay over anythin' you ever heard tell of, though a-lookin' back at it now it ain't so much what he says as the way he says it. He's that sincere I'm for givin' three cheers, and I guess I'd 'a' done it if Philip don't stop about then an' kneel down for the closin' prayer.

After the congregation files out Chappie Ellerton's settin' where he is, an', of course, everybody's next to who Philip's been aludin' in his prayer. A lot of us is hangin' round outside, an' when Philip an' Chappie comes out together I jine them, an' we all three walk up Amethyst Avenoo together to the hotel. I'm for backin' the parson's play an' gettin' him an' Chappie well acquainted; so I've invited 'em both up to the hotel to take Sunday dinner with me.

Does Philip talk religion to Chappie at that feed? No, sir. Philip's smart enough to know any man on earth can get enough of a good thing, an' he just naturally proceeds to forget he's a preacher an' act natural an' talk natural. As I recall it now Philip was tellin' us about the boy that run the first Marathon race 'way back in B. C., when a barkeep from Bud Deming's place comes runnin' into the dinin' room.

"Reverend," he says to Philip, "a drunken Greaser's knifed Bud Deming an' Bud's askin' to see you before he kicks the bucket."

Well, son, when me an' Philip an' Chappie gets down there, pore ol' Bud's lyin' on a billiard table, with Sunflower Sadie holdin' his hand an' takin' on pretty hard. There's mebbe twenty men standin' round the table, waitin' for Bud to pass out. Bud, he smiles when Philip bends over him.

"Parson," he says, a-reachin' out for Philip's hand, "a drunken Greaser has knifed me for fair, but I want to tell you he never got drunk in yore place. No, sir. Ever since I been yore manager I been runnin' this place respectable; an' when this drunk comes in an' wants a drink I'm sorry, but he can't have no more. I'm for sendin' him on his way peaceable, but he won't go; an' in the mix-up he slips a dirk into me."

Philip he paws Bud over an' sees he's cut pretty bad; so he ups and tells Bud he'd better get his house in order.

"House!" says Bud, who don't get what Philip's drivin' at. "Why, what are you talkin' about, parson? It ain't my house. You won it fair, though I ain't said nothin' to nobody about it till now." He raises himself up on his elbow. "Boys," he says, "listen to me: I'm dyin', an' I'm tellin' the truth. This house an' everything in it, includin' the bank roll, belongs to the best sky pilot ever. Last Wednesday night the parson here busts the bank at roulette, an' I staked the business agin' the cash, an' lost. I been his manager ever since, an' the books'll show it. Chappie here will bear me out. Now all you fellers, 'cept Chuckwalla an' Chappie an' the help, run along an' leave me alone with my boss, because him an' me has the details o' the business to settle up."

When they're all gone Bud says to Philip: "Parson, I'm goin' to ask you, for ol' sake's sake, to look after Sunflower Sadie. She's a good girl, parson. If there's anything wrong with Sadie I'm the responsible party. She's just loved me enough to leave a respectable home an' lose her reputation; an' parson, when I'm gone, for Gawd's sake help her to start in all over again. Sadie, ol' girl, the boss'll look after you when I'm gone; an' you be guided by him, because he'll be the one best, true friend you ever had.

"An' say, boss, you don't want no deadfall like this. No! No! It ain't becomin' to you. Only last night"—Bud is pretty far gone by this time an' talkin' hard—"a

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The price of the car complete is $785
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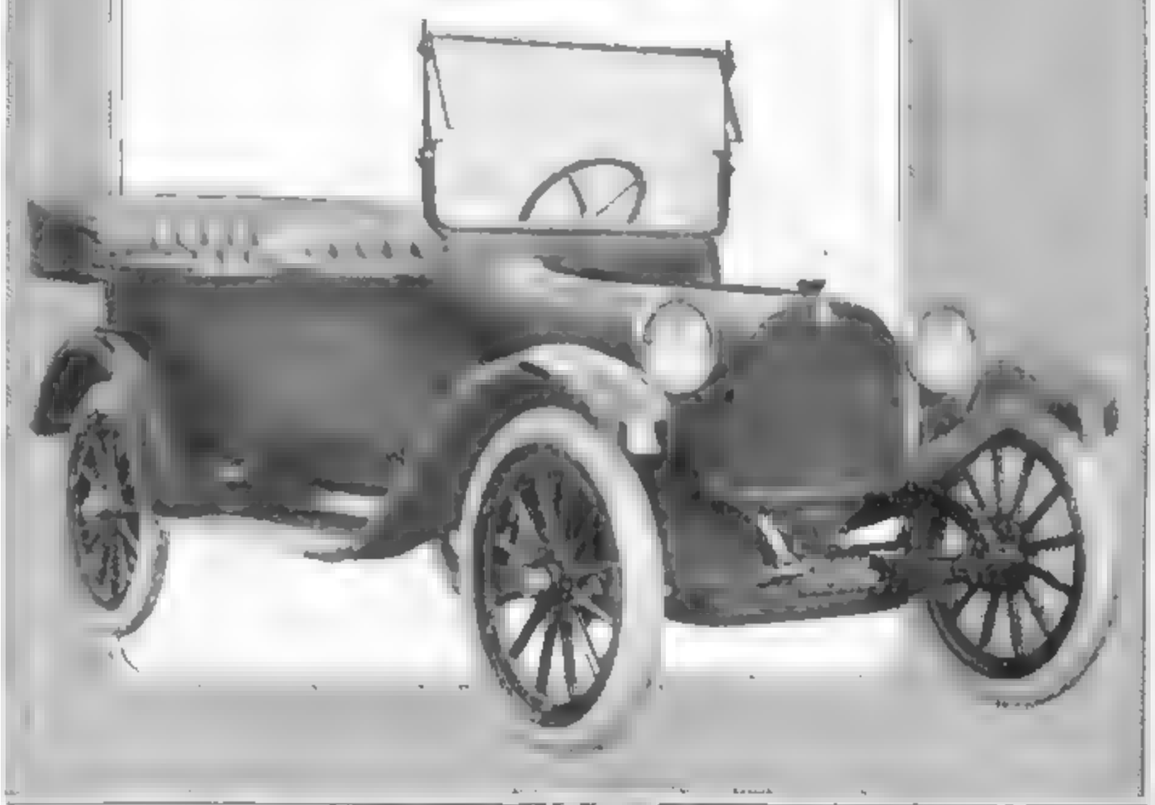
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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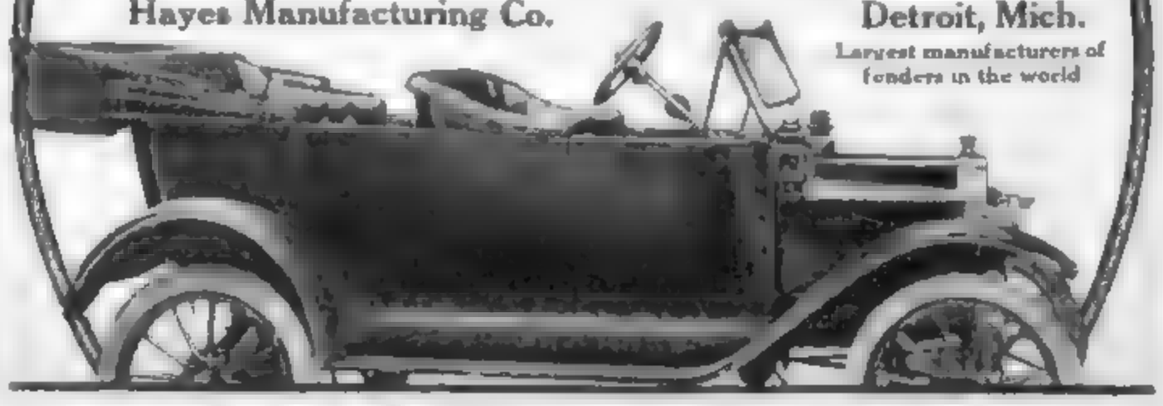

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

feller died o' minin'-camp pneumonia—settin' right up in that chair. An', comin home from church, me an' Sadie—we got talkin' it over—an' Sadie suggests a plan—parson, we was goin' to—go up to—the parsonage an' talk—it over with you—about this place bein' devoted—to helpin' folks—instead o' ruinin' 'em—a hospital, you know, parson. An' the restauraw mebbe supports—the hospital; an' you got—a forty-thousand-dollar bank roll to start. Chappie said he was goin' to church, an' me an' Sadie—we went too. Me an' Sadie an' Chappie—we reckon we lost—you was talkin' about—ain't we? Parson, pray for me! I'm goin'—tell the boys not to—lynch—the Greaser. He ain't responsible. No, parson; it's fellers like me—that kills—people—with whisky—"

"Bud," says our parson, "I give you the word of Almighty Gawd there's goin' to be more rejoicin' among the angels in heaven when you get there than over the arrival o' ten thousand preachers."

An' then him an' Sunflower Sadie an' Chappie gets down on their knees by the billiard table an' prays for Bud Deming's soul. Me, I ain't ree-ligious. I ain't never learned to pray, so I can't j'ine in.

In about five minutes ol' Bud's over the river, an' I take charge, while Philip escorts Sunflower Sadie home to the shanty her an' Bud occupied. Sadie's takin' on somethin' awful, an' Philip has her by the arm, tryin' to comfort her; but he can't. An' you want to remember, son, that this is Sunday, in the main street o' Panamint, an' every woman in hearin' distance o' Sunflower Sadie's sobs comes to her door or her winder an' has a look at the procession.

Son, I suppose you've lived long enough in this world to know that the wicked don't amount to nothin'; so nobody worries over 'em. It's only the pure an' the clean that can be reached by scandal. The bigger a man is the more we expect o' him; the heavier he is the harder he falls. An' it's that way with Philip. This is how the deal figgers out:

The night he's playin' the wheel with Chappie Ellerton, one o' Bud's barkeeps sees him make his killin' an' walk out, leavin' the money behind him. When he asks Bud about it later Bud's some irritated an' fires him for bein' too almighty curious about other people's business; an as this barkeep's goin' out he meets Jake Russell comin' in. So nachelly he unloads his grief on Jake; an', on account o' blamin' the parson for the loss of his job, he tells Jake the parson's been playin' the wheel an' won thousands o' dollars.

Jake, he's plumb surprised, but a little inquiry convinces him the parson has been playin' the wheel; so when he goes home that night he tells his wife. Mebbe Jake, bein' human, adds a few trimmin's to suit his fancy, an' his wife jumps to conclusions. She ain't got no more brains than a sage hen nohow; so she runs an' tells her neighbor what the pastor's been up to.

"Like as not," says this female, "he's worth watchin'. Jake says as how he calls them awful women down there by their first names!"

Son, before sunset that night there's gossip a-flyin' round Panamint to the effect that the Reverend Mr. Pharo's a terrible gambler; also, that he drinks now an' then, for more'n once he's been seen downtown feelin' pretty jolly, an' mebbe liquor had somethin' to do with it. The next we know he's been drinkin' an' has been seen throwin' gold pieces round like a hardened offender.

On Friday the story's growed, an' the women is smackin' their lips an' wallin' their eyes, an' sayin: "It's such a pity he's that way!" It seems by this time the parson's been leadin' a double life ever since he come into the camp, a-consortin' with the scum o' Panamint by night an' preachin' the Gospel by day.

By Saturday it's common knowledge that Philip is the outcast o' his family, an' has only entered the ministry as a sort o' blind, after years o' hell-raisin' an' debauchery, which is most likely why the bishop sends him to Panamint anyhow—to get shet o' him. My part in bringin' him is raked over an', as I'm regarded as honest, but desperate on slight provocation, my friendship for Philip don't help him any. With repetition, son, that story's growed so that when the finished product comes back to Mrs. Jake Russell she fails to recognize her own brain child, but takes it all as fresh evidence agin the parson; an' away she goes, spreadin' the news round the camp. Mrs. Russell is one o' these here Christian women that

(Continued on Page 61)

The Test of Time

A little over two years ago, I started a nation-wide campaign to acquaint discerning smokers with my p[ure] Havanas.

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Hyatt Bearing in the rear wheel hub—absorbs road shocks and carries the weight of the car.

Hyatt Quiet Bearings in the transmission tend to keep gears and shafts in alignment and insure quiet operation at all speeds.

Hyatt Bearings on the differential hub and pinion shaft take the driving stress and relieve gears and shafts of undue strain.

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"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO.

DETROIT, CHICAGO
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ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST

(Continued from Page 58)

holds she's got a sacred duty to perform by stirrin' things up an' savin' the church from scandal.

Of course, son, you see what happens When the parson escorts Sunflower Sadie home to her shack, after Bud cashes in, Mrs. Jake Russell sees him. She knows who Sadie is; but, even if she don't, it ain't no trouble to guess what she is—an' right then an' there the parson's damned! That afternoon the ladies o' Panamint swarms like bees. Mrs. Jake, she's the queen bee; an', as there's a lot o' old he-drones swarmin' with them, it all makes considerable of a buzz.

Of course Philip's that busy preparin' for Bud's funeral he don't get a whisper of it. We don't have no ice in Panamint; an', as it's July an' a hundred and twelve in the shade, an' no shade, we've got to plant Bud in a hurry, which his funeral's billed for ten o'clock next morning.

The first intimation I got that affairs has reached a climax is when the druggist an' the postmaster an' ol' Silvertip calls on me on the hotel porch to consult about the scandal. They don't get far after I find out what they're after.

"Silvertip," I says, "me an' you've fell out once before on account o' you stickin' yore nose into the parson's affairs, an' now we've fallen out forever an' for aye, as the feller says. You come down to the bank Monday mornin' an' I'll settle up with you. As for you other two skunks," I says, "you come, too, an' bring checks for your promissory notes."

"Oh, I guess not," says Silvertip. "Several of us has got together an' bought up a little block o' that bank stock from a friend o' yores; an' now you're controllin' about forty-eight per cent of it instead o' fifty-one. Ed Penrose, who allers votes his stock with you, right or wrong, got hard up an' we bought him out."

Well, son, I can see Silvertip's tellin' the truth, or he dassent have the nerve to come an' talk that way to the daddy o' Panamint; so I wait, a-cussin' Ed Penrose, to see what kind of proposition Silvertip's got to unload. I don't have to wait long.

"You're responsible for this unworthy parson," he says; but I stopped him with a little Scripture I got up my sleeve. I got it from Philip.

"Jedge not," I says, "lest ye be jedged!"

"Never mind about that," he says. "We're here, out o' deference to you as the leadin' citizen o' this camp, to give you the quiet tip to get shet o' the Reverend Philip Pharo, or the vestry holds a meetin' an' fires him without notice."

Son, I'm all broke up. I know they mean it, an' yet it don't lay in me to take program from them ol' women. I'm seein' red an' reachin' for my weepons to kill the coyotes, when I happened to recollect I'm the mayor o' Panamint an' standin' for law an' order.

Old Chuckwalla Bill rolled out of his blankets and stood erect; his voice rose shrilly as he lived once more this outrage of thirty years agone; he trembled with the scourge of it.

Son—he went on—they have me cornered! Me, I've gave more'n ten thousand dollars toward that church, an' now they're tellin' me I got to slip Philip the word he ain't wanted! I've got to take that boy aside, just when he's up to his ears in the work he loves, an' tell him he ain't makin' good! Me, the daddy o' Panamint! Me, Chuckwalla Bill Redfield, the first an' last mayor this camp ever has! Son, I'm all choked up. I can't say nothin'—can't even cuss ol' Silvertip. I just set there like a fool an' commence to cry—'cause I ain't never been licked before. The elders stand there gloatin' at me, as I discover the minute I can see clear agin; an' then it come over me that I got to set those tarantulas in their place if I go to jail for it for life.

"Gentlemen," I says, "which that word is a mere figger o' speech an' not meant, you-all can quit the Reverend Pharo's church if you feel like it; but me, I'm the biggest subscriber to the funds that built that church an' furnished it, an' I'm goin' to take possession an' maintain the parson in his job if I have to kill every elder in the flock. This here's a free country, an' Philip Pharo stays in the camp while I'm mayor; an' Gawd have mercy on them that hurts his feelin's or a hair o' his head."

"We'll dispute that in the courts, sir," says Silvertip. The ol' lizard ain't bluffed a little bit; but he sees I'm dangerous, an' him an' his gang pulls their freight without further argyment.

Now Philip, he 'lows as how he's goin' to have services over Bud in the church, an' has asked me to round up a quartet that's appearin' in the Panamint Variety Theater, an' to make sure the organist is there to play the funeral march an' all. I land the quartet all right, but when I go after the salaried organist I find the elders have been there before me an' the organist's on strike. Yes, sir! It appears that ingrate has scruples an' is arrayed agin the parson; so I give him a slappin' for bein' fresh, an' I 'low, by Judus! I'll play that organ myself if it comes down to it.

I been takin' lessons on the pianner up at the hotel, which I like to amuse myself thataway when I go into a dance hall. I don't know one note from the other, but I've took a lot o' finger exercises an' learned how to pump out a fair bass, an' play by ear. Music is a second nature to me, an' if I hear a tune oncet I got it, though, accordin' to Philip, this ain't nothin' remarkable. He says: "There is a chord in every human heart which, if it can be touched, will bring forth sweet music." Still, I've knowed a lot o' people that couldn't sing a lick or play a tune through, though their folks spends a bar'l o' money on teachers for 'em.

However, I ain't put to no such extremity as havin' to play the organ myself. Buckskin Liz is back in town agin, favorin' one foot an' lookin' none too robust; but she's the prime pianner tickler o' that country. An' when I approach her with a proposition to play at Bud's funeral she's there a mile—providin' they don't throw her out o' the organ loft.

The funeral leaves Bud's shanty at ten o'clock next mornin'. I'm one o' the pallbearers an' Chappie Ellerton follers the coffin, with Sunflower Sadie on his arm as chief mourner. I've ordered out the Fire Department, but the skunks have struck on me an' won't parade. Most o' Bud's friends is on hand, however; an', all in all, it's a pretty imposin' funeral as we march to the church, which when we get there we find the elders standin' on the front steps an' the door padlocked top an' bottom. Philip's standin' among 'em, lookin' all broke up, an' I see they'd been pickin' on the boy.

Well, son, I'm mayor o' Panamint, an' thirty year ago I'm that settled in my convictions I don't abdicate 'em none too easy. I give my handle o' the coffin to one o' Bud's barkeeps an' I walks up the stairs. I'm full o' dignity.

"Gentlemen," I says, "what appears to be the trouble?"

O' Silvertip steps for'd.

"Mr Mayor," he says, "the pastor o' this church, havin' disgraced his congregation, himself an' the house o' God, the vestry has seen fit to remove him from office, an' we don't aim to permit further degradation o' our places o' worship by admittin' this funeral. It sa-makin' a mockery o' religion," he says.

"All right, Silvertip," I says. "Have it yore own way; but I want you to bear in mind the vestry didn't build this church an' equip it. I reckon I ought to be consulted. Open that door—an' be quick about it!"

"I got an order from the justice o' the peace, restrainin' you an' John Doe an' Richard Roe an' William Black an' Thomas Green from usin' this church in any way," says Silvertip. "It's a public buildin', built by public subscription."

"Well," I says, "I'll tend to that justice o' the peace after the funeral. Meantime let's proceed with these here obsequies." An' I reaches under my long-tailed Sunday coat an' produces a pair o' thirty-eights on forty-four frames—the sweetest guns I ever owned. "If there's an elder in sight in one minute," I says, "we're goin' to have another funeral to-morrow mornin'—an' mebbe two or three."

I come up the stairs an' they backed away before me. I seen they didn't have the nerve of a lot o' field mice; so I shoots the padlocks offen the doors an' throw 'em wide open. Buckskin Liz ducks in an' up into the organ loft first thing; an' when the music starts they lug Bud in an' set him on two chairs up in front near the pulpit. Me, I stand at the door, an' every soul that goes into the church has to state to me whether he's for or agin Philip; an' when they're all inside I got the grandest collection o' thieves, gamblers, bums, rascals an' low-down men an' women I ever see together at one time before or since. The only respectable persons in the church, from the standp'int o' the righteous, is me an' Philip. Me, I'm no sweet young thing at that, but I'm regarded as a man, more or less. No, sir, I didn't even let them elders in to hear

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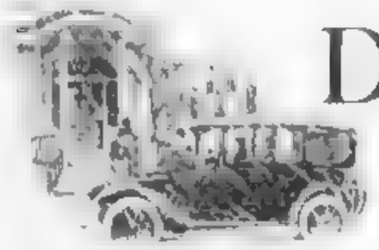

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the quartet, which is some dee-privation, for they shore sang somethin' beautiful.

I don't suppose I'm ever goin' to forget Philip's oration over Bud Deming. It seems the elders had him to themselves for about half an hour before the funeral come, an' they give him a pretty exact bill o' particulars. Philip seemed to realize mebbe this would be the last sermon he'd preach in Panamint, an' in his openin' remarks he took occasion to refer to the charges agin him. He don't show no bitterness, but quotes from the Scriptures an' says: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!"

Then he says if he can't explain his conduct to their satisfaction, mebbe the Lord can, an' he opens up the Bible an' reads a piece. I learned it by heart afterward. It's from the Gospel o' Saint Matthew, chapter nine, from the tenth to the thirteenth verses:

"And it came to pass, as Jesus sat at meat in the house, behold, many publicans and sinners came and sat down with Him and His disciples.

"And when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto His disciples, Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?

"But when Jesus heard that, He said unto them, They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick.

"But go ye and learn what that meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice: for I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Son, ain't that logic? Them elders had accused him o' keepin' company with sinners an' publicans—Bud Deming, he was the publican; an' in particular they're wild because he went an' sat down to a banquet with the scum o' the camp! Christ did that an' got criticized for it; an' Philip makes the mistake o' thinkin' times has changed! He figgers he can foller in his Master's footsteps an' convince his flock he ain't doin' it for evil pleasure an' base profit.

The Lord could have set down with Bud Deming an' his kind without takin' any reaks—and so could Philip. He's constituted so it ain't no trouble or danger for him to walk through sin an' come out clean every time. There's something about that boy that makes anybody respect him an' his cloth; an' while he's round sinners behave. They know the danger he's runnin', because they've been through it ahead of him; an', instead o' draggin' him down to their level, they're for protectin' him.

That day Philip has the kind o' congregation that big, broad human heart o' his is allers cravin'—the kind o' folks that needs him. No—he didn't come to Panamint to call the righteous to repentance, because they're able to care for themselves; but his big heart naturally expands with love for the unfortunates he sees settin' on the seats in front of him at Bud Deming's funeral, an' he talks to 'em like a brother, just a-drawin' a little object lesson from Bud's life—an' death. He don't have one hard word to say agin them dog-gone elders that's nigh broke his heart, but there ain't a soul in church that don't know he's sufferin'; an' we're all mentally reachin' out to pat him on the shoulder an' say: "Never you mind, Philip! We're for you, an' don't you forget it!"

I reckon that sermon o' Philip's that day nets the heaviest crop o' converts ever harvested with one preacher. I been a minin'-camp millionaire twice, an' busted both times as sudden as kickin' the ladder out from under a painter—an' I laughed an' called all hands to have a drink. That's all I care for misfortune; but when the world rix up an' busted in two the friend I'd have gone to hell for I felt almighty bad. I'm full up an' can't join in the singin', an' me—I'm right fond o' music too.

Does Philip ever get back into the church after Bud's funeral? No, sir; he don't. The word's gone out that he owns a gamblin' house an' a dance hall; an' there's no disputin' that, for ain't twenty men heard Bud Deming proclaim it before he dies? Pore Bud! He thinks he's doin' Philip a favor, when every word he says damns the parson deeper'n ever.

An' ain't Philip been seen gamblin'?—which he don't deny it; only they won't take his excuse. They'd have lied out of it themselves, so they figgered Philip was doin' the same thing.

It's a hard hand to beat. Philip's got too much explainin' to do; an', as he tells me privately, he's none too good at explainin' to Pharisees. I'm for buildin' him another church to save trouble an' lawsuits, because I know he'll cram it with his newly acquired congregation every Sunday; but he won't stand for that.

"No, Chuckwalla," he says; "that's my church that was built for me, an' I'll have to fight this thing out. The vestry has preferred charges agin me with the bishop; an' until I'm cleared o' them charges it ain't ethics for me to defy my congregation. You'll oblige me, Chuckwalla, by not takin' sides in this controversy."

Him tyin' my hands that way, what could I do? However, my sentiments is so well known that whenever one o' the opposition sees me comin' he takes the other side o' the street. Besides, I'm mayor; an' as mayor I can't foller the dictates o' my ambition, which is to kill Silvertip as a warnin' to all elders.

Philip writes a long letter to the bishop. Me an' Chappie Ellerton, an' Buckskin Liz an' Sunflower Sadie, an' a lot o' nonchurchgoers, sends our sworn affidavits, an' on that Philip rests his case. He 'lows as how he's not defendin' himself—only explainin'; an' cites the Bible as his authority. Also he declines to lower his self-respect by appearin' before the Conference for trial; an' while awaitin' the jedgment he's my guest up at the hotel. While he's under fire I won't permit him to occupy the parsonage.

Well, son, when Philip's trial comes up the elders are on hand an' Philip isn't; an' whatever rannikiboo business they put up on the Conference I dunno. All I know is the Conference finds Philip guilty an' heaves him out o' the church for bein' unworthy.

When Philip gets notice he ain't a preacher no longer it busts him up something awful, but still he don't complain. He lets me read the official kick-out, an' then he takes me by the arm an' me an' him has a long walk up on the malpais, where we sets for about half a day lookin' down on Panamint, an' neither of us sayin' a word. Finally he takes out the bishop's letter an' tears it into little pieces.

"Chuckwalla," he says, "I hope I ain't rebellious, but me an' you met in a fight, an' we been fightin' side by side ever since. This is yore fight as much as mine in some ways—an' I ain't goin' to lay down on you. Panamint needs me an' I'm goin' to stay. I got a church o' my own—Bud Deming's gamblin' hall—an' I got a congregation with a good touch o' the devil in it, which is the only kind of congregation I want anyhow; so I'm goin' into the soul-savin' business on my own account. I got a restauraw runnin' full blast; an', with Chappie managin' that, I can be self-supportin' an' have time to do the work I want to do. I'm a born preacher—I can't never be anything else; an' this here's my vineyard. I'm goin' down town an' git to work."

I shook hands with him. His consideration o' my feelin's thataway teched me deep. That night he gives the bulk o' Bud Deming's bank roll to Sunflower Sadie, an' the next day she starts home to her folks back East. She vows she's goin' to be a good girl the rest o' her life, an' I guess she kept her word.

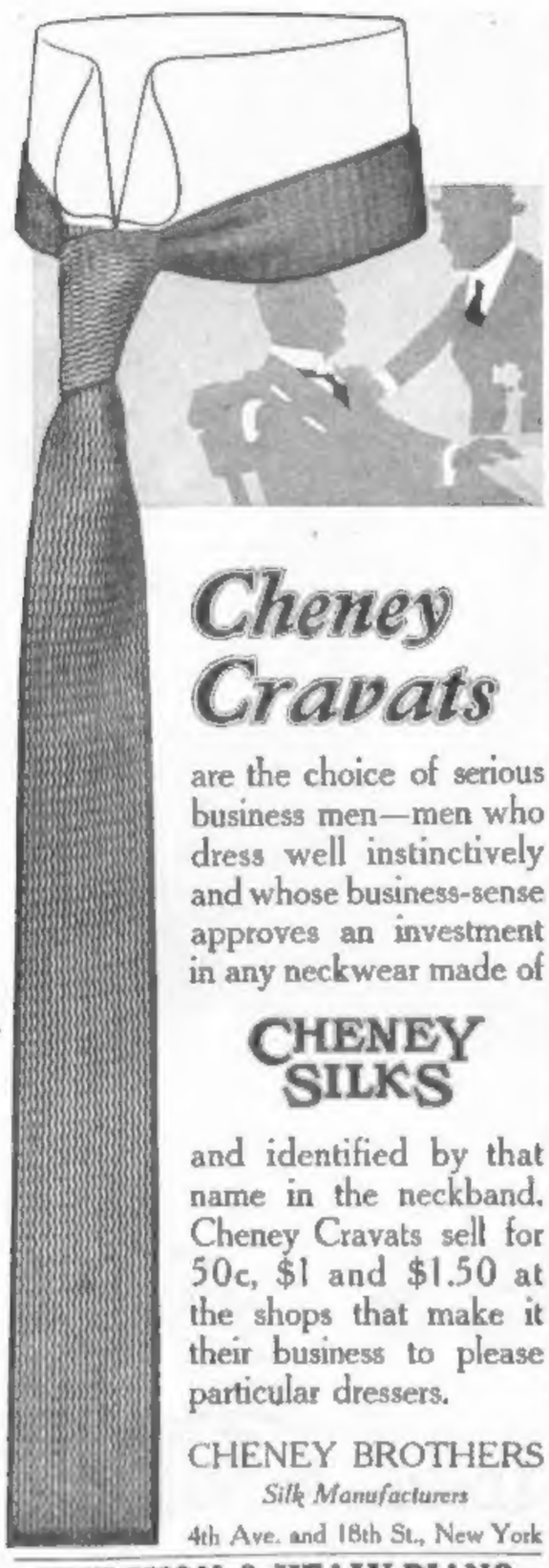
Then Philip gives all the other unfortunates a little road stake, cleans out the stock o' liquors an' gamblin' layouts, an' rigs up what he calls the Panamint Mission. Chappie takes charge o' the restauraw, with Buckskin Liz as cashier on week days an' organist in the Mission on Sundays an' evenings.

Crabapple Thompson moves Philip's things out o' the parsonage an' follers to the Mission; an' Silvertip an' his crowd import a new preacher, as slick an' smooth as a mouse-colored mule knee-deep in green feed. He measures up to their ideals an' makes the church just what they wanted—a nice, quiet, family affair. He gives 'em what they want an' everybody is happy.

Well, son, Philip was happy, too, even if he was an outlaw, because he got satisfactory results. Also, he's got somethin' else—from that consumptive gambler he cared for until the feller died; an' in about two years I see he's failin'. I get the best doctors an' send him away for three months; but he ain't happy an' comes back. He says he's better off in the desert, an' I guess he is; but, at that, the disease has him for fair an' in the long run it gets him. He's holdin' my hand when he goes.

I ain't mayor no more, for the church party has busted me wide open; but I've stuck by him in honor an' in disgrace an' I'm stickin' by him to the grave. He's the biggest man that ever comes to Panamint, an' he's never bigger in my heart than he is the day he's lyin' in state in the Mission.

An' that orthodox parson from Philip's old church comes down an' offers his services



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are the choice of serious business men—men who dress well instinctively and whose business-sense approves an investment in any neckwear made of

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and identified by that name in the neckband. Cheney Cravats sell for 50c, $1 and $1.50 at the shops that make it their business to please particular dressers.

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THE LYON & HEALY PIANO IS UNEXCELLED VALUE

Consider these facts:

The Lyon & Healy Piano is the product of the finest piano factory in America. Every possible economy is exercised in its making. Its makers have had fifty years' experience selling pianos and are the world's largest music dealers.

The Lyon & Healy workmen have enormous advantages.

Piano purchasers should consider that there is only one Lyon & Healy and only one Lyon & Healy Piano. The new style "K," priced at $350, will prove a genuine revelation to you.

Let us send you the name of the nearest dealer. Also, we will be pleased to mail you a beautiful catalog.

If you do not care to pay all cash, easy monthly payments may be arranged to suit your reasonable convenience.

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give immediate relief to tired, aching feet, rest the body and aid Nature to restore normal strength to weakened arches. Relieve and prevent flat feet. Write for Booklet and FREE 10 day Trial Offer.

Fits any shoe.

View of arch cut with knife.

Nathan Anklet Support Co., 90-C Reade St., N. Y.

IF YOU ARE A BOY AND IF YOU need spending money let us tell you how to get it.
Sales Division
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Penna.

to preach our Philip's funeral sermon! I ain't got no quarrel with this new parson an' I'm feelin' too bad to insult him even if I wanted to; so I just says: "No, thank you, parson. I guess we'll use our home talent"—an' we did. Chappie Ellerton officiates.

Hank Bartlett gets out an extra o' the Panamint Nugget, with big black borders an' heavy black type. The entire issue is devoted to Philip, an' it brings every man, woman an' child in Panamint to Philip's funeral. Even ol' Silvertip's there, with the other elders. An' I'm for orderin' 'em out o' the cemetery—when I see Silvertip's broke up somethin' awful. I dunno what made me do it, but I walk up an' tap him on the shoulder; an' when he looks round at me I hold out my hand.

"Randall," I says, "I thought I hated you; but I find out I don't. I guess I've been round Philip too long. I can't disgrace him now by holdin' a grudge agin you elders."

Pore ol' Silvertip breaks down an' cries like a child.

"We crucified him!" he says. "We crucified him, Mr. Redfield, an' we never knew it!"

"He never held it agin you," I says. "His last words was: 'Chuckwalla, I am content. No crown without a cross!'"

Then I steps over to Silvertip's parson. Chappie has just finished readin': "I am the resurrection an' the life"—an' I know he can't go on without breakin' down. So I says to Silvertip's parson:

"Mebbe you'd be so kind as to forget I was a little stiff yesterday, an' render the closin' prayer?"

"I should be honored," he says, an' done it beautiful.

Son, Panamint divided over Philip, but it come together over him in the finish; an' I was satisfied. They'd licked us oncet, but Philip triumphs in the end; an' all the bitterness in Panamint goes into the grave with him an' stays there.

Old Chuckwalla Bill bit into his chewing tobacco and munched quietly for several seconds. Finally he glanced at me across the camp fire.

"Son," he said, "would you like to visit the parsonage?"

I nodded assent and in a few minutes we were picking our way across the desert valley. Presently we ascended a gentle slope to a little mesa and Chuckwalla Bill led the way to a tall granite shaft rising out of the sagebrush. As he stooped and uprooted the sage that covered the parsonage I flashed a pocket electric torch on the face of the monument and read the epitaph of the parson of Panamint:

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
PHILIP PHARO
A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL
OF JESUS CHRIST

ON JULY 20, 1884, HE SAVED TWO MEN AND A WOMAN FROM EVERLASTING FIRE, RECEIVING BURNS FROM WHICH HE NEVER RECOVERED. HE WENT TO HIS REWARD ON SEPTEMBER 22, 1887

ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF PANAMINT

FOR THE SINNERS AND PUBLICANS
WILLIAM E. REDFIELD

FOR THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES
ABSALOM RANDALL

"I allers make it a p'int to circle back this way every coupler years an' keep the sage from growin' up round him," the old prospector explained. "I don't like that he should think I'm forgettin' him."

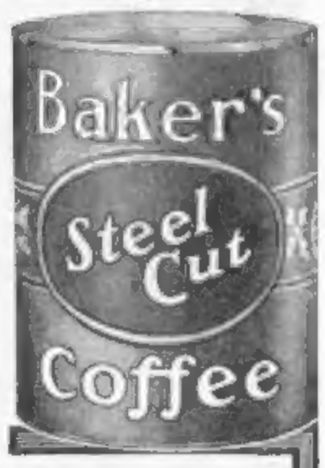
He stood gazing down into the valley, which was bathed in moonlight; and a coyote, catching the man-scent borne to him on the hot zephyr that floated up through Panamint, gave tongue on a distant butte. In an open space below us a jack rabbit hopped leisurely about his affairs, crickets whirred, and a little night bird chirped sleepily; but old Chuckwalla Bill neither heard nor saw, for he was gazing over the roofs of pine shanty and tenthouse in the city of his dreams; he was watching again the old, glorious, ruinous rout of fortune surging up and down Amethyst Avenue; he was listening again to Buckskin Liz tickling the ivory, and forgetting much that had come between. Presently he sighed and pointed into the valley.

"Son," he said plaintively, "I was mayor o' that city oncet."

40¢ *Higher in Extreme West*

"Great! and it costs no more per cup than ordinary coffee—"
as it makes more cups to the pound

35¢ *Higher in Extreme West*



IF you are not already a user of our Coffee, permit us to send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more coffee to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Write for grocer near you who can supply it.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY
116 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.
246 No. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

A Fortune to the Inventor
who reads and *heeds* it. Is the possible worth of the book we send for 6 cents postage. Write us at once.
E. G. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. A, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities.
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BANG!

Out Goes the Broken Blade CLICK! and the new one is inserted

QUICK, easy, no tools required, because it's a Nagle ReBlade Knife—"The Pocket Knife with Replaceable Blades." Look at this handsome, sturdy jack knife. Costs no more than a regular knife. Same quality—same looks—same strength. *But you can reblade this knife* and keep it always new, always 100 per cent. efficient. Blades can't come out accidentally. Every man and boy wants a jack knife because it will do things a pen knife is not meant for. You can tackle any job with this Nagle ReBlade Knife. If a blade breaks, we'll send you a brand new Sheffield steel blade for only 25 cents. Here's our Introductory Offer for quick action. *Send us a dollar bill (or money order) right now* for the best Jack Knife you ever saw, and an extra blade for reblading. Every Nagle ReBlade Knife is fully guaranteed.

Agents or Dealers Wanted.

Taking out the Broken Blade

Length of Knife 3¼ inches

Ref: First Nat. Bank, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

NAGLE ReBlade KNIFE Co.
60 Parker Ave., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

A Boy Tired of Asking for Money

and without advice from anyone decided to earn what he needed rather than to keep begging his parents for it. He was fourteen years old, enthusiastic, red-blooded—a regular out-of-doors boy. He reasoned that he could do what thousands of other boys had done before him—and do it as well as they.

He undertook to sell the Curtis publications in his own town. Customers gladly bought from him. In a short time he had developed a route of 50 readers and was securing more each week. He now had the money he needed (and it was his because he had earned it), he had a growing balance in the local bank, and he had won a camera and several other splendid prizes.

We want more boys like him—wide-awake chaps who prefer to earn for themselves the money they need, who want the things all boys want, and who are looking for some way to get them.

Are you such a boy? If you are, drop us a postcard. We want to tell you just how, in a few hours each week, you can earn the spending money you need and be your own boss; how you can secure, free of charge, a camera, a bicycle, a tool chest—practically anything you want.

Just as soon as we hear from you, we'll send you an illustrated catalogue describing over five hundred fine prizes you can win in addition to your cash profits.

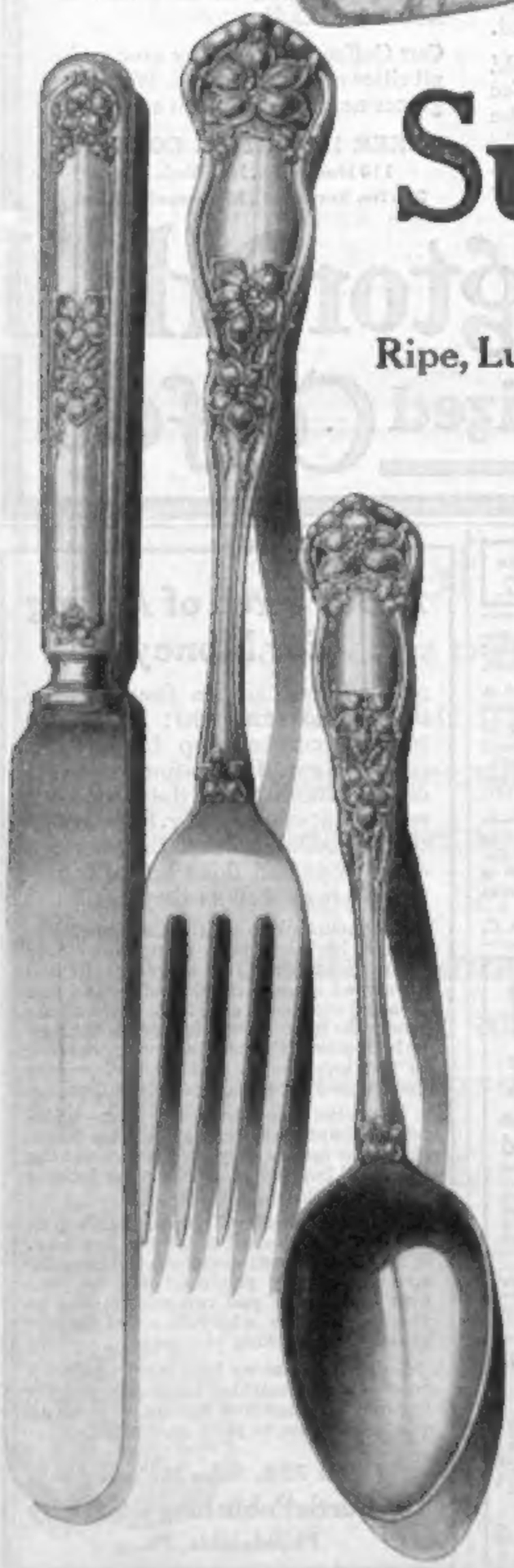
Box 750, Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pa.

For *Delicious* Flavor—For *Sweet,* Healthful Juice

Sunkist Oranges

Just as they taste in Sunny California

Ripe, Luscious, Seedless Navels Are Now Offered by All Good Dealers



Take full advantage of this perfect fruit *today*—buy a dozen, or a box, of your dealer. Telephone for them. Serve them in a salad or a dainty dessert *tonight.*

Fresh from the groves—picked ripe from the trees—sweet, firm, tender-meated, *heavy with juice.*

Let the little folks eat them between meals—they are healthful food and drink combined.

Don't say merely "Oranges" when you order—say "Sunkist," for this name marks the utmost in oranges.

Beautiful, Juicy, Sunkist Lemons

Serve Sunkist Lemons with your fish, meats and tea. Their attractive appearance makes every dish more alluring.

They are practically seedless, full-flavored, and the easiest to slice.

Use Sunkist Lemon juice wherever you now use vinegar. Famous chefs thus produce a unique delicacy of flavor.

Special Premium Offer
to all Who Send the Coupon Below

Send us the *Special Coupon in this advertisement,* with 36 Sunkist wrappers from either oranges or lemons and 40c in coin or stamps, and we'll send you by return post our handsome book "Sunkist Salads and Desserts," beautifully printed in colors (just out) and *the three-piece child's set of genuine Wm. Rogers & Son pure silver plate* shown on this page *(actual size)!*

This set ordinarily requires *60* wrappers and *52c* instead of 36 wrappers and 40c. We will probably never again renew this offer, so if you want to take advantage of it cut the coupon out now.

There is no advertising on any piece of Sunkist silver and you can get an entire set of 46 pieces wrought in this exclusive design. You can have as many of each piece as you want. We guarantee every piece—if not satisfactory *in every way,* return the silver and we will refund the small amount you paid to get it.

Why Handsome Silver Premiums Are Offered for Sunkist Wrappers

Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are beautiful fruits and dealers are apt to remove the trademarked wrappers to better display the color.

But without these wrappers some women cannot identify the *genuine Sunkist.*

Our valuable premium offer influences dealers to retain the wrappers. That is the sole reason why we make it.

"Sunkist Salads and Desserts" explains our premium plan in detail.

Send the coupon NOW.

Special Child's Set Coupon

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. A-10, 139 N. Clark Street, Chicago

I enclose 3 dozen Sunkist wrappers and 40 cents. Send me "Sunkist Salads and Desserts" and the Child's Silver Set illustrated in the advertisement to which this coupon was attached.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____ (309)

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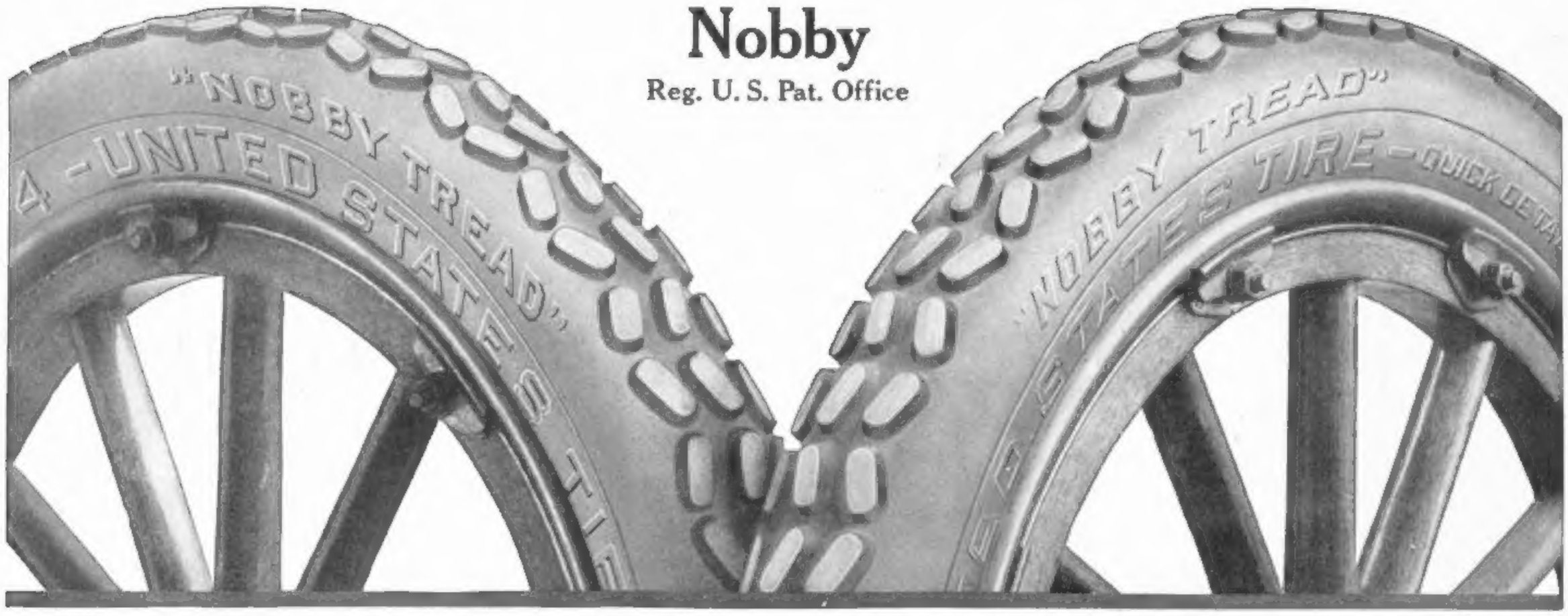
Nobby

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office



Study the "Nobs"

their angles—
their height—

their thickness—
their toughness—

their resiliency—

and their self-evident reasons why you'll find

Punctures 90% Less

with "Nobbies" than the average tires. The "Nobs" speak for themselves.

You don't need to be a tire expert to understand why "Nobby Tread" Tires are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world.

The "Nobs" explain it—together with the extra strong tire underneath and the superb quality and construction throughout.

These are the reasons for the history-making mileage records of "Nobby Tread" Tires, based on which

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they are such phenomenal mileage tires and real anti-skid tires.

United States Tire Company

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE—Your own dealer or any reliable dealer can supply you with "Nobby Tread" Tires. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get them for you at once—or go to another dealer.
NOTE THIS—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
Gives You
Quick Action
Quickly Cuts Grease From Pots and Pans